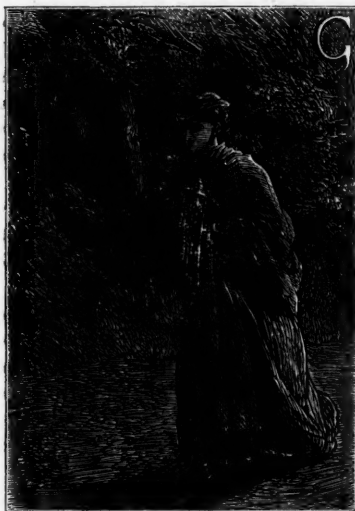


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Put Yourself in His Place.

CHAPTER XII.



RACE snatched her hand from Henry, and raised herself with a vigour that contrasted with her late weakness. "Oh, it is Mr. Coventry. How wicked of me to forget him for a moment! Thank Heaven you are alive. Where have you been?"

"I fell into the mountain stream, and it rolled me down, nearly to here. I think I must have fainted on the bank. I found myself lying covered with snow; it was your beloved voice that recalled me to life."

Henry turned yellow, and rose to his feet.

Grace observed him, and replied, "Oh, Mr. Coventry, this is too high-flown. Let us both return thanks to the Almighty, who has preserved us, and, in the next place, to Mr. Little: we should both be dead but for him." Then, before he could reply, she turned to Little, and said, beseechingly, "Mr. Coventry has been the companion of my danger."

"Oh, I'll do the best I can for him," said Henry, doggedly. "Draw nearer the fire, sir." He then put some coal on the forge, and blew up an amazing fire: he also gave the hand-bellows to Mr. Coventry, and set him

to blow at the small grates in the mausoleum. He then produced a pair of woollen stockings. "Now, Miss Carden," said he, "just step into that pew, if you please, and make a dressing-room of it."

She demurred, faintly, but he insisted, and put her into the great pew, and shut her in.

"And now, please take off your shoes and stockings, and hand them over the pew to me."

"Oh, Mr. Little; you are giving yourself so much trouble."

"Nonsense. Do what you are bid." He said this a little roughly.

"I'll do whatever *you* bid me," said she, meekly: and instantly took off her dripping shoes, and stockings, and handed them over the pew. She received, in return, a nice warm pair of worsted stockings.

"Put on these directly," said he, "while I warm your shoes."

He dashed all the wet he could out of the shoes, and, taking them to the forge, put hot cinders in: he shook the cinders up and down the shoes so quickly, they had not time to burn, but only to warm and dry them. He advised Coventry to do the same, and said he was sorry he had only one pair of stockings to lend. And that was a lie: for he was glad he had only one pair to lend. When he had quite dried the shoes, he turned round, and found Grace was peeping over the pew, and looking intolerably lovely in the fire-light. He kissed the shoes furtively, and gave them to her. She shook her head in a remonstrating way, but her eyes filled.

He turned away, and, rousing all his generous manhood, said, "Now you must both eat something, before you go." He produced a Yorkshire pie, and some bread, and a bottle of wine. He gave Mr. Coventry a saucepan, and set him to heat the wine; then turned up his sleeves to the shoulder, blew his bellows, and, with his pincers, took a lath of steel and placed it in the white embers. "I have only got one knife, and you won't like to eat with that. I must forge you one apiece."

Then Grace came out, and stood looking on, while he forged knives, like magic, before the eyes of his astonished guests. Her feet were now as warm as a toast, and her healthy young body could resist all the rest. She stood, with her back to the nearest pew, and her hands against the pew too, and looked with amazement, and dreamy complacency, at the strange scene before her: a scene well worthy of *Salvator Rosa*: though, in fact, that painter never had the luck to hit on so variegated a subject.

Three broad bands of light shot from the fires, expanding in size, but weakening in intensity. These lights, and the candles at the west end, revealed in a strange combination the middle ages, the nineteenth century, and eternal nature.

Nature first. Snow gleaming on the windows. Oh, it was cosy to see it gleam, and sparkle, and to think "Aha! you all but killed me; now King Fire warms both thee and me." Snow-flakes, of enormous size, softly descending, and each appearing a diamond brooch, as it passed through the channels of fiery light.

The middle ages.—Massive old arches, chipped, and stained; a moul-

dering altarpiece, dog's-eared, (Henry had nailed it up again all but the top corner, and in it still faintly gleamed the Virgin's golden crown.) Pulpit, richly carved, but mouldering: gaunt walls, streaked and stained by time. At the west end, one saint—the last of many—lit by two candles, and glowing ruby red across the intervening gulf of blackness: on the nearest wall an inscription, that still told, in rusty letters, how Giles de la Beche had charged his lands with six merks a year for ever, to buy bread and white watered herrings, the same to be brought into Cairnhope Church every Sunday in Lent, and given to two poor men and four women; and the same on Good Friday with a penny dole, and, on that day, the clerk to toll the bell at three of the clock after noon, and read the lamentation of a sinner, and receive one groat.

Ancient monuments, sculptures with here an arm gone, and here a head, that yet looked half alive in the weird and partial light.

And between one of those mediæval sculptures, and that mouldering picture of the Virgin, stood a living horse, munching his corn; and in the foreground was a portable forge, a mausoleum turned into fires and hot plate, and a young man, type of his century, forging table knives amidst the wrecks of another age.

When Grace had taken in the whole scene with wonder, her eye was absorbed by this one figure, a model of manly strength, and skill, and grace. How lightly he stepped: how easily his left arm blew the coals to a white heat, with blue flames rising from them. How deftly he drew out the white steel. With what tremendous force his first blows fell, and scattered hot steel around. Yet all that force was regulated to a hair—he beat, he moulded, he never broke. Then came the lighter blows; and not one left the steel as it found it. In less than a minute the bar was a blade. It was work incredibly unlike his method in carving; yet, at a glance, Grace saw it was also perfection, but in an opposite style. In carving, the hand of a countess; in forging, a blacksmith's arm.

She gazed with secret wonder and admiration; and the comparison was to the disadvantage of Mr. Coventry; for he sat shivering, and the other seemed all power. And women adore power.

When Little had forged the knives and forks, and two deep saucers, with magical celerity, he plunged them into water a minute, and they hissed; he sawed off the rim of a pew, and fitted handles.

Then he washed his face and hands, and made himself dry and glowing; let down his sleeves, and served them some Yorkshire pie, and bread, and salt, and stirred a little sugar into the wine, and poured it into the saucers.

"Now eat a bit, both of you, before you go."

Mr. Coventry responded at once to the invitation.

But Grace said, timidly, "Yes, if you will eat with us."

"No, no," said he. "I've not been perished with snow, nor rolled in a river."

Grace hesitated still ; but Coventry attacked the pie directly. It was delicious. "By Jove, sir," said he, "you are the prince of blacksmiths."

"Blacksmiths !" said Grace, colouring high. But Little only smiled satirically.

Grace, who was really faint with hunger, now ate a little ; and then the host made her sip some wine.

The food and wine did Mr. Coventry so much good, that he began to recover his superiority, and expressed his obligations to Henry in a tone which was natural, and not meant to be offensive ; but yet it was so, under all the circumstances : there was an underlying tone of condescension. It made Grace fear he would offer Henry his purse at leaving.

Henry himself writhed under it ; but said nothing. Grace, however, saw his ire, his mortification, and his jealousy, in his face, and that irritated her ; but she did not choose to show either of the men how much it angered her.

She was in a most trying situation, and all the woman's wit and tact were keenly on their guard.

What she did was this ; she did not utter one word of remonstrance, but she addressed most of her remarks to Mr. Little ; and, though the remarks were nothing in themselves, she contrived to throw profound respect into them. Indeed, she went beyond respect. She took the tone of an inferior addressing a superior.

This was nicely calculated to soothe Henry, and also to make Coventry, who was a man of tact, change his own manner.

Nor was it altogether without that effect. But then it annoyed Coventry, and made him wish to end it.

After a while he said, "My dear Grace, it can't be far from Raby Hall. I think you had better let me take you home at once."

Grace coloured high, and bit her lip.

Henry was green with jealous anguish.

"Are you quite recovered, yourself ?" said Grace, demurely, to Mr. Coventry.

"Quite ; thanks to this good fellow's hospitality."

"Then *would* you mind going to Raby, and sending some people for me ? I really feel hardly equal to fresh exertion just yet."

This proposal brought a flush of pleasure to Henry's cheek, and mortified Mr Coventry cruelly in his turn.

"What, go and leave you here ? Surely you cannot be serious."

"Oh, I don't wish you to leave me. Only you seemed in a hurry."

Henry was miserable again.

Coventry did not let well alone. He alluded delicately but tenderly to what had passed between them, and said he could not bear her out of his sight until she was safe at Raby. The words and the tone were those of a lover, and Henry was in agony : thereupon Grace laughed it off. "Not bear me out of your sight !" said she. "Why, you ran away from

me, and tumbled into the river. Ha! ha! ha! And" (very seriously) "we should both be in another world but for Mr. Little."

"You are very cruel," said Mr. Coventry. "When you gave up in despair, I ran for help. You punish me for failure; punish me savagely."

"Yes, I was ungenerous," said Grace. "Forgive me." But she said it rather coolly, and not with a very penitent air.

She added an explanation more calculated to please Henry than him. "Your gallantry is always graceful; and it is charming, in a drawing-room; but in this wild place, and just after escaping the grave, let us talk like sensible people. If you and I set out for Raby Hall alone, we shall lose our way again, and perish, to a certainty. But I think Mr. Little must know the way to Raby Hall."

"Oh, then," said Coventry, catching at her idea, "perhaps Mr. Little would add to the great obligation, under which he has laid us both, by going to Raby Hall and sending assistance hither."

"I can't do that," said Henry, roughly.

"And that is not at all what I was going to propose," said Grace, quietly. "But perhaps you would be so good as to go with us to Raby Hall? Then I should feel safe; and I want Mr. Raby to thank you, for I feel how cold and unmeaning all I have said to you is; I seem to have no words." Her voice faltered, and her sweet eyes filled.

"Miss Carden," said the young man, gravely, "I can't do that. Mr. Raby is no friend of mine, and he is a bigoted old man, who would turn me out of this place if he knew. Come, now, when you talk about gratitude to me for not letting you be starved to death, you make me blush. Is there a man in the world that wouldn't?—But this I do say; it would be rather hard if you two were to go away, and cut my throat in return; and, if you open your mouths ever so little, either of you, you *will* cut my throat. Why, ask yourselves, have I set up my workshop in such a place as this,—by choice? It takes a stout heart to work here, I can tell you, and a stout heart to sleep here over dead bones."

"I see it all. The Trades Unions!"

"That is it. So, now, there are only two ways. You must promise me never to breathe a word to any living soul, or I must give up my livelihood, and leave the country."

"What, cannot you trust me? Oh, Mr. Little!"

"No, no; it's this gentleman. He is a stranger to me, you know; and, you see, my life may be at stake, as well as my means."

"Mr. Coventry is a gentleman, and a man of honour. He is incapable of betraying you."

"I should hope so," said Coventry. "I pledge you the word of a gentleman I will never let any human creature know that you are working here."

"Give me your hand on that, if you please."

Coventry gave him his hand with warmth and evident sincerity.

Young Little was reassured. "Come," said he, "I feel I can trust

you both. And, sir, Miss Carden will tell you what happened to me in Cheetham's works; and then you will understand what I risk upon your honour."

"I accept the responsibility; and I thank you for giving me this opportunity to show you how deeply I feel indebted to you."

"That is square enough. Well, now my mind is at ease about that, I'll tell you what I'll do; I won't take you quite to Raby Hall; but I'll take you so near to it you can't miss it: and then I'll go back to my work."

He sighed deeply at the lonely prospect, and Grace heard him.

"Come," said he, almost violently, and led the way out of the church. But he stayed behind to lock the door, and then joined them.

They all three went together, Grace in the middle.

There was now but little snow falling, and the air was not so thick; but it was most laborious walking, and soon Mr. Coventry, who was stiff and in pain, fell a little behind, and groaned as he hobbled on.

Grace whispered to Henry: "Be generous. He has hurt himself so."

This made Henry groan in return. But he said nothing. He just turned back to Coventry,—“You can't get on without help, sir; lean on me.”

The act was friendly, the tone surly. Coventry accepted the act, and noted the tone in his memory.

When Grace had done this, she saw Henry misunderstood it, and she was sorry, and waited an opportunity to restore the balance: but, ere one came, a bell was heard in the air; the great alarm-bell of Raby Hall.

Then faint voices were heard of people calling to each other here and there in the distance.

"What is it?" asked Grace.

Henry replied,—“What should it be? The whole country is out after you. Mr. Raby has sense enough for that.”

“Oh, I hope they will not see the light in the church, and find you out.”

“You are very good to think of that. Ah! There's a bonfire: and here comes a torch. I must go and quench my fires. Good-by, Miss Carden. Good evening, sir.”

With this, he retired; but, as he went, he sighed.

Grace said to Coventry,—“Oh, I forgot to ask him a question:” and ran after him. “Mr. Little!”

He heard and came back to her.

She was violently agitated. “I can't leave you so,” she said. “Give me your hand.”

He gave it to her.

“I mortified you; and you have saved me.” She took his hand, and, holding it gently in both her little palms, sobbed out,—“Oh, think of something I can do, to show my gratitude, my esteem. Pray, pray, pray.”

“Wait two years for me.”

“Oh, not that. I don't mean that.”

"That or nothing. In two years, I'll be as good a gentleman as *he* is. I'm not risking my life in that church, for nothing. If you have one grain of pity or esteem for me, wait two years."

"Incurable!" she murmured: but he was gone.

Coventry heard the prayer. That was loud and earnest enough. Her reply he could not hear.

She rejoined him, and the torch came rapidly forward.

It was carried by a lass, with her gown pinned nearly to her knees, and displaying grand and powerful limbs: she was crying, like the tenderest woman, and striding through the snow, like a young giant.

When the snow first came down, Mr. Raby merely ordered large fires to be lighted and fed in his guests' bed-rooms; he feared nothing worse for them than a good wetting.

When dinner-time came, without them, he began to be anxious, and sent a servant to the little public-house, to inquire if they were there.

The servant had to walk through the snow, and had been gone about an hour, and Mr. Raby was walking nervously up and down the hall, when Jael Dence burst in at the front door, as white as a sheet, and gasped out in his face: "THE GABRIEL HOUNDS!!"

Raby ran out directly, and sure enough, that strange pack were passing in full cry over the very house. It was appalling. He was dumb with awe for a moment. Then he darted into the kitchen and ordered them to ring the great alarm-bell incessantly: then into the yard, and sent messengers to the village, and to all his tenants, and in about an hour there were fifty torches, and as many sheep-bells, directed upon Cairnhope hill; and, as men and boys came in from every quarter, to know why Raby's great alarm-bell was ringing, they were armed with torches, and sent up Cairnhope.

At last the servant returned from "The Colley Dog," with the alarming tidings that Miss Carden and Mr. Coventry had gone up the hill, and never returned. This, however, was hardly news. The Gabriel hounds always ran before calamity.

At about eleven o'clock, there being still no news of them, Jael Dence came to Mr. Raby wringing her hands. "Why do all the men go east for them?"

"Because they are on the east side."

"How can ye tell that? They have lost their way."

"I am afraid so," groaned Raby.

"Then why do you send all the men as if they hadn't lost their way? East side of Cairnhope! why that is where they ought to be, but it is not where they are, man."

"You are a good girl, and I'm a fool," cried Raby. "Whoever comes in after this, I'll send them up by the old church."

"Give me a torch, and I'll run myself."

"Ay, do, and I'll put on my boots, and after you."

' Then Jael got a torch, and kilted her gown to her knees, and went striding through the snow with desperate vigour, crying as she went, for her fear was great and her hope was small, from the moment she heard the Gabriel hounds.

Owing to the torch, Grace saw her first, and uttered a little scream : a loud scream of rapture replied : the torch went anywhere, and gentle and simple were locked in each other's arms, Jael sobbing for very joy after terror, and Grace for sympathy, and also because she wanted to cry, on more accounts than one.

Another torch came on, and Jael cried triumphantly, " This way, Squire ! She is here ! " and kissed her violently again.

Mr. Raby came up, and took her in his arms, without a word, being broken with emotion : and, after he had shaken Coventry by both hands, they all turned homewards, and went so fast that Coventry gave in with a groan.

Then Grace told Jael what had befallen him, and just then another torch came in, held by George the blacksmith, who, at sight of the party, uttered a stentorian cheer, and danced upon the snow.

" Behave, now," said Jael, " and here's the gentleman sore hurt in the river ; Georgie, come and make a chair with me."

George obeyed, and put out his hands, with the fingers upwards ; Jael did the same, with the fingers downwards : they took hands, and, putting their stalwart arms under Coventry, told him to fling an arm round each of their necks : he did so, and up he went ; he was no more than a feather to this pair, the strongest man and woman in Cairnhope.

As they went along, he told them his adventure in the stream, and, when they heard it, they ejaculated to each other, and consoled with him kindly, and assured him he was alive by a miracle.

They reached Raby, and, in the great hall, the Squire collected his people and gave his orders. " Stop the bell. Broach a barrel of ale, and keep open house, so long as malt, and bacon, and cheese last. Turn neither body nor beast from my door this night, or may God shut His gate in your faces. Here are two guineas, George, to ring the church bells, you and your fellows ; but sup here first. Cans of hot water upstairs, for us. Lay supper, instead of dinner ; brew a bowl of punch : Light all the Yule candles, as if it was Christmas eve. But first down on your knees, all of ye, whilst I thank God, who has baffled those Gabriel Hell-hounds for once, and saved a good man and a bonny lass from a dog's death."

They all went down on their knees, on the marble floor, directly, and the Squire uttered a few words of hearty thanksgiving, and there was scarcely a dry eye.

Then the guests went upstairs, and had their hot baths, and changed their clothes, and came down to supper in the blazing room.

Whilst they were at supper, the old servant, who waited on them, said something in a low voice to his master. He replied that he would speak to the man in the hall.

As soon as he was gone, Miss Carden said in French, "Did you hear that?"

"No."

"Well, I did. Now, mind your promise. We shall have to fib. You had better say nothing. Let me speak for you; ladies fib so much better than gentlemen."

Mr. Raby came back, and Grace waited to see if he would tell her. I don't think he intended to, at first; but he observed her eyes inquiring, and said, "One of the men, who was out after you to-night, has brought in word there is a light in Cairnhope old church."

"Do you believe it?"

"No. But it is a curious thing; a fortnight ago (I think I told you) a shepherd brought me the same story. He had seen the church on fire; at least he said so. But mark the paralysing effect of superstition. My present informant no sooner saw this light, —probably a reflection from one of the distant torches—than he coolly gave up searching for you. 'They are dead,' says he, 'and the spirits in the old church are saying mass for their souls. I'll go to supper.' So he came here to drink my ale, and tell his cock-and-bull story."

Grace put in her word with a sweet, candid face. "Sir, if there had been a light in that church, should we not have seen it?"

"Why, of course you would: you must have been within a hundred yards of it in your wanderings. I never thought of that."

Grace breathed again.

"However, we shall soon know. I have sent George and another man right up to the church to look. It is quite clear now."

Grace felt very anxious, but she forced on a careless air. "And suppose, after all, there should be a light?"

"Then George has his orders to come back and tell me; if there is a light, it is no ghost nor spirit, but some smuggler, or poacher, or vagrant, who is desecrating that sacred place; and I shall turn out with fifty men, and surround the church, and capture the scoundrel, and make an example of him."

Grace turned cold and looked at Mr. Coventry. She surprised a twinkle of satisfaction in his eye. She never forgot it.

She sat on thorns, and was so distraite she could hardly answer the simplest question.

At last, after an hour of cruel suspense, the servant came in, and said, "George is come back, sir."

"Oh, please let him come in here, and tell us."

"By all means. Send him in."

George appeared, the next moment, in the doorway. "Well?" said Mr. Raby.

"Well?" said Grace, pale, but self-possessed.

"Well," said George, sulkily, "it is all a lie. Th' old church is as black as my hat."

"I thought as much," said Mr. Raby. "There, go and get your supper."

Soon after this Grace went up to bed, and Jael came to her, and they talked by the fire while she was curling her hair. She was in high spirits, and Jael eyed her with wonder and curiosity.

"But, Miss," said Jael, "the magpie was right. Oh, the foul bird! That's the only bird that wouldn't go into the ark with Noah and his folk."

"Indeed! I was not aware of the circumstance."

"'Twas so, Miss; and I know the reason. A very old woman told me."

"She must have been very old indeed, to be an authority on that subject. Well, what was the reason?"

"She liked better to perch on the roof of th' ark, and jabber over the drowning world; that was why. So, ever after that, when a magpie flies across, turn back, or look to meet ill-luck."

"That is to say the worst creatures are stronger than their Creator, and can bring us bad luck against His will. And you call yourself a Christian? Why this is Paganism. They were frightened at ravens, and you at magpies. A fig for your magpies! and another for your Gabriel hounds! God is high above them all."

"Ay, sure; but these are signs of His will. Trouble and all comes from God. And so, whenever you see a magpie, or hear those terrible hounds——"

"Then tremble! for it is all to end in a bowl of punch, and a roaring fire; and Mr. Raby, that passes for a Tartar, being so kind to me; and me being in better spirits than I have been for ever so long."

"Oh, Miss!"

"And oh, Miss, to you. Why, what is the matter? I have been in danger! Very well; am I the first? I have had an adventure! All the better. Besides, it has shown me what good hearts there are in the world, yours amongst the rest." (Kissing her.) "Now, don't interrupt, but listen to the words of the wise and their dark sayings. Excitement is a blessing. Young ladies need it more than anybody. Half the foolish things we do it is because the old people are so stupid and don't provide us enough innocent excitement. Dancing till five is a good thing now and then; only that is too bodily, and ends in a headache, and feeling stupider than before. But to-night, what glorious excitement! Too late for dinner—drenched with snow—lost on a mountain—anxiety—fear—the Gabriel hounds—terror—despair—resignation—sudden relief—warm stockings—delightful sympathy—petted on every side—hungry—happy—fires—punch! I never lived till to-night—I never relished life till now. How could I? I never saw Death nor Danger near enough to be worth a straw."

Jael made no attempt to arrest this flow of spirits. She waited quietly for a single pause, and then she laid her hand on the young lady's, and, fastening her eyes on her, she said quietly,—

"You have seen *him*."

Grace Carden's face was scarlet in a moment, and she looked, with a rueful imploring glance, into those great grey searching eyes of Jael Dence.

Her fine silvery tones of eloquence went off into a little piteous whine. "You are very cunning—to believe in a magpie." And she hid her blushing face in her hands. She took an early opportunity of sending this too sagacious rustic to bed.

Next day Mr. Coventry was so stiff and sore he did not come down to breakfast. But Grace Carden, though very sleepy, made her appearance, and had a most affectionate conversation with Mr. Raby. She asked leave to christen him again. "I must call you something, you know, after all this. Mr. Raby is cold. Godpapa is childish. What do you say to—'Uncle?'"

He said he should be delighted. Then she dipped her forefinger in water. He drew back with horror.

"Come, young lady," said he, "I know it is an age of burlesque. But let us spare the sacraments, and the altar, and such trifles."

"I'm not half so wicked as you think," said Grace. Then she wrote "uncle" on his brow, and so settled that matter.

Mr. Coventry came down about noon, and resumed his courtship. He was very tender, spoke of the perils they had endured together as an additional tie, and pressed his suit with ardour.

But he found a great change in the lady.

Yesterday, on Cairnhope Peak, she was passive, but soft and complying. To-day she was polite, but cool, and as slippery as an eel. There was no pinning her.

And, at last, she said, "The fact is, I'm thinking of our great preservation, and more inclined to pray than flirt, for once."

"And so am I," said the man of tact; "but what I offer is a sacred and life-long affection."

"Oh, of course."

"A few hours ago you did me the honour to listen to me. You even hinted I might speak to your father."

"No, no. I only asked if you *had* spoken to him."

"I will not contradict you. I will trust to your own candour. Dear Grace, tell me, have I been so unfortunate as to offend you since then?"

"No."

"Have I lost your respect?"

"Oh, no."

"Have I forfeited your good opinion?"

"Dear me, no." (A little pettishly.)

"Then how is it that I love you better, if possible, than yesterday; and you seem not to like me so well as yesterday?"

"One is not always in the same humour."

"Then you don't like me to-day?"

"Oh yes, but I do. And I shall always like you: if you don't tease me, and urge me too much. It is hardly fair to hurry me so; I am only a girl, and girls make such mistakes sometimes."

"That is true; they marry on too short an acquaintance. But you have known me more than two years, and, in all that time, have I once given you reason to think that you had a rival in my admiration, my love?"

"I never watched you to see. But all that time you have certainly honoured me with your attention, and I do believe you love me, more than I deserve. Please do not be angry: do not be mortified. There is no occasion; I am resolved not to marry until I am of age; that is all: and where's the harm of that?"

"I will wait your pleasure; all I ask you, at present, is to relieve me of my fears, by engaging yourself to me."

"Ah; but I have always been warned against long engagements."

"Long engagements! Why, how old are you, may I ask?"

"Only nineteen. Give me a little time to think."

"If I wait till you are of age, *that will be two years.*"

"Just about. I was nineteen on the 12th of December. What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing. A sudden twinge. A man does not get rolled over sharp rocks, by a mountain torrent, for nothing."

"No, indeed."

"Never mind that, if I'm not to be punished in my heart as well. This resolution, not to marry for two years, is it your own idea? or has somebody put it into your head since we stood on Cairnhope, and looked at Bollinghope?"

"Please give me credit for it," said Grace, turning very red: "it is the only sensible one I have had for a long time."

Mr. Coventry groaned aloud, and turned very pale.

Grace said she wanted to go upstairs for her work, and so got away from him.

She turned at the door, and saw him sink into a chair, with an agony in his face that was quite new to him.

She fled to her own room, to think it all over, and she entered it so rapidly that she caught Jael crying, and rocking herself before the fire.

The moment she came in Jael got up, and affected to be very busy, arranging things; but always kept her back turned to Grace.

The young lady sat down, and leaned her cheek on her hand, and reflected very sadly and seriously on the misery she had left in the drawing-room, and the tears she had found here.

Accustomed to make others bright and happy by her bare presence, this beautiful and unselfish young creature was shocked at the misery she was sowing around her, and all for something her judgment told her would prove a chimera. And again she asked herself was she brave enough, and

selfish enough, to defy her father and her godfather, whose mind was written so clearly in that terrible inscription.

She sat there, cold at heart, a long time, and at last came to a desperate resolution.

"Give me my writing-desk."

Jael brought it her.

"Sit down there where I can see you ; and don't hide your tears from me. I want to see you cry. I want every help. I wasn't born to make everybody miserable : I am going to end it."

She wrote a little, and then she stopped, and sighed ; then she wrote a little more, and stopped, and sighed. Then she burned the letter, and began again ; and as she wrote, she sighed ; and as she wrote on, she moaned.

And, as she wrote on, the tears began to fall upon the paper.

It was piteous to see the struggle of this lovely girl, and the patient fortitude that could sigh, and moan, and weep, yet go on doing the brave act that made her sigh, and moan, and weep.

At last, the letter was finished, and directed ; and Grace put it in her bosom, and dismissed Jael abruptly, almost harshly, and sat down, cold and miserable, before the fire.

At dinner-time, her eyes were so red she would not appear. She pleaded headache, and dined in her own room.

Meantime Mr. Coventry passed a bitter time.

He had heard young Little say, "Wait two years." And now Grace was evading and procrastinating, and so, literally, obeying that young man, with all manner of false pretences. This was a revelation, and cast back a bright light on many suspicious things he had observed in the church.

He was tortured with jealous agony. And it added to his misery that he could not see his way to any hostilities.

Little could easily be driven out of the country, for that matter : he had himself told them both how certainly that would befall him if he was betrayed to the Unions. But honour and gratitude forbade this line ; and Coventry, in the midst of his jealous agony, resisted that temptation fiercely, would not allow his mind even to dwell upon it for a moment.

He recalled all his experiences ; and, after a sore struggle of passion, he came to some such conclusion as this : That Grace would have married him if she had not unexpectedly fallen in with Little, under very peculiar and moving circumstances : that an accident of this kind would never occur again, and he must patiently wear out the effect of it.

He had observed that in playing an uphill game of love the lover must constantly ask himself, 'What should I do, were I to listen to my heart ?' and having ascertained that, must do the opposite. So now Mr. Coventry grimly resolved to control his wishes for a time, to hide his jealousy, to hide his knowledge of her deceit, to hide his own anger. He would wait some months before he again asked her to marry him, unless he saw a change in her ; and, meantime, he would lay himself out to please her,

trusting to this, that there could be no intercourse by letter between her and a workman, and they were not likely to meet again in a hurry.

It required considerable fortitude to curb his love and jealousy, and settle on this course. But he did conquer after a hard struggle, and prepared to meet Miss Carden at dinner with artificial gaiety.

But she did not appear; and that set Mr. Coventry thinking again. Why should she have a headache? He had a rooted disbelief in women's headaches. His own head had far more reason to ache, and his heart too. He puzzled himself all dinner-time about this headache, and was very bad company.

Soon after dinner he took a leaf out of her book, pretended headache, and said he should like to take a turn by himself in the air.

What he really wanted to do was to watch Miss Carden's windows, for he had all manner of ugly suspicions.

There seemed to be a strong light in the room. He could see no more.

He walked moodily up and down, very little satisfied with himself, and at last he got ashamed of his own thoughts.

"Oh, no!" he said, "she is in her room sure enough."

He turned his back, and strolled out into the road.

Presently he heard the rustle of a woman's dress. He stepped into the shade of the firs directly, and his heart began to beat hard.

But it was only Jael Dence. She came out within a few yards of him. She had something white in her hand, which, however, she instinctively conveyed into her bosom the moment she found herself in the moonlight. Coventry saw her do it though.

She turned to the left, and walked swiftly up the road.

Now Coventry knew nothing about this girl, except that she belonged to a class with whom money generally goes a long way. And he now asked himself whether it might not be well worth his while to enlist her sympathies on his side.

While he was coming to this conclusion, Jael, who was gliding along at a great pace, reached a turn in the road, and Mr. Coventry had to run after her to catch her.

When he got to the turn in the road, she was just going round another turn, having quickened her pace.

Coventry followed more leisurely. She might be going to meet her sweetheart; and, if so, he had better talk to her on her return.

He walked on till he saw at some distance a building, with light shining through it in a peculiar way: and now the path became very rugged and difficult. He came to a standstill, and eyed the place where his rival was working at that moment. He eyed it with a strange mixture of feelings. It had saved his life and hers, after all. He fell into another mood, and began to laugh at himself for allowing himself to be disturbed by such a rival.

But what is this? Jael Dence comes in sight again: she is making for the old church.

Coventry watched her unseen. She went to the porch, and, after she had been there some time, the door was opened just a little, then wide, and she entered the building. He saw it all in a moment: the girl was already bought by the other side, and had carried his rival a letter before his eyes.

A clandestine correspondence!

All his plans and his resolutions melted away before this discovery. There was nothing to be done but to save the poor girl from this miserable and degrading attachment, and its inevitable consequences.

He went home, pale with fury, and never once closed his eyes all night.

Next day he ordered his dog-cart early; and told Mr. Raby and Grace he was going to Hillsborough for medical advice: had a pain in his back he could not get rid of.

He called on the chief constable of Hillsborough, and asked him, confidentially, if he knew anything about a workman called Little.

"What; a Londoner, sir? the young man that is at odds with the Trades?"

"I shouldn't wonder. Yes; I think he is. A friend of mine takes an interest in him."

"And so do I. His case was a disgrace to the country, and to the constabulary of the place. It occurred just ten days before I came here, and it seems to me that nothing was done which ought to have been done."

Mr. Coventry put in a question or two, which elicited from Mr. Ransome all he knew about the matter.

"Where does this Little live?" was the next inquiry.

"I don't know; but I think you could learn at Mr. Cheetham's. The only time I ever saw Little, he was walking with the foreman of those works. He was pointed out to me. A dark young man; carries himself remarkably well—doesn't look like a workman. If they don't know at Cheetham's, I'll find him out for you in twenty-four hours."

"But this Grotait. Do you know him?"

"Oh, he is a public character. Keeps 'The Cutler's Arms,' in Black Street."

"I understand he repudiates all these outrages."

"He does. But the workmen themselves are behind the scenes; and what do they call him? Why, 'Old Smitem.'"

"Ah! You are one of those who look below the surface," said the courtier.

He then turned the conversation, and, soon after, went away. He had been adroit enough to put his questions in the languid way of a man who had no personal curiosity, and was merely discharging a commission.

Mr. Ransome, as a matter of form, took a short note of the conversation; but attached no importance to it. However, he used the means at his command to find out Little's abode. Not that Mr. Coventry had

positively asked him to do it; but, his attention being thus unexpectedly called to the subject, he felt desirous to talk to Little on his own account.

Mr. Coventry went straight to "The Cutler's Arms," but he went slowly. A powerful contest was now going on within him; jealousy and rage urged him onward, honour and gratitude held him back. Then came his self-deceiving heart, and suggested that Miss Carden had been the first to break her promise (she had let Jael Dence into Little's secret), and that he himself was being undermined by cunning and deceit; strict notions of honour would be out of place in such a combat. Lastly, he felt it his *duty* to save Miss Carden from a degrading connection.

All these considerations, taken together, proved too strong for his good faith; and so stifled the voice of conscience, that it could only keep whispering against the deed, but not prevent it.

He went direct to "The Cutler's Arms." He walked into the parlour and ordered a glass of brandy-and-water, and asked if he could see Mr. Grotait, privately. Mr. Grotait came in.

"Sit down, Mr. Grotait. Will you have anything?"

"A glass of ale, sir, if you please."

When this had been brought, and left, and the parties were alone, Coventry asked him whether he could receive a communication under a strict promise of secrecy.

"If it is a trade matter, sir, you can trust me. A good many have."

"Well then, I can tell you something about a workman called Little. But, before I say a word, I must make two express conditions. One is, that no violence shall be used towards him: the other, that you never reveal to any human creature, it was I who told you."

"What, is he working still?"

"My conditions, Mr. Grotait?"

"I promise you absolute secrecy, sir, as far as you are concerned. As to your other condition, the matter will work thus: if your communication should be as important as you think, I can do nothing—the man is not in the saw-trade—I shall carry the information to two other secretaries, and shall not tell them I had it from Mr. Coventry, of Bollinghope." (Mr. Coventry started at finding himself known.) "Those gentlemen will be sure to advise with me, and I shall suggest to them to take effectual measures, but to keep it, if possible, from the knowledge of all those persons, who discredit us by their violent acts."

"Well then, on that understanding,—the man works all night in a deserted church at Cairnhope: it is all up among the hills."

Grotait turned red. "Are you sure of this?"

"Quite sure?"

"You have seen him?"

"Yes."

"Has he a forge?"

"Yes; and bellows, and quantities of moulds, and strips of steel. He is working on a large scale."

"It shall be looked into, sir, by the proper persons. Indeed the sooner they are informed, the better."

"Yes, but mind, no violence. You are strong enough to drive him out of the country without that."

"I should hope so."

Coventry then rose, and left the place; but he had no sooner got into the street, than a sort of horror fell on him; horror of himself, distrust and dread of the consequences, to his rival but benefactor.

Almost at the door, he was met by Mr. Ransome, who stopped him and gave him Little's address; he had obtained it without difficulty from Bayne.

"I am glad you reminded me, sir," said he; "I shall call on him myself, one of these days."

These words rang in Coventry's ears, and put him in a cold perspiration. "Fool!" thought he, "to go and ask a public officer, a man who hears everybody in turn."

What he had done disinclined him to return to Cairnhope. He made a call or two first, and loitered about, and then at last back to Raby, gnawed with misgivings and incipient remorse.

Mr. Grotait sent immediately for Mr. Parkin, Mr. Jobson, and Mr. Potter, and told them the secret information he had just received.

They could hardly believe it at first; Jobson, especially, was incredulous. He said he had kept his eye on Little, and assured them the man had gone into wood-carving, and was to be seen in the town all day.

"Ay," said Parkin, "but this is at night; and, now I think of it, I met him t'other day, about dusk, galloping east, as hard as he could go."

"My information is from a sure source," said Grotait, stiffly.

Parkin.—"What is to be done?"

Jobson.—"Is he worth another strike?"

Potter.—"The time is unfavourable: here's a slap of dull trade."

The three then put their heads together, and various plans were suggested and discussed, and, as the parties were not now before the public, that horror of gunpowder, vitriol, and life-preservers, which figured in their notices and resolutions, did not appear in their conversation. Grotait alone was silent and doubtful. This Grotait was the greatest fanatic of the four, and, like all fanatics, capable of vast cruelty: but his cruelty lay in his head, rather than in his heart. Out of Trade questions, the man, though vain and arrogant, was of a genial and rather a kindly nature; and, even in Trade questions, being more intelligent than his fellows, he was sometimes infested with a gleam of humanity.

His bigotry was, at this moment, disturbed by a visitation of that kind. "I'm perplexed," said he: "I don't often hesitate on a Trade question neither. But the men we have done were always low-lived blackguards, who would have destroyed us, if we had not disabled them."

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Now this Little is a decent young chap. He struck at the root of our Trades, so long as he wrought openly. But on the sly, and nobody knowing but ourselves, mightn't it be as well to shut our eyes a bit? My informant is not in trade."

The other three took a more personal view of the matter. Little was outwitting, and resisting them. They saw nothing for it but to stop him, by hook or by crook.

While they sat debating his case in whispers, and with their heads so close you might have covered them all with a tea-tray, a clear musical voice was heard to speak to the barmaid, and, by her direction, in walked into the council-chamber—Mr. Henry Little.

This visit greatly surprised Messrs. Parkin, Jobson, and Potter, and made them stare, and look at one another uneasily. But it did not surprise Grotait so much, and it came about in the simplest way. That morning, at about eleven o'clock, Dr. Amboyne had called on Mrs. Little, and had asked Henry, rather stiffly, whether he was quite forgetting Life, Labour, and Capital. Now the young man could not but feel that, for some time past, he had used the good Doctor ill; had neglected and almost forgotten his benevolent hobby; so the Doctor's gentle reproach went to his heart, and he said, "Give me a day or two, sir, and I'll show you how ashamed I am of my selfish behaviour." True to this pledge, he collected all his notes together, and prepared a report, to be illustrated with drawings. He then went to Cheetham's, more as a matter of form than anything, to see if the condemned grindstone had been changed. To his infinite surprise he found it had not, and Bayne told him the reason. Henry was angry, and went direct to Grotait about it.

But as soon as he saw Jobson, and Parkin, and Potter, he started, and they started. "Oh!" said he, "I didn't expect to find so much good company. Why, here's the whole quorum."

"We will retire, sir, if you wish it."

"Not at all. My orders are to convert you all to Life, Labour, and Capital (Grotait pricked up his ears directly); and, if I succeed, the Devil will be the next to come round, no doubt. Well, Mr. Grotait, Simmons is on that same grindstone you and I condemned. And all for a matter of four shillings. I find that, in your trade, the master provides the stone, but the grinder hangs and races it, which, in one sense, is time lost. Well, Simmons declines the new stone, unless Cheetham will pay him by time for hanging and racing it; Cheetham refuses; and so, between them, that idiot works on a faulty stone. Will you use your influence with the grinder?"

"Well, Mr. Little, now, between ourselves, don't you think it rather hard that the poor workman should have to hang and race the master's grindstone for nothing?"

"Why, they share the loss between them. The stone costs the master three pounds; and hanging it costs the workman only four or five shillings. Where's the grievance?"

"Hanging and racing a stone shortens the grinder's life; fills his lungs with grit. Is the workman to give Life and Labour for a forenoon; and is Capital to contribute nothing? Is that your view of Life, Labour, and Capital, young man?"

Henry was staggered a moment. "That is smart," said he. "But a rule of trade is a rule, till it is altered by consent of the parties that made it. Now, right or wrong, it is the rule of trade here that the small grinders find their own stones, and pay for power; but the saw-grinders are better off, for they have not to find stones, nor power, and their only drawback is that they must hang and race a new stone, which costs the master sixty shillings. Cheetham is smarting under your rules, and you can't expect him to go against any rule, that saves him a shilling."

"What does the grinder think?"

"You might as well ask what the grindstone thinks."

"Well, what does the grinder say, then?"

"Says he'd rather run the stone out, than lose a forenoon."

"Well, sir, it is his business."

"It may be a man's business to hang himself; but it is the bystanders' to hinder him."

"You mistake me. I mean that the grinder is the only man who knows whether a stone is safe."

"Well, but this grinder does not pretend his stone is safe. All he says is, safe or not, he'll run it out. So now the question is, will you pay four shillings from your box, for this blockhead's loss of time in hanging and racing a new stone?"

All the four secretaries opened their eyes with surprise at this. But Grotait merely said he had no authority to do that; the funds of the Union were set apart for specified purposes.

"Very likely," said Henry, getting warm: "but, when there's life to be taken, your Union can find money irregularly; so why grudge it, when there's life to be saved perhaps, and ten times cheaper than you pay for blood."

"Young man," said Grotait, severely, "did you come here to insult us with these worn-out slanders?"

"No, but I came to see whether your secretaries, who can find pounds to assassinate men, and blow up women and children with gunpowder, can find shillings to secure the life of one of your own members; he risks it every time he mounts his horsing."

"Well, sir, the application is without precedent, and I must decline it; but this I beg to do as courteously, as the application has been made uncourteously."

"Oh, it is easy to be polite, when you've got no heart."

"You are the first ever brought that charge against me."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Potter, warmly. "No heart! Mr. Grotait is known for a good husband, a tender father, and the truest friend in Hillsborough."

The others echoed these sentiments warmly and sincerely; for, strange as it may appear to those who have not studied human nature at first hand, every word of this eulogy was strictly true.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said Grotait. "But we must make allowances. Mr. Little is smarting under a gross and dastardly outrage, and also under a fair defeat; and thinks his opponents must be monsters. Now I should like to show him the contrary. Let Simmons take care of himself. You have given him good advice, and much to your credit: now have you nothing to say to us, on your own account?"

"Not a word," said Henry, steadily.

"But suppose I could suggest a way by which you could carry on your trade in Hillsborough, and offend nobody?"

"I should decline to hear it even. You and I are at war on that. You have done your worst, and I shall do my best to make you all smart for it, the moment I get a chance."

Grotait's cheek reddened with anger at this rebuff, and it cost him an effort to retain his friendly intentions. "Come, come," said he, rather surlily, "don't be in a hurry till you have heard the nature of my proposal. Here, Jess, a quart of the best ale. Now, to begin, let us drink and be comfortable together."

He passed the glass to Little, first. But the young man's blood was boiling with his wrongs, and this patronizing air irritated him to boot. He took the glass in his hand, "Here's quick exposure—sudden death—and sure damnation—to all hypocrites and assassins!" He drained the glass to this toast, flung sixpence on the table, and strode out, white with passion himself, and leaving startled faces behind.

"So be it," said Grotait; and his wicked little eye glittered dangerously.

That same evening, a signal, well known to certain workmen in Hillsborough, peeped in the window of "The Cutler's Arms." And, in consequence, six or seven ill-conditioned fellows gathered about the doors and waited patiently for further information.

Amongst these was a sturdy fellow of about nine-and-twenty, whose existence was a puzzle to his neighbours. During the last seven years he had worked only eighteen months altogether. The rest of the time he had been on the Saw-Grinders' box, receiving relief, viz.: seven shillings and sixpence weekly for himself, and two-and-sixpence for his wife, and two shillings for each child; and every now and then he would be seen with three or four sovereigns in his possession.

The name of this masterful beggar, of this invalid in theory, who, in fact, could eat three pounds of steak at a sitting, was Biggs; but it is a peculiarity of Hillsborough to defy baptismal names, and substitute others deemed spicier. Out of the parish register and the records of the police courts, the scamp was only known as Dan Tucker.

This Dan stood, with others, loitering about "The Cutler's Arms."

Presently out came Grotait, and surveyed the rascally lot. He beckoned Dan, and retired. Dan went in after him.

"Drat his luck!" said one of the rejected candidates, "he always gets the job." The rest then dispersed.

Tucker was shown into a pitch dark room, and there a bargain was struck between him and men unseen. He and two more were to go to Cairnhope, and *do* Little. He was to avoid all those men who had lately stood at the door with him, and was to choose for his companions, Simmons the grinder, and one Sam Cole, a smooth, plausible fellow, that had been in many a dark job, unsuspected even by his wife and family, who were respectable.

Thus instructed, Dan went to the other men, and soon reported to Grotait that he had got Cole all right, but that Simmons looked coldly on the job. He was in full work, for one thing, and said Little had had his squeak already, and he didn't see following him eleven miles off; he had, however, asked him whether Little had a wife and children, which question he, Tucker, could not answer.

"But I can," said Grotait. "He is a bachelor. You can tell Simmons so. There are reasons why Ned Simmons must be in this. Try him to-morrow, at dinner-time. Bid two pounds more; and—his wife is near her time—tell him this job will help him buy her wine and things," said the kind, parental, diabolical Grotait.

Next morning Henry worked with the pen for Doctor Amboyne till twelve o'clock. He then, still carrying out his friend's views, went down to Mr. Cheetham's works to talk to Simmons.

But he found an ill-looking fellow standing by the man's side, and close at his ear. This was no other than Dan Tucker, who by a neat coincidence was tempting him to *do* Little.

Yesterday's conversation had unsettled Simmons, and he did not come to work till twelve o'clock. He then fixed a small pulley-wheel to his grindstone, to make up for lost time.

He was still resisting the tempter, but more faintly than yesterday, when Little came in, and spoke to him. Both he and Dan were amazed at his appearance on the scene at that particular moment. They glared stupidly, but said nothing.

"Look here, Simmons," said Little. "I have been to your friend Grotait, and asked him to pay you for what you call time lost in hanging and racing a new stone. He won't do it. That is your *friend*. Now, I'm your *enemy*; so the Union says. Well, enemy or not, I'll do what Grotait won't. I'll pay you the four shillings for lost time, if you will stop that stone at once, and hang another."

"Why, what's wrong with stone?"

"The best judge in Hillsborough condemned it; and now, if you are not running it with an undersized pulley-wheel, to try it worse!"

Simmons got stupid and irritated between the two. His bit of manhood revolted against Little's offer, made whilst he was half lending his ear to Tucker's proposal; and, on the other hand, that very offer irritated him with Tucker, for coming and tempting him to *do* this very Little, who was a good sort.

"— you both!" said the rough fellow. "I wish you'd let me alone. Here I've lost my morning's work already." Then, to Little, "Mind thyself, old lad. Happen thou's in more danger than I am."

"What d'y'e mean by that?" said Little, very sharply.

But Simmons saw he had gone too far, and now maintained a sullen silence.

Henry turned to Tucker. "I don't know who you are, but I call you to witness that I have done all I can for this idiot. Now, if he comes to harm, his blood be upon his own head."

Then Henry went off in dudgeon, and, meeting Bayne in the yard, had a long discussion with him on the subject.

The tempter took advantage of Little's angry departure, and steadily resumed his temptation.

But he was interrupted in his turn.

The defect in this grindstone was not so serious but that the stone might perhaps have been ground out with fair treatment; but, by fixing a small pulley-wheel, Simmons had caused it to rotate at furious speed. This tried it too hard, and it flew in two pieces, just as the grinder was pressing down a heavy saw on it with all his force.

One piece, weighing about five hundredweight, tore the horsing chains out of the floor, and went clean through the window, (smashing the wood-work,) out into the yard, and was descending on Little's head; but he heard the crash and saw it coming; he ran yelling out of the way, and dragged Bayne with him. The other fragment went straight up to the ceiling, and broke a heavy joist as if it had been a cane; then fell down again plump, and would have destroyed the grinder on the spot, had he been there; but the tremendous shock had sent him flying clean over the squatter-board, and he fell on his stomach on the wheelband of the next grindstone, and so close to the drum, that, before any one could recover the shock and seize him, the band drew him on to the drum, and the drum, which was drawing away from the window, pounded him against the wall, with cruel thuds.

One ran and screamed to stop the power, another to cut the big wheel-bands. All this took several seconds; and here seconds were torn flesh and broken bones. Just as Little darted into the room, pale with his own narrow escape, and awe-stricken at the cries of horror within, the other grinders succeeded in dragging out, from between the wall and the drum, a bag of broken bones and blood and grease, which, a minute before, was Ned Simmons, and was talking over a deed of violence to be done.

The others carried him and laid him on a horsing; and there they still supported his head and his broken limbs, sick with horror.

The man's face was white, and his eyes stared, and his body quivered. They sprinkled him with water.

Then he muttered, "All right. I'm not much hurt.—Ay, but I am though. I'm done for."

After the first terror of the scene had passed, the men were for taking him to the infirmary. But Little interposed, eagerly, "No, no. I'll pay the doctor myself sooner. He shall be nursed at home, and have all that skill can do to save him. Oh, why, why, would he not listen to me?"

A stretcher was got, and a mattress put on it, and they carried him through the streets, while one ran before to tell the unhappy wife, and Little took her address, and ran to Doctor Amboyne. The Doctor went instantly to the sufferer.

Tucker assisted to carry the victim home. He then returned to Grotait, and told him the news. Dan was not so hardened but what he blubbered in telling it, and Grotait's eyes were moist with sympathy.

They neither of them spoke out, and said, "This upsets our design on Little." Each waited to see whether that job was to go on. Each was ashamed to mention it now. So it came to a standstill.

As for Little, he was so shocked by this tragedy, and so anxious about its victim, that he would not go out to Cairnhope. He came, in the evening, to Doctor Amboyne, to inquire, "Can he live?"

"I can't say yet. He will never work again."

Then, after a silence, he fixed his eyes on young Little, and said, "I am going to make a trial of your disposition. This is the man I suspected of blowing you up; and I'm of the same opinion still."

"Then he has got his deserts," were Henry's first words, after a pause of astonishment.

"Does that mean you forgive him, or you don't forgive him?"

"I daresay I should forgive the poor wretch, if he was to ask me."

"And not without?"

"No. I might try and put it out of my head; but that is all I could do."

"Is it true that you are the cause of his not being taken to the infirmary?"

"Yes, I said I'd pay out of my own pocket sooner; and I'm not the sort to go from my word. The man shall want for nothing, sir. But please don't ask me to love my enemies, and all that Rot. I scorn hypocrisy. Every man hates his enemies: he may hate 'em out like a man, or palaver 'em, and beg God to forgive 'em, (and that means damn 'em,) and hate 'em like a sneak; but he always hates 'em."

The Doctor laughed heartily. "Oh, how refreshing a thing it is to fall in with a fellow who speaks his real mind. However, I am not your enemy, am I?"

"No. You are the best friend I ever had—except my mother."

"I am glad you think so; because I have a favour to ask you."

"Granted, before ever you speak."

"I want to know, for certain, whether Simmons was the man who

blew you up: and I see but one way of learning it. You must visit him and be kind to him; and then, my art tells me, he won't leave the world without telling you. Oblige me by taking him this bottle of wine, at once, and also this sedative, which you can administer if he is in violent pain, but not otherwise."

"Doctor," said the young man, "you always get your own way with me. And so you ought."

Little stood by Simmons's bedside.

The man's eye was set, his cheek streaked with red, and his head was bandaged. He laboured in breathing.

Young Little looked at him gravely, and wondered whether this battered figure was really the man who had so nearly destroyed him.

After some minutes of this contemplation, he said, gravely, "Simmons, I have brought you some wine."

The man stared at him, and seemed confused. He made no reply.

"Give me a spoon," said Henry.

Mrs. Simmons sat by the bedside rocking herself; she was stupefied with grief: but her sister, a handy girl, had come to her in her trouble: she brought Henry a spoon directly.

He poured out a little wine, and put it to the sufferer's lips. He drank it, and said it was rare good stuff. Henry gave him a little more.

Simmons then looked at him more intelligently and attentively, and gave a sort of shiver. "Who be you?"

"Henry Little; who advised you not to run that stone."

"Ah!" said Simmons, "I thought it was you." He seemed puzzled. But, after a while, he said, "I wish I had hearkened thee, lad. Give me some more of yonder stuff. What is it?"

"Port wine. Then he turned to the girl, and gave her a sovereign, and sent her out for some mutton-chops. "Meat and wine are all the physic you are to have, my poor fellow."

"It won't be for long, lad. And a good job too. For I'm a bad 'un. I'm a bad 'un."

Henry then turned to the poor woman, and tried to say something to console her, but the words stuck in his throat. She was evidently near her confinement; and there lay her husband, worse than in his grave. Little broke down himself, while trying to comfort her.

The sufferer heard him, and said, all of a sudden, "Hold a light here."

Henry took the candle, and held it over him.

"Nay, nay, it is thy face I want to see."

Henry was puzzled at the request, but did as he was asked.

Simmons gave a groan. "Ay," said he, "thou's all right. And I lie here. That seems queer."

The sister now returned, and Henry wrote her his address, and conversed with her, and told her the whole story of the grindstone, and said that, as he had hindered Simmons from being taken to the infirmary, he felt bound to see he did not suffer by that interference. He gave her his address, and said, if anything was wanted, she must come to him, or to his mother if he should be out.

No doubt the women talked of his kindness by the sick bed, and Simmons heard it.

Early in the morning Eliza Watney called at Little's house, with her eyes very red, and said her brother-in-law wanted to speak to him.

He went with her directly; and, on the road, asked her what it was about.

"I'm ashamed to tell you," said she, and burst out crying. "But I hope God will reward you; and forgive him: he is a very ignorant man."

"Here I am, Simmons."

"So I see."

"Anything I can do for you?"

"No."

"You sent for me."

"Did I? Well, I daresay I did. But gi' me time. Gi' me time. It's noane so easy to look a man in the face, and tell him what I'm to tell thee. But I can't die with it on me. It chokes me, ever since you brought me yonder stuff, and the women set a talking. I say—old lad—'twas I did thee yon little job at Cheetham's. But I knew no better."

There was a dead silence. And then Henry spoke.

"Who set you on?"

"Nay, that's their business."

"How did you do it?"

At this question—will it be believed?—the penitent's eye twinkled with momentary vanity. "I fastened a teacup to an iron rake, and filled the cup with powder; then I passed it in, and spilt the powder out of cup, and raked it in to the smithy slack, and so on, filling and raking in. But I did thee one good turn, lad; I put powder as far from bellows as I could. Eh, but I was a bad 'un to do the like to thee: and thou's a good 'un to come here. When I saw thee lie there, all scorched and shaking, I didn't like my work; and now I hate it. But I knew no better at the time. And, you see, I've got it worse myself. And cheap served too."

"Oh, Mr. Little," said Eliza Watney; "try and forgive him."

"My girl," said Henry, solemnly, "I thought I never could forgive the man who did that cruel deed to me, and I had never injured any one. But it is hard to know one's own mind, let alone another man's. Now I look at him lying pale and battered there, it seems all wiped out. I forgive you, my poor fellow, and I hope God will forgive you too."

"Nay. He is not so soft as thou. This is how He forgives me. But I knew no better. Old gal, learn the young 'un to read, that's coming

just as I'm going; it is sore against a chap, if he can't read. Right and wrong, d—n 'em, they are locked up in books, I think; locked away from a chap like me. I know a little better now. But, eh dear, dear, it is come too late." And now the poor wretch began to cry at a gleam of knowledge of right and wrong having come to him only just when he could no longer profit by it.

Henry left him at last, with the tears in his eyes. He promised them all to come every day.

He called on Dr. Amboyne, and said, "You are always right, Doctor. Simmons was the man. He has owned it, and I forgave him."

He then went and told Mr. Holdfast. That gentleman was much pleased at the discovery, and said, "Ah, but who employed him? That is what you must discover."

"I will try," said Henry. "The poor fellow had half a mind to make a clean breast; but I didn't like to worry him over it."

Returning home he fell in with Grotait and Parkin. They were talking earnestly at the door of a public-house, and the question they were discussing was whether or not Little's affair should be revived.

They were both a good deal staggered by the fate of Simmons, Parkin especially, who was rather superstitious. He had changed sides, and was now inclined to connive, or, at all events, to temporize; to abandon the matter till a more convenient time. Grotait, on the other hand, whose vanity the young man had irritated, was bent on dismounting his forge. But even he had cooled a little, and was now disinclined to violence. He suggested that it must be easy to drive a smith out of a church, by going to the parochial authorities; and they could also send Little an anonymous letter, to tell him the Trades had their eyes on him; by this double stroke, they would probably bring him to some reasonable terms.

It certainly was a most unfortunate thing that Little passed that way just then; unfortunate that Youth is so impetuous.

He crossed the street to speak to these two potentates, whom it was his interest to let alone—if he could only have known it.

"Well, gentlemen, have you seen Simmons?"

"No," said Mr. Parkin.

"What, not been to see the poor fellow, who owes his death to you?"

"He is not dead yet."

"No, thank Heaven! He has got a good work to do first; some hypocrites, assassins, and cowards to expose."

Parkin turned pale; Grotait's eye glistened like a snake's: he made Parkin a rapid signal to say nothing, but only listen.

"He has begun by telling me who it was that put gunpowder into my forge, and how it was done. I have forgiven him. He was only the tool of much worse villains; base, cowardly, sneaking villains. Those I shall not forgive. Oh, I shall know all about it before long. Good morning."

This information and threat, and the vindictive bitterness and resolution with which the young man had delivered it, struck terror into the gentle

Parkin, and shook even Grotait. The latter, however, soon recovered himself, and it became a battle for life or death between him and Little.

He invited Parkin to his own place, and there the pair sat closeted.

Dan Tucker and Sam Cole were sent for.

Tucker came first. He was instantly despatched to Simmons, with money from the Saw-Grinders' box. He was to ascertain how much Simmons had let out, and to adjure him to be true to the Trade, and split on no man but himself. When he had been gone about twenty minutes, Sam Cole came in, and was instructed to get two other men in place of Simmons, and be in readiness to do Little.

By-and-by Tucker returned with news. Simmons had at present split only on himself; but the women were evidently in love with Little; said he was their only friend; and he, Tucker, foresaw that, with their co-operation, Simmons would be turned inside out by Little before he died.

Grotait struck his hand on the table. "The Unions are in danger," said he. "There is but one way; Little must be made so that he can't leave Cairnhope while Simmons is alive."

So important did the crisis appear to him, that he insisted on Parkin going with him at once to Cairnhope, to reconnoitre the ground.

Parkin had a gig and a fast horse; so, in ten minutes more, they were on the road.

They reached Cairnhope, put up at the village inn, and soon extracted some particulars about the church. They went up to it, and examined it, and Grotait gave Parkin a leg up, to peer through the window.

In this position they were nailed by old George.

"What be you at?"

"What is that to you?" said Grotait.

"It is plenty. You mustn't come trespassing here. Squire won't have it."

"Trespassing in a churchyard! Why it belongs to all the world."

"Nay, this one belongs to the Lord o' the manor."

"Well, we won't hurt your church. Who keeps the key?"

"Squire Raby."

Old George from this moment followed them about everywhere, grumbling at their heels, like a mastiff.

Grotait, however, treated him with cool contempt, and proceeded to make a sketch of the door, and a little map showing how the church could be approached from Hillsborough on foot without passing through Cairnhope village. This done, he went back with Parkin to the inn, and thence to Hillsborough.

It was old Christmas Eve. Henry was working at his forge, little dreaming of danger. Yet it was close at hand, and from two distinct quarters.

Four men, with crape masks, and provided with all manner of tools, and armed with bludgeons, were creeping about the churchyard, examining and listening. Their orders were to make Little so that he should not

leave Cairnhope for a month. And that, in plain English, meant to beat him within an inch of his life, if not kill him.

At the same time, a body of nine men were stealing up the road, with designs scarcely less hostile to Little.

These assailants were as yet at a considerable distance ; but more formidable in appearance than the others, being most of them armed with swords, and led by a man with a double-barrelled gun.

Grotait's men, having well surveyed the ground, now crept softly up to the porch, and examined the lock.

The key was inside, and they saw no means of forcing the lock without making a noise, and putting their victim on his guard.

After a long whispered consultation, they resolved to unscrew the hinges.

These hinges were of great length, and were nailed upon the door, but screwed into the doorpost with four screws each.

Two men, with excellent tools, and masters of the business, went softly to work. One stood, and worked on the upper screws ; the other kneeled, and unfastened the lower screws.

They made no more noise than a rat gnawing ; yet, such was their caution, and determination to surprise their victim, that they timed all their work by Little's. Whenever the blows of his hammer intermitted, they left off ; and began again when he did.

When all the screws were out but two, one above, one below, they beckoned the other two men, and these two drove large gimlets into the door, and so held it that it might not fall forward when the last screw should come out.

"Are all screws out?" whispered Cole, who was the leader.

"Ay," was the whispered reply.

"Then put in two more gimlets."

That was done.

"Now, men," whispered Cole. "Lay the door softly down outside ; then, up sticks—into church—and *do him!*"

How Young Folk Amused themselves in the Classical Period.

THERE is much in the everyday life of the ancient world which we in the nineteenth century find it hard to realize. Nor is this solely the result of our own imperfect knowledge and deficient sympathies. It is almost equally due to the peculiar features of the classical life. The citizens of Greece and Rome, accustomed to live in almost complete publicity, and trained from their earliest youth to the keenest appreciation of gracefulness and order, were always in some sort acting a part. On the stage the stately iambs were declaimed through the apertures of a mask framed to convey the greatest volume of sound, and modelled after the conventional notion of god, or hero, or avenging demon; dignity was added to the stature by the devices of high-heeled buskins and towering peruke, until the actor differed from his real self pretty much as Louis Quatorze by day differs from Louis Quatorze by night in Thackeray's clever *croquis*. The politician who had played for power and lost drained the cup of hemlock with airy grace to the health of his rival, and the conqueror, surprised in the moment of his triumph by the dagger of the conspirator, thought only in his last moments how best to fold his robes around him and fall in the most becoming attitude. So was it also with the literature. Epopee, and ode, and chorus, metaphysical disquisition, and historical analysis, are plentiful enough; but the minutiae of daily life, the sports of childhood, the humble details of the household, are seldom deemed worthy of more than a passing allusion. Only in the writings of a later age, when antiquarian accuracy was called in to supplement the deficiency of genius, in the sepulchral monuments and in the frescoes which adorned the houses of the wealthy, are we enabled to peep behind the mask and learn what manner of men the countrymen of Pericles and Cato really were. We see them there not as when they thundered from Bema or from Rostra, or strove to solve the problems of existence beneath the pillars of the Porch and in the formal coteries of Tusculum; not even as they may have appeared in the wild licence of Bacchanalian and Saturnian revels, but as the walls of the Peristyle beheld them when the labours of the day were done and the family circle was united within the shadow of the household gods, or as they may have sat on pleasant summer holidays by the margin of the sacred grove, and watched their children building houses in the sand or indulging in the more boisterous merriment of kissing-in-the-ring. Then it was that the Athenian forgot his dignity as member of the Assembly, and that even the warrior-king of Sparta, like Henri Quatre in later times, was caught "*equitans in arundine longâ*,"

and initiating the young folk in the mysteries of the "ride to Banbury Cross." For the playful grace of infancy had the strongest fascination for the Greeks, and its sports furnished the most fruitful subjects for the house-decorator of the ancient world. We must leave to the learned in such matters the task of tracing these sports to their earliest source,—to the period when the father of the household was at the same time its priest and king, and when the simple beliefs of the patriarchal age, its rude theories of the motion of the planets, its ideas of the twin mysteries of birth and death, were represented in the still simpler pastimes of the young. We would merely exhibit one side of Greek and Roman life in its everyday aspect, and, like the sire of the renowned Martinus Scriblerus, trace some of the many points of resemblance between school and nursery now and two thousand years ago.

It may easily be guessed that dolls have always been regarded as quite indispensable, at least by children of the gentler sex, although the scantiness of the ancient costume must have deprived the little ladies of the period of much of that pleasure which their modern representatives derive from the process known as dressing their dolls. These little puppets seem to have closely resembled our own: the ruder and coarser sorts roughly modelled in wood or clay, like the present Dutch toys; the more expensive in wax or ivory, and often with flexible joints. The doll's-house, with its tiny furniture; the money-boxes, with their little slits for the reception of stray drachmæ and sestertii; the drinking-mug, and its familiar inscription; the figures of cow, and horse, and pig, so dear to our own children, were equally well known to their classical prototypes; and we may be sure that there was no lack of such presents when the gossips met, according to traditional custom, to bid the little stranger welcome, and to offer the gifts which usage had prescribed for such occasions—the *παρρησία δῶρα*. Nor were more artistic puppets altogether unknown. The marionette, and the wires which control its movements, are as old as Aristotle; and the little automata charged with mercury, whose movements foretell the changes of the weather, have been traced back by some to the mythic period of Dædalus. Noah's ark, of course, had not yet been heard of outside a small nation on the coast of Syria; but the Trojan horse, and its wealth of concealed warriors, was an admirable substitute: and although dissecting-maps had not been invented, there were already several royal roads to learning in the shape of ivory alphabets, Chinese puzzles, &c.; and from the perfection to which the art of working in mosaic had been brought, it was easy to arrange a course of natural history by the construction of changing figures, and to teach the rudiments of arithmetic by all manner of amusing combinations in stone and metal.

Not much instruction, we fear, was derived from the legendary tales, with which the nurse beguiled the ears of her charge, of gods that came among men as strangers in the night, of wood-nymphs and satyrs,

of the fearful Empusa, the fury-chased Orestes, and the Larvæ whose hideous features were represented by the grotesque counterfeit of a mask. But childhood soon learns to emancipate itself from imaginary terrors, and long before the times of the later empire the mystery of the mask had been seen through, and the once dreaded object had become, as we find from the frescoes of Pompeii, a mere plaything of the nursery. More touching is the history of the gifts, half toys, half amulets, which parents bound around the neck of their infants, and with which the children never parted until the hour of their marriage or of their death. Many of the dramas of antiquity turn upon the recognition of long-lost relations by means of these treasured tokens, whose sanctity not even kidnappers and pirates dared to violate; and they often figure on the sepulchral monuments as emblems of innocence and youth, and perhaps also of a hope in death, which even Paganism did not wholly ignore.

The majority, however, of babies' toys were wholly destitute of purpose, either religious or instructive. Most of them, indeed, were silly playthings enough, and it is amusing to find Plato—most thorough-going of philosophers—gravely censuring the popular fashion pretty much in the same spirit in which Benoiton père in M. Sardou's famous comedy rejects the drum and sword, those chosen toys of Parisian infancy, and presents the young Fanfan, whom he designs for an *homme sérieux*, with a little compass instead, a miniature ledger, and an imitation cash-box. However, as years rolled on, and school-doors opened to receive their victims, at least in winter and in early spring, (for the holidays were often long enough to satisfy even a modern Etonian, and in the country districts of Italy satchel and slate were generally laid aside as long as the reapers were busy in the corn-fields, and the vines on the Sabine uplands were heavy with their load of grapes,) the childish sports of the nursery were exchanged for nobler games. Pet birds and tame leverets supplanted the doll in the affection of girls, and the mock marriage and funeral ceremonies, in which the puppets had figured as chief actors, were replaced by games of chance and skill, by the astragali, by "oughts and crosses," or even by the more scientific contests of trictrac and of draughts. Boys less precocious, or more hardy, amused themselves with rougher sports. The struggles of French and English were not less hot because the opposing parties bore a different name. Hand-ball in all its forms was perhaps the most favourite of all games, and was practised from boyhood to old age. The advantage to be derived from the use of the racquet does not seem to have been recognized, but a kind of golf, played with curved sticks, is occasionally spoken of, and the stirring game of foot-ball was as popular then as it has been in mediæval and modern days. The gambling propensities of boys found ample scope in the use of nuts, the classical substitute for marbles. The marble itself is of doubtful antiquity, although there is some reason to believe, from a passage in Suetonius, that the wise Augustus did not disdain to knuckle down at law.

But it was at the children's parties that the greatest resemblance to our modern games may be traced; or, to speak more correctly, the same games have been preserved with only local shades of difference. That was the time for blindman's-buff, for puss-in-the-corner, for forfeits, and hot-cockles. Then, when the day was fine, the boys and girls assembled for kiss-in-the-ring, the recipient of the salute being playfully held up by the ears, and the frog in the middle (Midas was his ancient name,) suffered the penalties of his position. Some school-boy games were pursued at a later period of life than the modern Mrs. Grundy would deem consistent with dignity. But the Greeks adored everything which involved healthy and graceful exercise, and saw no inconsistency in old age seeking vigour and relaxation even in boyish sports. Thus, not only were men of mature age accustomed, as we have already seen, to play at hand-ball, but even the hoop and the swing were not dropped when boys left school, but were carried into the gymnasiums of the seniors, and were even, as Hippocrates informs us, recommended by the faculty to patients with languid circulations.

Great has been the athletic revival of recent years, and the residents in suburban villas are, we believe, not unfrequently gratified with the spectacle of corpulent elderly gentlemen disporting themselves in their back-gardens on the horizontal bar; but we have still much to learn before an aged member of the Athenæum or the Senior United Service will be able to gain an appetite for dinner by trundling a hoop down Piccadilly en route for his club. The inventive ingenuity of the gamin displayed itself much after the same fashion by the Tiber as by the Thames. Admirers of Charles Lever may remember how the learned and miserly Vice-Provost of T. C. D., the well-known Jacky Barrett, was arrested on his way to chapel by the sight of a halfpenny on the pavement, and how, all unconscious that a fine horsehair line had been attached to the coin, he stooped to pick it up, and, after repeated failures, started to his feet, and hobbling after the senior tutor accosted him on the threshold of the chapel with his favourite but somewhat unclerical exclamation, "H-ll to my sow! Wall, but I saw the halfpenny walk." A similar trick was so common at Rome that Horace includes it in his playful enumeration of the temptations to which the wise man would rise superior. Not unfrequently when some pursy senator was toiling up the Sacred Way did the urchins in his rear amuse themselves by the familiar but disrespectful process of taking a sight. Not even the gods, had they condescended to walk the earth, would have been safe from such contumely, with the exception, as Persius sagely remarks, of the double-headed Janus.

But there were not wanting games of deeper meaning and more romantic origin. Such was that of the Tortoise, when the young girls danced in a circle around one who sat in the middle and sang, "What dost thou here, poor little Tortoise?" To which the answer was, "I comb the fleece and I spin the thread of Miletus." "And where," asked the chorus again, "are thy sons, my poor little Tortoise?" "From

the backs of their white chargers they have plunged into the sea." For the Tortoise imprisoned within the circle represented the woman of Ionia immured within the precincts of the gynæceum, and weeping for her sons whom Xerxes had carried with him to the war, and who had perished with their ships ("the swift coursers of the deep," in the metaphoric language of the Sagas) in the narrow waters of Salamis and off the headland of Artemisium. Such, at least, is the explanation of M. Becq de Fouquières, to whom we are indebted for many of these details.

A gayer refrain was the *Song of the Swallow*, which the children of Rhodes used to chant in spring as they went begging for cakes and small coin from door to door, after the fashion, and almost in the identical words, of those old harvest-home and Christmas ditties which still linger in many of the pleasant old-world parishes of rural England.

In a game somewhat similar in principle to the modern "prisoners' base,"—which was very popular at Athens, and which consisted in alternate pursuit and retreat until the whole of one of the contending parties had been captured—the choice of first innings, as cricketers would say, was decided by tossing up a shell, of which the underside was painted black. The cry was, not "heads or tails," but "day or night;" and thus the old Oriental antagonism of the powers of light and darkness was symbolized in sports whose meaning even then had been long forgotten.

Many games were more or less local. Playing at "kings and subjects," at "judges and criminals," was always more popular in Asia than in Europe; and the chain of anecdotes illustrative of youthful sagacity and of inbred aptitude for command exhibiting itself in despite of adverse fortune, which extends in an unbroken line from Herodotus to the *Arabian Nights*, finds slight parallel among the legends of Italy and Greece. On the other hand, such sports as "king of the castle," and the venerable game of "pitch-and-toss," might more naturally be looked for in countries where the *palastra* and the *discus* were recognized institutions; and we need no antiquary to inform us how the boys of Corinth or Puteoli had many a game of leap-frog on their way to school, how nuts were lost and won at "ducks and drakes" in the smooth waters of the summer sea, how marsh and shallow rivulet were passed by the help of stilts, and how the youthful acrobats imitated the revolutions of the coach-wheel with all the deftness, and more than all the grace, of our own street Arabs. The lower animals whom they encountered on the way had little reason, we fear, to congratulate themselves on their good fortune. Pretty, no doubt, but fallacious as pretty, are the legends of the poets, the tales of dolphins that died of grief when deserted by their boy playfellows, of beloved sparrows and pet grasshoppers, and of eagles immolating themselves on the funeral pyre of their darlings. With girls, perhaps, the chief discomfort arose from being over-fed; but with boys, from the goats that drew the baby-carriage,

to the cocks and quails whom the *ephebus* reared to fight a main withal, few either of birds or beasts had cause to bless the day when they exchanged the sweet freedom of the woods for the hard service of a school-boy master.

It may be asked whether any initiatory tortures were inflicted upon new boys? Were they bumped against a post, roasted before a slow fire, or tossed in blankets, like the heroes of *Tom Brown's School-Days*? History is reticent on these points. It may, however, be observed *en passant*, that the last-mentioned mode of torture was a great favourite in military circles, and was considered by fast centurions a most effectual method of dealing with an unusually pertinacious creditor. In the classroom at Athens, the new student, on attempting to enter, went through the ordeal of being dragged in opposite directions by his partisans and his opponents, the latter resisting, the former supporting, his claims for admission; and it is probable that, before the question was decided, the proof of his toughness had been sufficient to satisfy the redoubtable Major Bagstock himself.

When the youngsters had got well into their "teens," their games assumed a different aspect. The rougher sort were now exchanged for the semi-military discipline and more artistic struggles of the gymnasium. The trials of skill and luck became more numerous, and correspond more nearly to our modern notions of "play." Among these the games of forfeits now assumed a predominance. Some of these were really intellectual amusements of a high class. "Capping verses," or at least something very nearly approaching to it, was one. Another was to propose and solve rebuses and enigmas. A third was to set each member of the company to explain some difficult passage in a famous author, to name and elucidate some rare usage of a word, or some custom interesting from its antiquity. The prizes were garlands and cups of wine for the winners, the penalty for the losers was the goblet of salt-and-water. In rougher parties, they bobbed for apples, like Irish and Scotch peasants at Hallowe'en. And in mixed assemblies, promoted usually by members of the demi-monde, it was the custom to challenge one another to some freak of fun or daring. Thus Phryne, on one of these occasions, proposed that the whole company should black their faces, and then wash them with soap-and-water, knowing well that she alone of all the ladies present was not indebted for her complexion to the charms of paint. The *dénoûment* may be imagined.

Games of hazard were very numerous. The more precocious intellect of the fairer sex had, as we have seen, advanced probably even to draughts and trictrac, when boys were at best content with "even and odd," "heads and tails" ("heads or ship," to use the Roman phrase), "eggs in the nest," and the ever popular morra,—a game so well known in ancient Rome that it had passed into a proverb to say of an honest man, "You might play morra with him in the dark." But now the *ephebus* made up for lost time. The *tali*, with their numerous

combinations—thirty-five in all, according to some—and the dice, with which they played for the highest throw, or for the move at draughts, have been repeatedly described. The casts with the former were not numbered, but were usually named after some celebrity of heaven or earth, or of the demi-monde, and the names and their corresponding values seem to have varied in different countries. The *tali* were considered much more innocent than dice, which were only used by those who were fond of gambling. We regret to be obliged to add that coggled dice were so far from being unknown, that special boxes were constructed to prevent trickery in the caster.

Besides trictrac, or, as it was then called, the game of "the twelve lines," and draughts, we hear of "*latrunculi*," or "marauders," a game sometimes mistaken for chess, and apparently so far resembling it that there were two sorts of pieces employed, one corresponding to the pawn, the other to the queen, or as some think to the knight, and representing after a fashion a Roman army with its legions ordered in line, and its cavalry darting this way and that between the serried squares of the foot-soldiers. The mode of taking was peculiar: a piece was not lost simply by being left exposed to attack, as with us, but only when placed between two hostile pieces, and unable to retreat to any square which was not either occupied or commanded. The game was won when all the pieces on one side were either taken or blocked up. These games, however, were seldom played by the young folk, and any detailed description of them belongs more properly to the history of the *Cæna Neronum*, of the late hours and evil pleasures of the later empire.

Henri Quatre and the Princess of Condé.

IN the days of Henri Quatre, the nobles were everything in France, and nearly all of them were discontented. The Leaguers were vanquished and suspected, and consequently turbulent; the Huguenots considered themselves abandoned, perhaps betrayed, and were, therefore, indignant; and the Feudalists—the Epermons, Montmorencys, and Bouillons—those men who had played precisely the parts of the old Dukes of Burgundy and Bretagne during the religious wars, were restrained and disgusted. Henri could depend on none but the men he had made, and, as Biron proved, not always on these. Here were excellent materials, then, for sedition. While Spanish policy provided one skilful to organize the mischief, in the person of its ambassador, the quarrels between the Queen and the great mistress—the Marchioness of Verneuil—supplied the opportunities.

Mary de Medici was a bitter, jealous woman; nor did she find any lack of busybodies to keep these qualities from rusting. In fact, she made the King wretched at home; and his mistress did not fail to render him just as miserable abroad. The Marchioness had drawn a ridiculous promise of marriage from Henri during his bachelor days, and though she had herself failed to fulfil its one queer condition, she insisted that the King should be bound by it just the same. Affecting, therefore, to consider herself as the rightful Queen of France, she omitted no opportunity of denouncing Mary de Medici as “the usurper;” and the Florentine, well informed of this, retorted with right goodwill on the “insolent pretender.” Each lady bewailed her wrongs, asserted her rights, and scolded the King in terms so coarse and offensive that the chivalrous Henri confessed more than once to a strong inclination for boxing both their ears; and as neither could obtain the repudiation of her rival, each concentrated her wrath on the head of the unfortunate monarch. Now, as both the one and the other had her knots of devoted and unscrupulous adherents, and used them pretty freely, too, in intrigue and plot, Henri was kept for the rest of his life in a very lively state of commotion. Thanks to her children, the Queen retained her position to the last; but the Marchioness became at length so intolerable that her children were withdrawn from her control, and herself in a great measure disgraced—an event which merely unbridled the dangerous qualities of the most dangerous woman in Europe.

Henri, however, could not exist without a mistress, and there were innumerable candidates for the place, and much excitement among their supporters. There was no politician of any standing, no dowager of any pretence, no intriguer of any note who had not a beauty to advance. The brother of the Chancellor, Sillery, brought out one, and Mesdames Ragny

and Chamlivet, near relatives of Sully, paraded others; but the courtiers generally disdained to offer even this slender sacrifice to decency. Montmorencys and Trémouilles, Turennes and Rochefoucaulds—they engaged in the dishonouring competition with as much effrontery as La Varenne himself. Among the crowd of pretty starters, Jacqueline de Beuil, representative of the boudoir of the Dowager Princess of Condé, was for a long time the favourite. And for a time she looked as certain to win as favourite ever did. But on this, as on many another celebrated occasion, a complete outsider upset all calculation; and this was how it happened:—

Madame de Sourdis, aunt of Gabrielle d'Estrées, had gathered great wealth as the chaperone of that lady. Since her niece's death, she had never ceased prowling about in search of another such protégée. While thus employed, she marked the rare promise of Mademoiselle de Montmorency, the youngest daughter of the rough old Constable, and quietly took measures for securing this child of fifteen as her daughter-in-law. The Constable—the best rider, most unlettered gentleman, and, in some respects, greatest sinner then in France—was easily persuaded; and, had the Countess been anything less notorious, she might not have failed. But, as it happened, the courtiers were soon aware of her proceedings. There was no mistaking her design; and all were virtuously indignant; but nobody more so than the Montmorency dames. And the chief of these—the veteran Duchess d'Angoulême—who, by the way, had long been at her wit's end for a beauty capable of holding her own against Jacqueline de Beuil—promptly interfered. The arrangements were nearly completed between the Constable and the Countess when the Duchess appeared on the scene. Haughtily chiding her relative, who had not a word to say for himself, and the intrigante, who had a great deal, Madame d'Angoulême tore up the documents, distributed a little lady-like abuse, and carried off her niece to court.

The new belle was altogether peerless. Some were as graceful, others as perfect in form, and one or two of even brighter intelligence; but there was not one so bewitchingly natural. Not that the purely natural is always bewitching. Society, indeed, would hardly be tolerable were it not so largely artificial. Still there are individuals to be met with, from time to time, whose unrestraint is the perfection of loveliness—people whose looks, reflecting their temperament, realize at all ages Dante's conception:—

La bella creatura,
Bianca vestita, e nella faccia quale
Par tremolando mattutina stella.

That creature fair,
The white-robed one, within whose features shone
The tremulous beauty of the morning star.

And Charlotte Marguerite de Montmorency was one of these. "*Sous le ciel il n'y avait lors rien de si beau* (under heaven there was nothing so exquisite)," says Bassompierre, and there could not have been a better judge.

Early in the winter of 1608 the Queen gave one of those splendid

entertainments—half banquet, half spectacle—so common in the palaces of the period. The ballet was, as usual, a bewildering jumble of Pagan, Jewish, and Christian mythology; but it was none the less effective, seeing that it was got up “regardless of expense,” and that the characters were supported by the choicest beauties of the court. In assigning the parts the King wished to include one of two ladies of light repute and exclude the other; so did the Queen. But as the one detested the individual that the other favoured, and neither would give way, there resulted a serious quarrel. The Queen, of course, carried her point, and Henry absented himself from the pageant. In retaliation, his amiable consort persisted in repeating her ballet much oftener than was requisite, and, of all places in the world, in her lord’s ante-chamber. To show his appreciation of this delicate attention, Henri carefully averted his eyes whenever he was compelled to pass the performers. Delighted with this, and determined to be as mischievous as possible, the latter ranged themselves one day in close order right across the passage; Henri, in spite of himself, was brought to a halt *vis-à-vis* with the Montmorency. After some very pretty mockery of military exercise, the damsels, attired as Amazons, raised their javelins and attitudinized as if about to hurl them. This, of course, they did not; but the execution was none the less. Henri was pierced to the heart, and, to use his own words, “*pensa s’évanouir*” on the spot.

He was led away and deposited in his fauteuil; but whether overcome by love or gout—to both of which he was very subject—is a matter that we shall not attempt to determine. Whatever the cause, he certainly was laid up for several weeks. The ladies crowded to comfort the interesting invalid, and among the most assiduous was Madame d’Angoulême, attended, of course, by her beautiful niece. Henri was the best talker of the day—full of racy anecdote, shrewd remark, and hearty wit—with unequalled experience of heady fights and hairbreadth escapes, and the capacity of a Scott for describing them; and he did his utmost to entertain the pair—succeeding so effectually that, to her dying day, some forty years later, the younger lady delighted to review these conversations with a hero.

Not long before Henri had very seriously resolved to abandon gallantry for ever. In return his confessor, Father Cotton, promised him a fair share of heaven, and Sully a very tolerable slice of earth. The great Minister had long devoted himself to the moulding of France into a formidable engine of war; and now that the thing was done—France being portentously strong, while all the States around were lamentably weak—the calm powerful intellect drew Henri from his dissipation, much as a skilful hand unsheaths a trusty blade; and, showing him the means and the opportunity, laid before him a plan of conquest contrived and calculated to the minutest detail. Of men, stores, money, and allies, there was more than enough; gold by the ton lay in the treasury; the magazines were overflowing; one army was even now gathering under the Alps, another beneath the Pyrenees, and a third along the Rhine: the Pope was bribed from open opposition; all the Protestant Powers were

warm allies ; there was nothing wanted but a reasonable excuse—a thing soon to be expected or easily made—and then “Woe to the vanquished” Habsburgs ! Henri kindled at the prospect of such magnificent war and triumph. Glory for the time assumed the sway ; and under its influence he forswore rather hastily dogs, dice, building, and beauties.

But this good resolution lasted no longer than the interval between the old love and the new, and evaporated under the glances of the Montmorency. At first, indeed, Henri talked of platonic, fatherly affection, and that sort of thing ; but his deeds told quite another story. Tailors, jewellery, poets, and painters were soon at work by royal order as they had never been before. Court life became a ceaseless revel in honour of the new divinity. And equally in her honour the white plume was reset, and the threadbare grey of Henri—heretofore the most slovenly monarch in Europe—exchanged for all the glitter that had characterized the costume of the gallant Francis. In a week or less he was all his old self, and platonic were thrown to the winds. By this, too, Malherbe had produced an ode, every line of it a day’s work—for he was the most fastidious of word-builders ; and the King and a chosen few—that is to say, four or five score—went to sing it under the lady’s window. It was late, but she rose ; and in recognition of the honour, appeared on the balcony *tout échevelée*, with torches blazing at either side. The King looked up, saw her more beautiful than ever, and—swooned away. “Jesus, qu’il est fou,” muttered the lady. Rather more of a rogue, say we, who have no faith at all in this swooning of a greybeard, and, as slang has it, so old a hand. The trick, however, served its purpose, and it was well seconded by a thousand others. Glittering presents, too, fell around her in some such shower as overwhelmed Danae ; and, in no long time, a sufficient impression was made to warrant the first great step in this all-absorbing affair—the lady’s marriage. This was rather a delicate business. A Montmorency could not be treated like a Beuil and wed to the first needy scamp that offered. No : her husband must be, as our neighbours across the channel phrase it, “noble and respectable”—qualities rather difficult to find in unison with certain others, not less essential in this instance. But fortune, always favourable to Henri, had already provided him with the requisite paradox in the person of Bassompierre.

Bassompierre, then a young and favourite courtier, was essentially a man of pleasure. He had a fine person, dressed well, said good things, and was remarkably lucky at play—a luck, by the way, that was thoroughly appreciated by himself as by others. “Come,” said the Duchess of Guise one day, “take 10,000 livres a year, and play no more with the Duke.” “Not I,” replied the exquisite, “I should lose too much by the bargain.” He had tact, for he always fleeced the right man, as in this instance ; and never betrayed the wrong woman, not even in the case of the younger sister of Madame de Verneuil. True, she made noise enough about it, courting public sympathy, engaging in lawsuit after lawsuit, and, though defeated, calling herself Madame Bassompierre to

the end of the chapter. But this affair—one that would have ruined any other gallant—merely added to Bassompierre's renown. He had, indeed, a way of doing ugly things that was infinitely engaging; and he ruined people with such well-bred ease and graceful magnanimity that the very victims could not help admiring. So adroit was he in plucking his flower, and so successful in avoiding the thorns; so clever in shunning awkward scenes, and still more awkward meetings—seldom or never figuring in a duel or as the butt of a bravo's aim, things that cut short so many promising careers in those days—that he became quite proverbial; every man that dressed or duped in neater style than his neighbours being pronounced a Bassompierre. And yet this social meteor would have been as duly and as utterly forgotten by this time as the rest of his worthless tribe, had he not had the fortune to be connected with people who distinguished themselves otherwise than by repartee and raking.

After all Mademoiselle de Montmorency did not wed Bassompierre. The thing was arranged, indeed; but certain jealous churls—notably the Duke of Bouillon, uncle of the lady—wakened the monarch's jealousy of the dashing gallant, and pointed out a more eligible party. This was the young Prince of Condé, and no greater contrast to Bassompierre could well be found. The one was everything that the other was not. Bassompierre was large, handsome, good-humoured, and hearty; the Prince was little, meagre, sullen, and fierce, with sharp pinched features, and hair of *un blond ardent*. The former was a superficial debauchee; the latter was strictly moral, and had solid knowledge enough for a professor. Unlike Bassompierre, the Prince was a good horseman, a first-rate shot, and an ardent chasseur; and equally unlike Bassompierre, he was shy and awkward in society, and had not a particle of gallantry in his composition. Besides this, he was notoriously poor, and dependent on the Crown; while his mother, who exercised much influence over him, was ready to do anything and everything to secure the royal favour. "Just the man!" said Henry, eagerly. "He will occupy himself with the chase, and leave her to be the consolation and amusement of my old age."

But Condé was in no haste to wed the beauty; and when he did consent it was only in accordance with the advice of his friends, especially the historian De Thou, and swayed by weighty reasons. Though first prince of the blood, his title was not undisputed. A frightful scandal had clouded his birth. The previous Condé was asserted to have died a double victim; and the present Prince had been born in prison and brought up there, a nameless child—until his seventh year—until, in fact, chiefly through the ceaseless and most disinterested efforts of De Thou, he had been pronounced a true Bourbon. This had taken place in 1595, and the Prince was now twenty-one; but still his uncles, Conti and Soisons, were ready at the first favourable opportunity to contest the award which rendered him head of their house. Nor, as things stood, was such an opportunity at all unlikely to present itself. An alliance, however, with the powerful Montmorencys would place him beyond their reach. United to a daughter of that great

house, even the Crown itself would hardly venture to revive against him the scandal of the page Belcastel. As to the perils that attended the union—these were not small. Nobody attached much value to Henri's declaration when Condé questioned him on the point: "You may wed her without any suspicion on my account." Had there been no better guarantee, one romantic episode would have been lost to the history of France. But De Thou, the chief adviser in this matter, knew the stubborn temper of his protégé—that he would never play the facile husband. And he knew, too, that, however the Montmorencys and their haughty kindred might appear to bow before their monarch, their feelings would be all in revolt, and indirectly they would aid the right. Nor was this all. Coronation was in those days as indispensable to King and Queen as baptism to Christians. Now Mary de Medici had never been crowned. Each new passion of Henri's, therefore, shook her on her uncertain throne; and she was continually in apprehension of the grand one that was to topple her out of it. De Thou was sure of her. And he was equally sure of the vindictive mistress. Besides, there were Huguenots, Spaniards, and Jesuits, all very powerful, all apprehensive of the projects of the monarch and Sully, and all eager for such an opportunity to thwart these projects as a broil between Henri and the Prince on such a delicate point would be sure to furnish. On the whole, great as was the power, small the scruple, and strong the passion of the King, De Thou considered it possible to baffle him should things come to the worst; and as the object was worth the risk, the marriage proceeded.

It took place on the 17th of May, 1609, and before a fortnight had passed all France was in uproar. "Henri," says the Duc d'Aumale, in his recent book, "forgot all that he owed to himself, all that he owed to a prince of the blood, his own near relative, and to whom he should have stood in the place of a father. This love, which everything commanded him to stifle, was exhibited before all the world. Unable to separate himself from its object, he sought to please her in a thousand ways. Though heretofore so simple, almost negligent, in his costume, he became the veriest fop of the day. Nay, further, to decoy this young wife, he did not scruple to resort to discreditable manœuvres. Great was the scandal. Coarse pleasantries flew about among the populace, who—as l'Etoile reports—'spoke only too freely of his Majesty, and of the corruptions and the villainies of his court.'" The pulpit, too, adopted the theme vigorously. Every preacher became a Nathan for the nonce; and sermons on the text of David and Uriah transmitted the scandal to the remotest districts. Nor was this done merely on the spur of the minute, or with a view to the interests of faith and morality. Three-fourths of the French clergy were bitterly hostile to Henri. They distrusted his conversion, and dreaded his relapse to the last; and they devoted themselves, heart and soul, to the Spanish King, whom they regarded as the champion of the Church. The League had awakened these loyal gentlemen to a sense of the power they might exercise over affairs of State, and they did not soon forget the lesson. During the whole of Henri's reign, they were ready to

exhibit his vices and himself to the contempt and hatred of all good Christians, on the slightest signal from Rome or Madrid. And that signal was not now withheld. Nor while they pandered thus to the gross tastes, and stimulated the angry passions of the mob, did they neglect the parties chiefly concerned. Every present the King made, every attention he paid, every tortuous step he took in this matter, was minutely reported to the Queen. Sully endeavoured to calm her, but without success—"she was quite furious." The Prince, too, was indignant, and showed it; but as yet made no violent display. So long as careful surveillance could suffice, he confined himself to it. The "obsessions," however, quickly attained such dimensions that he felt himself compelled to demand his "*congé*." The request was badly received. Then followed a warm discussion, in the course of which Condé happened to drop the word "tyranny." Henri seized the excuse. "Tyranny!" he cried: "tyranny! Yes, I have perpetrated one such act in my life—when I caused you to be recognized for—what you are not." Condé withdrew in wrath. Meeting Villeroy on the stairs, he was detained and questioned concerning his excitement by that remarkable cunning Minister. The Prince gave a short explanation, adding with natural warmth, "Rather than submit to such treatment, I will be divorced." This was duly reported in the "proper quarter," where it was manufactured into a formidable auxiliary at the "proper time." For a day or two Henri did much to justify the remark that had excited his fury. He wrote to the Constable, informing him that "*son gendre faisoit le diable*:" a piece of news that in nowise disturbed old Montmorency. And he informed Sully, in a similar note, that the Prince was certainly possessed; adding that the Minister was to withhold the next quarter's payment of the demoniac's pension. Henri, however, was not the man to play such a spiteful part for any length of time. In a few days the financial order was cancelled, and the Prince allowed to retire to his Château of Valery, near Sens, without hindrance.

The King's infatuation now displayed itself more glaringly than ever. Henri betook himself to violet robes and long faces, indulged in sighs, threw himself by the hour under melancholy boughs, and kept poor Malherbe employed day and night in the manufacture of doleful ditties. He manifested, indeed, all the signs and tokens of extravagant affection; and he took good care that every item should be told to the Princess. All the world thought him demented; and Spain, especially, took malicious pleasure in calculating that this last worst passion would withhold him from enterprises dangerous to his neighbours, until he had degenerated into absolute dotage.

But Henri was not quite so bewitched as most people fancied. In the midst of all this foolery, Sully's great plans were pushed vigorously. The newly-opened German difficulty concerning the Duchies of Juliers and Berg was made the most of. Clever diplomatists were busied, like moles, everywhere across the frontiers, and the last touches were given to internal arrangements. Henri had even ordered the armour in which he intended

to take the field. And all this passed well nigh unnoticed under cover of the great scandal. Nor was it thus only that Venus played into the hands of Mars. Henri burned to present himself before the Princess decorated with glories of the freshest hue. For, to say nothing of those gathered at Cahors and Coutras, the laurels of Amiens, Arques, and Ivry were growing sere. And thus, far from paralyzing his ambition, this mad passion was stimulating it to the most dangerous activity.

The Condés reappeared among the courtiers at the marriage of the Duc de Vendôme, but only for a very few days. The passion of the King was as lively, his proceedings as unscrupulous, and the pleasantries as impertinent as ever. The Prince therefore retreated quickly with his wife to his hold at Valéry. Thence the King did his utmost to tempt them, and not without effect, though not precisely of the kind intended. They left Valéry, but it was to take up their quarters at Muret, rather farther off, and suspiciously convenient to the frontier, in Picardy. Long as was the route, Condé contrived to lengthen it by at least one half. Aware that his movements were closely watched, and perpetually apprehensive of being intercepted, he took his measures accordingly,—modifying his itinerary at every stage, striking off into all sorts of byways and bridle-paths, and taking a thousand other precautions, but not a single one too many, against surprise. He reached Picardy in safety towards the end of September, just as the hunting season fairly opened; and he made his well-known inclination for *vénérerie* a pretext for frequent change of residence.

French sportsmen of that era were wont to hold high festival on St. Hubert's day, and M. de Taigny, governor of Amiens, was, or assumed to be, an ardent upholder of such good old customs. To his château, then, in the neighbourhood of Breteuil, gathered for the fête all the noble chasseurs of the province, and among them Condé, accompanied of course by his Princess. His mother, whom some new rebuff had disgusted with the court, looked after the latter while the Prince was at the chase; and her charge would have needed all her eyes had she possessed as many as Argus. For at every turn, and under a hundred different disguises, they encountered Henri. "Why, that's the King!" exclaimed the dowager, penetrating the masquerade at last. "Mon Dieu, so it is!" replied her charge, from whom propriety at once demanded a scream, and got it. The Prince hastened home in extreme perplexity, for there was no longer a spot in the kingdom where he could hope for security.

A royal birth being expected, Condé was summoned to be present thereat, as was usual with princes of the blood; and he came—but alone. Hardly had he reached Paris when he was sent for by the Queen, and his secretary by the King. Mary warned, nay besought, the Prince to look well and closely to his wife, and gave him clearly to understand that things had gone too far for the Princess to be trusted to other surveillance than his own. As for the King, he received the secretary with unusual harshness. "Your master," said Henri, "has informed M. de Villeroy that he desires to be divorced. Very well. Tell him from me, that I no

longer oppose his wish, and that I will even undertake to procure for him the consent of all other parties concerned." This gave a new aspect to the affair. It was clear that Henri relied no more on mere seductive wiles—that he had found other and more effective aids. But what were these? An indiscreet remark was always an ugly weapon in despotic hands. Yet even during the worst ages the one in question would hardly have sufficed as the ground for such a proceeding. There was something else in reserve. It was possible that the Princess had been gained. The prospect of a throne was a strong temptation, and she might reiterate the royal demand. To repudiate, then, the sentence dropped to Villeroy, and to refuse the proffer of divorce point blank, would be to play the monarch's game. In that case he would instantly appeal to the Princess, who doubtless would answer as he wished, and Condé would be ruined; for behind the divorce lay the old process—the Belcastel slander—and the one must infallibly set the other in motion. Nothing could tend to precipitate the divorce like the success of the slander; and nothing could so effectually aid the slander as the bitterness generated by the divorce. The situation was an awkward one for Condé. But at present it was with De Thou rather than the Prince that Henri had to do; and De Thou was fully as astute as any of the royal advisers. Next day Virey bore a formal reply to the King. Nor was it every secretary that would willingly have undertaken as much. For Henri in anger, and angry he was sure to be, was not just the man to be crossed with impunity. Virey, however, was no commonplace secretary. He was a singular compound of the daring soldier, erudite scholar, shrewd man of the world, and devoted adherent. After distinguishing himself on the right side at Coutras and Ivry, he had won a doctor's degree at Padua; and he was now the trusty and trusted friend—rather than servant—of Condé. The Prince's reply avowed the remark made to Villeroy; declared the writer ready to take advantage of his Majesty's permission in the matter of divorce; requested to be allowed the necessary legal assistance; and assumed as granted that, according to custom in these cases, the lady was to await the decision in her husband's house. Thus the Princess was, for the present at least, withheld from taking a principal part in the suit. This was not quite the reply the King expected, and certainly not the one he desired; he would have preferred more heat and less submission. In this particular shape it deranged all his plans, and offered not a line that he could turn to his advantage. It was so well drawn up, indeed, that he could not help remarking as he read,—“A right legal document this,—Condé's hand, but not his head,—smells all over of the president (De Thou).” He was beaten; there was no help for it,—nothing left him but the poor comfort of bullying the secretary, and that he took at once, accusing Virey of giving bad counsel, and commanding him to change his conduct under pain of his severest displeasure. “I am an honest man,” said Virey, looking the King straight in the face, “and an honest man I intend to remain.” “Ah,” said Bassompierre, in a stage whisper,

"what a jewel of a man!" adding with a significant look round, "Quite a pearl before swine." Henri laughed, and went off on another tack,—affected to speak with indignation of the bad treatment which the Princess received from her husband; regretted that he was not still King of Navarre, and therefore precluded from declaring himself the lady's champion, and defying Condé to mortal combat; and finally dismissed Virey with this message for his master,—“Let him conform speedily to my wishes, and take good care that he does not use the least violence to his wife, or——”

While this was going on at the palace the Prince was closeted with Sully at the Arsenal. Nearly everybody had an object to promote in this matter, and the statesman was not without his. The thing had served him well hitherto as a cloak for his hostile preparations; and he saw that it might still be made to mystify the Spaniards and the Austrians,—blind them to the gathering storm of war, and hold them inactive to the very last. Sully was, in his sphere, a sort of political destiny. Men and their passions were his instruments. He used them as the exigencies of the State required. He would have flayed his dearest friend, and made a drum of his skin, had such a proceeding been requisite for the good of France. He would have pandered to Henri, or supported Condé, had policy exacted either course. And he acted now, neither as a courtier, nor a moralist, nor a man of honour; but solely and strictly as a statesman. He neither warned nor threatened, nor besought nor advised, nor even remonstrated. He displayed with sardonic clearness the resistless might of the King and the utter helplessness of the Prince. And he showed how greatly existing laws, usages, and prejudices favoured the design of the former, and tended to disable the resistance of the latter, until Condé felt that he had no resource but flight. “There goes a man who won't be eight days longer in France,” muttered the Minister, as the Prince withdrew. The latter went straight to court, put on a subdued, even a penitential demeanour, signified entire submission to the royal will, requested, and graciously obtained permission to escort his wife to Paris, and departed immediately, November 25th, 1609.

On the evening of the 29th the King was deep in his favourite nightly occupation—play. He was surrounded by a crowd of reckless gamblers and not a few sharpers. Conspicuous among the latter were the Portuguese Piemental, notorious for using loaded dice, and the Florentine Zanetti, who delighted to term himself “lord of seventeen hundred thousand livres.” The tables were heaped with gold, and the pistoles changed hands by the thousand. Henri was a remarkably poor player, timid to venture, eager to win, very excitable, and easily disconcerted; nor was he above a little cheating when luck went hard against him; he would, indeed, have been rather an unpleasant antagonist, but for the palliative that he generally contrived to lose largely, sometimes to a startling amount. It might have been on this evening, as well as any other, that Bassompierre, playing against him, found a number of half-pistoles among the stakes. “How came these here?” said Bassompierre, picking them out. “Oh, you must

have put them down yourself," replied the King. "Ah," said the beau, and instantly substituting whole pistoles, he flung the half ones out of the window among the valets who waited below. About eleven o'clock, when the excitement ran highest, the Chevalier Duquet entered, made his way through the press, and whispered to the King. All this was nothing unusual; indifferent characters often found their way to these revels, and the watch had frequently to exercise their office at the elbow of majesty. But it was an evasion, and not an arrest, that was now in question. "Bassompierre my friend," said Henri, rising in great agitation, "I am undone—ruined—lost! She is gone! He has carried her off—taken her into a wood—perhaps to kill her! Who knows! Look after the game—I must learn the particulars." Just then a weary man, besplashed from head to foot, was led forward. The play ceased—every one rose. The new-comer's tale was soon told: he was an archer of the guard, on furlough, and had started that morning from Muret—the Prince and Princess flying about the same hour for Flanders, with his father for guide. The latter, to shelter himself from the royal wrath for his share in the business, had sped his son to court with the news. The King was overwhelmed, the Queen radiant; and the courtiers borrowed and exaggerated the looks of King or Queen according to their leaning. Concini and one or two others grinned, while Sillery and La Varenne, grey-headed intriguers both, fell into each other's arms and sobbed outright. It was very touching, or would have been had Messire Guillaume the Jester refrained, as he ought to have done, from bobbing their heads together. The squabble that ensued roused Henri from his woeful abstraction, the Jester was transmitted to the kitchen to be whipped—the usual reward of an untimely jest—and the palace cleared of all but the confidants and the Ministers. Messengers too were hurried over Paris after such as were absent, and in fact for everybody, friend or foe, who was likely to know anything. De Thou and the Prince's old tutor, Lefevre, were soon on the spot: the former, calm and collected, denied all knowledge of the Prince's movements, which at the same time he did not hesitate to justify. As to Lefevre—a simple-minded, unworldly old bookworm—what with his attachment to the Prince, his profound awe of the King, the strangeness of the scene, the suddenness of the event, and his lively apprehensions, he was completely beside himself, and wept like a child. They could not draw a word from him. So irresistibly comic was his distress that even Henri had to laugh; and, all things considered, the latter was little, if at all, less ridiculous. He paced the chamber with irregular steps, his head down, and his hands behind his back, stamping and giving vent to all sorts of exclamations. The Queen and courtiers ranged themselves the while close against the wall, not daring to speak. Councillors arrived every moment, most of them half asleep, and one after another their opinions were commanded. No time was allowed them for reflection; speak they must; and whatever advice they hazarded was followed at once, no matter how contradictory to what had preceded. Couriers were hurried off with orders for the governors

of the various frontier-posts—and other couriers to countermand these orders; officers were despatched on every track that the fugitives might have taken, and other officers sped in directions that by no possibility they could have taken. One wiseacre recommended that they should close the gates of the city, another that they should sound the tocsin, and a third that they should take measures to secure all the Hibernian beggars, who, as l'Etoile tells us, were then very numerous, and not particularly popular, in Paris. Not a thought was given to the futility of even the best of these measures, to the great start that the Prince had obtained, and the impossibility of overtaking him. Just then came Sully. He was the hardest-working and most regular man in France, rose early, went to bed betimes, and when couched showed himself, as his countrymen say, "the friend of sleep." He was very angry at having been disturbed at such an hour and for such a purpose. "What's to be done?" questioned Henri. "Nothing," grumbled Sully. It was the best advice of the night, but it was not followed. Next entered Henri's "honest man"—he who drew up the oath of 1593, pledging all true Catholics never to recognize the Bourbon as King, even though he should make a sincere recantation, and who, five years afterwards, rendered the Edict of Nantes too favourable to the Calvinists—he who devoted himself to the economic régime of Sully, and who became the humble agent of the extravagance adopted by the regency of Mary de Medici—the man always eminently faithful to the ruler *in posse*, that singular reflex of the passions of the hour—the President Jeannin. Hitherto advice had observed some bounds; but Jeannin's was as wild as violence could desire. By his recommendation, Chaussée, exempt of the Guards, was hurried away, with orders to cross the frontiers in pursuit of the Prince. On finding Condé in any town out of the kingdom, the said Chaussée was to address himself to the governor and magistrates, and, explaining his commission, and displaying his credentials, require them to arrest the Prince and his suite, a service which his Majesty undertook to assure the said magistrates would be very acceptable to the sovereigns of the Low Countries. Hardly had Chaussée departed, when the Chevalier Duguet followed with identical instructions. And, before morning broke, Rodelle, d'Elbore, and half a score others were flying in the same direction, on precisely the same errand. The broad day brought a little sober reflection. Even the King himself felt rather uneasy concerning the liberties which he had taken overnight with international laws and rights; and the too-ready advisers were at their wit's end for devices to rectify their very clumsy mistakes. However, as neither Chaussée, Rodelle, nor the others could now be recalled or disavowed, there was nothing for it but to back them up, and this was done by despatching Praslain, captain of the Royal Guards, to the Archdukes, with "explanations," and an official demand for the extradition of the fugitives. Meanwhile, Sully found pleasure in showing Henri clearly what a coil he had made by his precipitation.

As for Condé, he soon covered the distance between Paris and Muret,

then, borrowing 4,000 livres from the Marchioness de Roucy, and making a few hasty preparations, he fled with the Princess two hours before day-break on the 29th. His retinue was rather slender, consisting merely of his inseparable companion, the Marquis de Rochefort, the secretary Virey, two waiting-women, and three valets. The gentlemen being mounted, and the ladies in a carriage, the party took the nearest way to the Flemish frontiers. These were seventy miles off, as the crow flies, and probably ninety, when the windings were taken into consideration. The route was not a pleasant one at the best of seasons: it was always in wretched order,—a great part of it traversed forest-land—and it was rendered additionally dangerous at this time of year by inundations. Besides, those were the palmy days of people who seldom figure anywhere now except in romance—the banditti. Scarce a year had elapsed since the extermination of the Guilleris, four noble brothers, who had long been levying “black-mail” in the west of France, at the head of 500 cut-throats. And there was no suitable cover in any part of the country which did not shelter similar pests, especially near the borders, where the simple device of changing kingdoms could always secure a knave from the consequences of his last crime. The great lumbering vehicle proved such an impediment in the miry ways that they were compelled to abandon it at night-fall. And though the rain fell—as it continued to fall during the rest of the flight—in torrents, the ladies were mounted *en croupe*, and the journey resumed. Nor did they pause for the next fifteen hours. The guide did all he could to embarrass them, went wrong several times, and would assuredly have lost them altogether, had not Virey, ever on the alert, taken care to refresh his memory occasionally with the point of his sword or the muzzle of his pistol. But however acceptable to the Prince, Virey’s zeal was anything but agreeable to the Princess. She would have given much for a good accident, though not quite on account of the hardships of the journey. The beauties of that day were not dainty in matters of travel. They would defy the weather, risk their necks, and tire their horses on occasion with the boldest cavaliers. But the Princess being no willing fugitive, the pelting rain and her high-trotting horse hardly tended to reconcile her to the path. Shunning every place where there was any risk of zealous officials recognizing and stopping them, the party pushed on through the dreary winter night, stumbling over fallen trees, plunging to the girths in roadside pools, and running considerable risk in fording the innumerable swollen torrents. At last they crossed the frontier, and pulled up at Landrecies about seven o’clock on the morning of the 30th. They were in a wretched plight; the Princess especially being “*mouillée jusqu’aux os*,” spent with fatigue, and quite incapable of further exertion. Considering himself in safety, Condé determined to pause here for the next twenty-four hours. But when about to resume his route next day he found the gates closed against him. The exempt, Chaussée, with the instinct of a first-rate policeman, had hit at once upon the track of the fugitives, and following it steadily through all its windings, had

reached Landrecies not many hours after them. Nor did he delay to execute his commission, to the consternation of the civic authorities, whom he placed in the position that, of all others, such people most detest. They dared not accede to his demand. They saw what an awkward thing it would be to allow a French policeman to exercise his craft upon Spanish soil. On the other hand, they dreaded to refuse him, and thus precipitate a great war between the Crowns. The one course was just as likely as the other to shake their heads off their shoulders. And they could not take refuge in the usual resource of irresolute spirits—procrastination.

The ten provinces were then under the government of the "Archdukes" Isabella and Albert,—a childless pair, the one in his fiftieth year and the other approaching hers. Albert had never been more than an average prince. As for Dame Clara Isabella, she is chiefly known to history as having made a vow at the siege of Ostend, which originated a dingy hue, known then, and long afterwards, as "the Isabella colour." The court of the Archdukes was strictly moral, their policy as strictly Spanish; and having not long before extricated themselves from one harassing war, they manifested extreme repugnance towards everything that could by any chance involve them in another. To these princes the magistrates of Landrecies referred the matter of Condé, and with their messengers went Rochefort, bearing a short letter from his master, soliciting shelter and protection in rather humble terms. But their Highnesses were just as embarrassed as the magistrates: they refused to see Rochefort, and referred himself and his errand to the governor of the province. This nobleman, the Duke of Aerschot, in his turn could not risk the responsibility of dealing with a matter so grave, and referred it back to their Highnesses. Thus three days passed.

Meanwhile Condé was in no pleasant position at Landrecies. The magistrates would not give him up indeed; but neither would they let him escape. And every hour French officers and soldiers continued to flock in, each new comer more pressing towards the officials than his predecessors. And soon threats began to be mingled with their requests. Nor were these arguments confined to the syndics. Both menaces and entreaties were addressed to the Prince himself. Fortunately there was a singular lack of daring spirits among these messengers. A Trenck or even a Virey on that other side would have laid hold of the fugitives and settled the matter in a trice. But as it was, matters looked so threatening that Condé began to waver, and required all his secretary's firmness to eke out his own. On the night of 2nd of December Rochefort returned with the anxiously expected decision. This proved but a half measure that satisfied nobody. The Princess of Condé was granted an asylum at Brussels with her sister-in-law the Princess of Orange,—so much was done for honour. The pretensions of the French King were rejected,—so much was dared for the law of nations. And Condé was directed to quit the country in three days, as a sacrifice to that admirable principle, conciliation,—a principle, by the way, which gene-

rally means truckling. The moment the decision was communicated to the magistrates of Landrecies they got out of bed, hastened to the Prince, and besought him to observe it. Condé quitted their inhospitable walls that very night, and took the road to Cologne, which he reached on the 8th. A few hours afterwards the Princess quitted Landrecies for Brussels in charge of Virey and a very feeble escort. They reached Brussels that evening, but the Prince of Orange was yet at Breda, and his palace was deserted. Virey had an anxious time of it for the next few days. Praslain he found at Brussels, and knowing him well, he looked from one moment to another for an attempt at abduction. Nor was he far wrong. The idea really did occur to the captain of the Guards. He cared not indeed to put it in practice without some slight countenance. That, however, he hoped to gain, from no less a person than Philip William, the Prince of Orange, and with this view he started at once for Breda. Instead of Philip William, however, he met the Princess Eleonore, his wife, the sister of Condé, a proud, haughty, and energetic woman, who gave the supple Frenchman such a reception that he was glad to hasten back to Brussels. A sudden stroke was no longer possible. Virey had put himself in communication with the steward of the Orange family, and a strong body of their retainers now garrisoned the hotel. Immediately after the Prince came up from Breda, and their Highnesses were expected hourly. Praslain understood that his mission was at an end, and returned to Paris.

By this time the policy of the Archdukes had undergone an honourable change. The insolent demeanour of the French at Landrecies, and the tone of their despatches, had excited the indignation of the Flemish and Castilian nobles at the court of Brussels. Spanish diplomacy, too, was glad of such a means of annoyance as Condé's case presented. But above all there was then a man in high command who would be no party to a truckling policy. This was the valiant and skilful Spinola, one of the few brilliant characters, at once energetic and intellectual, which, appearing from time to time, showed that Italy, degraded as she was through those dark centuries, could still be the mother of Men. A Genoese merchant up to his thirtieth year, Spinola made his first essay in war at the head of an army raised at his own expense, and without training or experience, and with all the disadvantages of fighting on the losing side, he met the foremost captain of the age on a fair field and beat him. And Spinola was no less a statesman than a soldier. There is no stroke of modern statesmanship superior to that which erected Dunkirk into a counterpoise of the Dutch navy—building the nest and nurturing the brood of rovers who did more mischief to Holland than all the might of Spain. The recent truce had thrown the Marquis idle at an age when great spirits abhor repose. He alone of all Europe had penetrated Sully's projects, and he alone, of all Henry's probable antagonists, exulted in the prospect of the struggle that these projects portended. "There must be no truckling here," said the high-hearted Italian, in reference to Condé; and in the Low Country Spinola's voice had all the weight of destiny.

Condé was summoned from Cologne and entered Brussels on the 21st of December. A brilliant company was assembled to meet him. Their Highnesses received him graciously, and his sister with affection. Spinola met him with the frankness of a soldier, and the sympathy of a mind to which honour was everything. Bentivoglio, not yet a Cardinal, greeted him with the perfect politeness, and searched him through with the cold piercing glance peculiar to the ecclesiastical diplomatists of the day. Gaudalete, the Spanish Ambassador, placed, in words at least, all the resources of Spain and the Indies at his disposal. And Bernay, the French representative, carefully observed the scene, and exulted in the marked coldness with which the Princess greeted her husband. Never was there a pair the subject of so much attention. Spanish and ecclesiastical intriguers thronged about Condé. French agents surrounded his wife, except when they were elbowed aside by admiration. And this was often, for everywhere her beauty received involuntary homage. It warmed even the guarded churchman into something of a Catullus. "She was most fair," wrote he, "full of grace, had sweet eyes," and so on, in very unclerical strain. The Archduchess pronounced her angelic in everything except her passion for the King, which she excused as "sortilège." And the Archduke, dreading to be dazzled by this dangerous beauty, closed his eyes, or fixed them on the ground when he found himself in her vicinity. As for Spinola, "Mon étoile," said the Princess, speaking of him, "me destinoit à être aimée par des vieux."

Master and Ministers at Paris had now subsided into a settled system on this particular point. The Princess must be won back, no matter how. The *casus belli* also must be maintained as it stood until the campaigning season had fairly opened, but so maintained as to conceal the real purpose of the warlike preparations, and render the war itself apparently uncertain to the last. A great cry then was raised about Condé's flight; his anxiety concerning the Princess was denounced as mere pretence—but in such terms as to impose on nobody—and his real motive declared to be restless ambition. This was stated to the various ambassadors, and reiterated in numerous despatches. The Archdukes and the Spanish King were rebuked for sheltering the fugitive. Condé himself was summoned to return, and war was menaced, as if such a thing had been unthought of hitherto, against all his aiders and abettors. But, as was intended, the Spaniards had little dread of the threatened hostilities. Henry, as their agents reminded them, was a Gascon, and greatly given to bluster; besides, he was too deeply immersed in pleasure for serious exertions; too fond of his vices to rise above them and devote himself through the hardships and perils of war to the attainment of a great object. The King himself did his part to fix them in the illusion. "Yes," said he to the Spanish Ambassador, as if disdaining the flimsy subterfuges of his Ministers, and rising to a strength of interjection very unusual with him, "Yes, by —, I will have the Princess back, cost what it may!" And his confessor, Father Cotton, devoted Jesuit and staunch

Spanish partisan though he was, had even a greater share in luring his friends into fatal security. He wrote again and again to the Archdukes deploring the infatuation of his royal penitent; he regretted, denounced, anathematized it. But, in view of the impending war, wherein the might of Catholic France was to be marshalled side by side with German heresy, to the great detriment of apostolic truth, he besought their Highnesses to terminate the difficulty by yielding up this Helen, urging in justification of the act all those subtle arguments which his order had invented to warrant convenient rascality. "Ah," said the members of the Spanish Council, "there is no mistake then: the Princess is indeed the cause of all these preparations. Very well. We can stave off the contest whenever we think fit: there is nothing necessary but to yield her up. Meanwhile the scandal is working shrewdly for us in France. To say nothing of plotting factions, there is a chance that Condé may turn out a second Constable; and there is a certainty that the orthodox enthusiasm now being roused by the clergy, will not pass away without some startling and, so far as we are concerned, favourable result. For the present then we will keep the Princess."

And the Spanish calculations were, to a great extent, correct. The religious mind of France was in powerful fermentation, and threw innumerable warning bubbles to the surface. Here accident revealed the minute-book of a knot of enthusiastic conspirators, containing a fearful oath of devotion to the orthodox faith, and of implacable warfare against its enemies, followed by numerous signatures inscribed in blood. There some deeply-contrived treachery was unexpectedly brought to light, and everywhere suspicious couriers went and came between external hostility and internal disaffection. In this corner Concini, Guidi, and Joanini—all Mary de Medici's Florentines—were almost openly conspiring; in the other, the Marchioness of Verneuil was in communication with the Spanish and Flemish ambassadors, and with the emissaries of Fuentes, Henry's sworn and deadly foe. Epemon, too, and the other surviving chiefs of the League, were putting their heads together with no very good intent. And that school of murder, the "Debating-Society," established at Rome not many years before by the Cardinal of St. George, was again active, and its agents—worthy successors of Barrière and Châtel—in motion. Nor were the usual moral weapons neglected. Due care was taken to prepare the national mind for a catastrophe. Every day brought its portents, meteors, monstrous births, or physical convulsions. Prophecy, that powerful engine of mischief in superstitious times, was brought largely into requisition; the dark sayings of the past were hunted up and repeated; and Nostradamus, the Abbot Joachim, and even Merlin himself, became once more authorities. Nor was astrology neglected: dismal horoscopes drawn up by such masters of the art as Le Brosse and Thomassin were in every hand. Even demoniacs were revived for the occasion—that is to say, scoundrels of both sexes were instructed to counterfeit possession, and when sufficiently prepared, exercised in public, being artfully questioned during the process concerning the King, his designs, and his

ultimate fate; every word of reply being accepted by the credulous multitude as the utterances of the father of lies; and, therefore, according to the odd reasoning of our ancestors, infallible truth.

What with sermons, gossip, and interested reports, the affair was depreciating the King terribly in popular estimation. Nor did it spare either Condé or the Princess. The scandals concerning them were hardly less biting and not a particle less skilful. Henri's conduct could not indeed be justified, but a good deal was done to excuse it. And the process adopted was the good old one of blackening all round. Henri, it was urged, was not altogether in the wrong. He might possibly be too passionate, but then the Princess was far from being obdurate. And, while she was not unfavourable to the monarch's suit, she was manifestly discontented with her husband, even anxious for a divorce. And it was whispered, not without sufficient reason, that the Prince was that odious domestic grievance, "a brute"—jealous, stingy, nagging, and not hesitating to use even personal violence. In confirmation of the worst of these whispers, the Montmorencys were induced to put forward formal complaints—a thing which gave rise to one very curious scene in full court. Old Montmorency hobbled up to Pecquius, the Flemish Ambassador, weeping and wailing his daughter's unhappy lot. "He maltreats her," sobbed the old man, drawing his sleeve across his eyes; "he scolds her because she won't caress Spinola. His gentleman, Rochefort, swaggers into her chamber with his pocket full of pistols, fires them off to her great terror, and swears that he will riddle any one he finds working ill to his master." Having thus conscientiously discharged a public duty, the Constable wiped his eyes, drew Pecquius aside, and whispered cautiously—"That was all very fine, but, between you and me, I greatly prefer my daughter where she is to having her at home with me at Chantilly."

As another step in deception, a formal embassy was sent to Condé. François Annibal d'Estrées, brother of Gabrielle, Marquis de Cœuvres, and afterwards Marshal of France, an able and unscrupulous man, was chosen for the mission. It is unnecessary to say more of his proffers than that they were quite insincere. He urged them, however, for three weeks—from January the 23rd to Valentine's day—with all the earnestness of good faith; so well indeed did he play his part as to deceive everybody but Virey: the faithful servant was well aware that the Princess was in constant communication with the French court, that—through the wife of the French Ambassador, her waiting-women, and a hundred other agents—she continually received letters from Henri, and sent back replies. He might have heard too—since Henri was an inveterate chatterer, and invariably took all the world into the secret of his *affaires du cœur*—that the King signed those letters as the "Shepherd Celadon," and that the Princess subscribed herself the "Nymph Galatea;" that she addressed the monarch as her "dear heart" and her "cavalier," and that he replied with "sweet angel," "divinity," and all the other high-flown terms of endearment in the passionate lover's handbook. Be this as it may,

Virey had heard and seen enough to keep his fidelity watchful : besides he knew the Marquis, and was therefore doubly on his guard ; and he had good reason. Every one of those twenty-one days brought its neat little plan of evasion, to be quietly defeated by the secretary : for Virey seemed to have eyes in the inmost recesses of the plenipotentiary's cabinet, and he certainly had very watchful ones in most corners of the French court. Billets reached him hourly, some from the Queen, others from the Montmorencys, and a great many from anonymous correspondents, but nearly all containing valuable information : and so d'Estrées, without understanding how the thing was done, found himself traversed at all points—except one. Under these little schemes he was hatching rather a big one ; but, unfortunately for his success, he happened to employ, among other loose agents, a certain fugitive from French justice, the Sieur de Vallobre, a man over whom the ubiquitous Virey by some means or other had acquired considerable influence. Vallobre was not indeed taken into the confidence of the Marquis ; but he was a shrewd knave, kept his eyes and his ears open, and from one and another, a bit here and a bit there, picked up a good deal of the plot, and communicated it to Virey. The latter laid it before Spinola, and Spinola consulted their Highnesses : it was decided to act discreetly, and Condé therefore was not taken into the secret. But Spinola dropped a hint that the Princess would be safer in the palace : it was taken at once, the necessary application made and of course granted, and the next day, February the 14th, fixed for the removal. This was early on the 18th : great was the alarm of the plotters ; once an inmate of the palace there could be no abduction. Nor could they procure delay. The Princess declared herself ill, but the court physician pronounced her indisposition too slight to interfere with the arrangement. She then caused it to be intimated to Spinola that a certain entertainment, frequently got up by ardent gallants, and called "The Violins," would not be unwelcome from him. Had the Marquis seized the suggestion, as his attentions gave some reason to hope, several days would be gained ; but Spinola was not to be duped, smiled sourly, says the recording gossip, and evaded the request. As a final resource, d'Estrées determined, however incomplete his arrangements, to carry off the lady that night. And had the secret only been kept, the plan was a very promising one. The Princess, who had already entrusted her letters and trinkets to Bernay, was to issue from the Hôtel d'Orange in the dress of a Fleming—which, as it happened to include a large and thick veil, was remarkably adapted to the purpose. D'Estrées would be close at hand, and fifteen soldiers, concealed in the neighbouring alehouses, would secure her passage down the street that led to the ramparts. In these, a hole had been already bored ; ladders, too, had been placed in the ditch ; and Mannicamp, a daring captain, at the head of five-and-twenty troopers—picked men and horses—was waiting on the other side. A ride of six leagues *en croupe* would bring them upon the garrison of Rocroy, which was to cross the frontiers at nightfall. And if the pursuit should

press before this great aid could be reached, why then the escort would undertake to bar the way with their swords quite long enough for the Princess to get clear off. It was not until late in the afternoon that Virey heard of this. Time pressed : measures had to be taken at once ; nor was it longer possible to withhold the secret from Condé. And no sooner was it communicated than he acted like one beside himself. The Prince of Orange, little less exasperated, gathered his friends in arms "to take and kill all." Spinola also laid his plans ; but rather more soberly. A lively night was that in Brussels. Sentinels paced up and down on all sides ; large fires blazed, and troops bivouacked around the Hotel of Orange ; and cavalry-pickets, preceded by torches, patrolled the streets. Indeed, the whole city was in uproar, for it was reported, and widely believed, that the French King was at the gates ; and so he would have been, but for the strenuous opposition of his Ministers. Fully confident, however, of Cœuvres' success, he had not scrupled to announce openly that, by a certain hour on a set day, the Princess would reach Paris.

As for the plotters, Cœuvres was actually in the chamber of the Princess when the outburst of the tumult apprised them of their failure. He managed to escape undiscovered ; and, next day, with a face of brass, he appeared before the Archdukes to denounce the proceedings of the night as uncalled-for, scandalous, and offensive in the extreme to the majesty of France ; and to close his mission, by summoning Condé in due and solemn form to return to his duty. He was soon back again in Paris, where he was saluted as a "sot," because his edition of the "*raptus Helenæ*," after all his flourish of trumpets, had proved an utter failure.

A week subsequently to this stirring night, Condé started for Italy, in company with Virey and Rochefort, the Archdukes binding themselves by oath not to give up the Princess without his consent. Why he took this course we need not speculate, since it led to no particular result. He may have retired in confidence, for, after the last glaring scandal, abduction was no longer to be apprehended ; or in disgust, caring little what further steps might be taken by King or Princess ; or to weave a web of vengeance, in conjunction with his future host, Fuentes—the deadliest of Henri's numerous foes.

The alert of Valentine's day was the last open effort of the King. L'Aubespine, afterwards Chancellor of France, appeared indeed at Brussels, to demand the Princess in the name of her kindred ; and the lady, whose situation—watched, distrusted, and scorned as she found herself—must by this time have been well nigh intolerable, seconded l'Aubespine with all her might ; but, as the Montmorencys took good care to repudiate in private all that was urged in their name in public, this mission also came to nothing.

May was now at hand, and with it the season for action. The magnitude of Henri's warlike preparations, and still more the nature of his arrangements for the government of France during the strife, showing clearly that he meditated no mere military promenade, but a long and

serious conflict, alarmed the Spaniards. They lost no time in declaring that the Princess could no longer be allowed to stand in the way of an accommodation; but to their dismay the offer was refused with contempt. Nothing delayed the war but the coronation of the Queen, to which Henri had at last submitted, in order to give the necessary weight to her prospective regency. Two or three days more would bring that to a close, and then, completely unprepared, the Habsburgs would have to encounter France thrice more powerful than under Francis I., all Protestant Germany, Savoy, Venice, the Scandinavian powers, Holland, probably England, and possibly the Pope himself. What was to be anticipated but destruction. There was no force to withstand the French King; submission could not conciliate him, nor the wiles of diplomacy delay him. Nothing could arrest his projected march but the assassin's knife; and precisely, in the nick of time, Ravalliac dealt the blow!

The trial of Ravalliac was a mockery. The more important Spanish despatches of that week have disappeared. The death of Henri was succeeded by none of that inert astonishment which invariably results from an unexpected catastrophe. Within a few hours the government and policy of France was rearranged to the satisfaction of all those who had so much to dread from the continuance of the old régime. What a change from the day preceding. Then the Habsburgs were shuddering on the brink of ruin; the Queen felt her new crown melting from her brow; the great seigneurs saw no escape from absolute submission; the Jesuits dreaded the repetition on a grander scale of the part of Henry VIII; and the vindictive mistress saw a more fortunate fair rising to the position which herself had struggled so strenuously and so vainly to attain. "Yes," say Cotton, Epernon, Concini, Fuentes, Medici, Habsburg, and Vernetil, "the stroke was suspicious, we confess, and fearfully opportune. But for all that, believe us, it was wholly and solely the interposition of Providence." All very well, mesdames and messieurs.

The Princess of Condé was not yet seventeen, her husband scarce twenty-two. After the death of Henri they fell out of the world's notice into comparative obscurity. He, naturally indignant at her previous conduct, in his turn took up the question of divorce; but, as was shown by his stern resistance to his great relative, and even more by his fury at the alert of St. Valentine, the all-conquering beauty had not failed to vanquish him. And she—her mischievous parasites removed, and her romantic illusion dispersed—was too winning to remain long a discarded wife. Friends, too, interfered: De Thou, Spinola, and Virey,—the faithful Virey, who lived long in the honour and prosperity he merited—not least. And, finally, a change of faction having thrown the Prince into the Bastille, the Princess completed the reconciliation by insisting on sharing his long, and otherwise dreary captivity, during which their children, the beautiful Duchess of Longueville and the "Great Condé," were born.

On the War-Path.

WHEN first emigrants from Europe began to seek a home in America, they were received with the greatest kindness by the aborigines. It was not until the interests of the settlers and the natives began to clash that war ensued. How bloody and how cruel was that war let the early annals of our American colonies relate. Very early in the history of the United States laws were passed for the benefit of the Indian tribes, and extensive tracts of land were marked out as "reservations" for the natives, who were being rapidly crowded out of their hunting-grounds. The theory of the Government was sufficiently just. Every inch of land was recognized as the Indian's birthright, and was bought from him, after elaborate treaties. The amount agreed upon as the price was funded for the use of the tribe, who either received the interest upon it annually in money or goods, or were paid an annuity for a term of years, after the expiry of which it was calculated that they would have acquired the arts of peace and have settled down as civilized beings. The country was divided into "superintendencies,"* each under the control of a superintendent. In each department are several agencies, under the direction of an agent, or sub-agent, each in his turn having the control of officers, varying in number according to the character or importance of the agency. However, on most "reservations" are to be found a physician, a farmer, a saw and flour miller, a blacksmith, a carpenter, beside schools and missionaries, the latter being usually more or less supported by various philanthropic associations, though assisted and protected by the Government, and subject to the direction of the agent. Lastly, the whole of the Indian department or bureau is directed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, resident at Washington, and a member of the Cabinet. Every year this functionary (who probably has never seen an Indian except when a deputation or two have chanced to arrive at Washington on business of their tribe,) issues a copious report on the Indian tribes of which he is the official head, containing the various returns of the agents and other officers. This document is delightful reading for philanthropists. Everything is so pleasant; all is prosperous and happy. There may be hitches

* The present superintendencies are—*Washington*, comprising Washington Territory; *Oregon*, *California*, *Nevada*, *Utah*, *New Mexico*, *Colorado*, *Dakota*, *Idaho* and *Montana* (each of these embracing the State or Territory named); the *Southern Superintendency*, comprising the Indian Territory proper, west of the Mississippi; *Central Superintendency* (Omaha, Missouri, &c.); *Northern Superintendency* (Lake Superior, &c.); *Green Bay* (foot of Lake Michigan); *Mackinac*; and last, *New York Superintendency*.

here and there, but these are not the fault of the Government, but of the Indians themselves, and of certain wicked men, "enemies of the Government" and disloyal, who represent to the benighted savages that a paternal Government is not all it is alleged to be in the reports, and that its servants are not models of honesty and official uprightness. And yet, after all, there must be something in these representations, for the Indian department is a perfect synonym for incapacity in the United States, and a jocular senator recently described a certain gentleman as "that noblest, but at the same time *rarest*, work of God—an honest Indian agent!" Instead of the agents being selected from a class intimately acquainted with Indian ways, and distinguished for probity in their dealings, they are appointed with a view to political purposes. The result is that at the usual quadrennial sweep of offices, the commissioner, agents, superintendents, and every other official are all appointed in an exact ratio to the manner in which they have "wrought for the party," and more especially for the President then in power. Yet they are not paid highly. The superintendent, on an average, receives only 3,000 dollars per annum, and the agents only 1,500 dollars, all in greenbacks. These, at the current rates, are by no means extravagant salaries, more especially when the expense of everything in the distant localities where they are expected to fix their residences is duly considered. Yet for these pittance educated men are found to leave their comfortable homes and take up their abodes—often without their families—on some wild Indian reservation; *and to make it pay*. "Do you think," an official once said to me, "that I would give up my practice as a lawyer in San Francisco, worth anyhow five thousand dollars a year, to come up to this one-horse agency for fifteen hundred? I guess not!" Generally speaking, the agent is quite ignorant of Indians or Indian character, but he is a good "wire-puller," and that is enough. He now repays himself for his labour, expenditure, and sacrifices. All the annuities pass through the hands of the commissioner, whose creatures and friends the superintendents generally are. If not, a common interest unites them. It is only a few of the more civilized tribes, such as the Choctaws and Cherokees, who receive their annuities in money. Nearly all of the tribes are paid in goods; and it sometimes happens that a tribe living in the midst of a densely wooded country, subsisting by salmon-fishing and beaver or marten trapping, obtain their annuities in agricultural implements, while the agriculturalists receive fish-hooks and salmon-spears!

Contracts are invited by the superintendent for the supply of these articles, it being an understood thing that the "lowest, or any contract is not necessarily received." The superintendent's, or agent's friends compete; their contract at a high figure is taken; but though they supply vouchers to the Government in regard to the prices stated in their contracts, the agent is not required to disburse funds to the amount vouched for. The difference is divided between the agent and his friends. This is called "pickings" in some places; plain "stealings" in others. Then,

again, it is seldom that one-half the goods are distributed to the Indians; the remainder is disposed of for the agent's own advantage. The Indians, when they grumble at the short supply, are told, in the usual stereotyped speech, "that their great father in Washington is now very poor; he has had to fight against bad men, so that he cannot send as much to his red children as before." A moody notion settles down in the Indian's mind that he has been swindled, and this idea in time bears sad fruit. Not unfrequently the goods are sent to the Pacific seaboard directly from New York. In that case rumour (which sometimes does not lie) declares that the speculations commence in Washington. At all events, the present writer happened to visit a reservation on the western side of the Rocky Mountains when a Senatorial Commission was examining into the alleged frauds of the then head of the Indian bureau. With the frankness of their nation the Commissioners were good enough to afford him information regarding some of the results of their investigation. Calicoes were invoiced at high prices; but it was proved that better could have been bought at the same price directly in San Francisco without any charge for freight. Shovels were lying about the Indians' lodges, marked in the sworn invoice as cast-steel, which, on being used, doubled up at once and proved to be made of sheet iron. Altogether it was discovered that this official, during one year of his term of office, had defrauded the Indian Department to the amount of 100,000 dollars. The Honourable Senators apparently looked upon the discovery as a matter of course. He was a political enemy, however, and such "smartness" could not go unpunished. Accordingly, on a hint being given him of the state of affairs, he was pleased to resign his office, but not his plunder. The goods sent are generally all sorts of unsaleable articles which can be bought cheaply at auctions about New York or Philadelphia, the Government being charged the full price. For instance, I remember that, on one reservation, every Indian received a soldier's coat of the most antique fashion, stock and all. Now these aborigines were in the habit of appearing in a costume of the lightest and most limited kind, and accordingly they sold what was invoiced to the department at seven dollars for fifty cents to the neighbouring back-woodsmen. Again, for the benefit of those ethnologists who may be induced to quote official reports for the census of the Indian tribes, I may mention that Indians on reservations *never decrease in number*. In fact they rather increase, according to the official reports, though matter-of-fact travellers see on every hand that they are rapidly being decimated. However, the agent, like a Mexican campaigner, who always draws rations and pay for a battalion, no matter how few his followers, regularly accepts the annuities for all of them, year after year.

This system of speculation even extends to the subordinates. Not very long ago I happened to be present at the signing of one of the endless, and endlessly broken, "treaties of eternal peace and amity" made between the United States and one of the wildest tribes, which had for more than eight years been at continual warfare with the

whites. The scene was a wild valley within the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, filled with the horses and wigwams of the assembled tribesmen. The Commissioners, escorted by a body of dragoons, were there in solemn council, and, one after another, the native chiefs affixed their marks to a document, the contents of which were explained to them. Shortly afterwards I was riding through the encampments with an official of the Indian department, one of those wandering-eyed Yankees who have been not inaptly described as "for ever looking about for something to patent and make 250,000 dollars by." Suddenly his eyes lightened on a splendid mule, and close by an Indian sitting at the base of a tree smoking. "Whose is that mule?" he asked. "Mine," was the rather sulky reply. "Well, look you here," said the official; "you know very well that you stole that mule from the whites, and that by the treaty and stipulations which you as one of the chiefs have signed, you have agreed to give up all property stolen from the whites, under pain of losing your share of the annuity next year. Now I won't be so hard on you as that. See, I will give you an order on the trader for twenty dollars for the mule and say nothing about it!" The Indian's eyes absolutely flamed as the man spoke, but he saw that he was outwitted, and accordingly took the twenty dollars for a mule worth at least 250. I remarked to my friend that this was "rather smart practice." "Wal, yes," was the rejoinder, as with an air of self-satisfaction he cut a chew of tobacco, "it is *rayther*, colonel; but one has to be smart. I don't know how it is in your part of the country, but in our'n, 'the longest pole knocks down the *persimmons*.'* And tell ye what, it takes a tol'ble long pole to make a livin' in the Indian department. But I guess I ain't done so bad for the Injun. Ef that old cuss the superintendent hed come along he would immediately, with a long lectur' on the sinfulness of his ways, hev taken that mule from the critter—confiscated it. Then, with a face as long as a fence-rail, he would hev marked down in the books, 'Bought a mule for the use of the department, 250 dollars.' Then, arter a while, he would hev sold it, and accounted for the loss by marking opposite the first transaction, 'Stolen by the Shoshones, in a raid on the Reservation, Augt. 14,' which, you will per-ceive, makes a clear profit to the godly old sinner of 500 dollars *cash*. Oh! I guess," he continued, laughing, "I've done a philanthropic turn. Guess I've got religion, and I'll turn Church member when I get to hum. Why, a hull team o' parsons, and a meetin'-house to let, ain't a patch on this child!" I have no doubt, however, that honest agents exist, but they are so exceptional that I must speak of the body generally. I am well aware that General Grant, who lived long on the frontier, is so impressed with the

* The persimmon-tree is found throughout the United States south of latitude 42°. The fruit is about an inch in diameter, and is powerfully astringent when green; but when fully ripe, the pulp becomes soft, palatable, and very sweet. "The longest pole knocks down the persimmons," is a proverbial saying, meaning that the strongest party gains the day.—*Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms*.

rascality of the present administration, that he has tried the experiment of setting the Quakers to look after the Indians. But this is in only one or two places near the Missouri. In other localities the old system prevails; and even were it changed, the scars of the wounds it has inflicted yet remain, are producing and will produce evil for long to come.

"But surely the Government cannot know of this," some one remarks. Perhaps not *officially*; but still if they are ignorant, it is from no want of having the abuses of the department continually forced upon their notice by scathing leaders in the newspapers; by caricatures, more truthful than witty, in the comic journals; even by official reports of their own agents. Only a few years ago, so scandalously notorious were this and other similar departments becoming, that a special inquiry was ordered to be made into their working. The Commissioner happily was impressed with the idea that it was necessary for a gentleman placed in his situation to tell the truth, rather than fill a few sheets of foolscap with a number of meaningless platitudes about the "good of the Commonwealth" or the "efficiency of the public service." His report I have at this moment before me, and certainly it is a plain-spoken document, telling some unpleasant truths. It shows how there were rather more than 100,000 Indians in California alone when that State was first admitted into the Union in 1849, and that these, under the care of a paternal Government, have now dwindled away to some 30,000 miserable wretches. The wine-growers of Port Angelos helped the process of diminution, by employing the aborigines in their vineyards, and paying them in brandy on the Saturday night. The settlers in the northern part of the country employed them during the harvest season; but, so soon as the crops were secure, dismissed them with a shirt and a blanket, to live in the woods as best they might. Many died of starvation, and not a few were slaughtered by the indignant settlers, for venturing to help themselves to refuse portions of the crop which had been allowed to remain on the ground, or on the general principle that, as they had nothing to live on, they *must* subsist by stealing cattle. "It may be said," remarks this outspoken Commissioner, "that these were exceptions to the general rule; but if ever an Indian was fully and honestly paid for his labour by a white settler, it was not my luck to hear of it; certainly it could not have been of frequent occurrence." Now these poor Indians were very ignorant, and totally unacquainted with the doctrine of general welfare. They could not be made to understand that it was necessary, for the proper "settling up" of the country, to take possession of their homes without recompence, to rob them of their wives and children, kill them in every cowardly and barbarous manner that could be devised; and, when this was impracticable, drive them out of the way as far as possible. Accordingly, a few of them occasionally rallied, and inflicted severe punishment upon their oppressors. But, as valuable voters were not to be lost to the Government side in this manner, dragoons, mountain-howitzers, sabres, and other lethal weapons were employed with cruel and fatal effect against

these "digger Indians," who had but bows and arrows to defend their naked bodies with. On the whole, however, the policy of the Government was professedly pacific. It was not intended to destroy any more Indians than were absolutely necessary to secure the adherence of the honest yeomanry of Alta California to the State. Treaties were entered into, therefore, and large sums voted for the benefit of the discomfited savages; reservations of land were set aside for their use, to the extent of some 25,000 acres; seeds were purchased to plant this land, as well as agricultural implements, medicines, and clothing to a large extent. All looked splendidly—on paper.

The Commissioner presumes that when the Government read the vouchers for these articles, as well as for the potatoes, beans, and cattle that appeared so frequently in the accounts, they comforted themselves with the idea that they were "clothing the naked and feeding the hungry." It is, however, shown with truthful sarcasm that the blankets were very thin, and cost much money in proportion to their value. The medicines were abundant—in the returns. The Commissioner found that in practice the treatment of the sick was not very scientific or satisfactory. When any one was afflicted with a scorbutic complaint he was sent out to the hills to graze. The Commissioner was assured on one reservation that spring grass acted like a charm on the native constitution. It was also found that large supplies of potatoes were purchased in San Francisco, at a price (according to the vouchers) rather more than double that they could have been bought for in the immediate vicinity of the reservation. The land was, in the main, cultivated for the benefit of the agents, whose duties were almost confined to acting at "conventions," "caucuses," and in political wire-pulling generally. The Indians preferred to take their chance in the mountains. This, however, was not to be permitted. As long as they served the purposes of the agents, they could not enjoy the poor privilege of finding a living for themselves. Troops were employed to bring them to a right sense of the privileges of civilization. These reservations cost 250,000 dollars a year, and yet the Indians were more troublesome to the whites than before. Thereupon, the settlers took the matter in their own hands; and, while a number of Indians were peacefully living near Humboldt Bay, these humane frontiersmen fell upon them in a body one night, shot all the men, women, and children they could at the first onslaught, and cut the throats of the remainder. Few escaped. These, and many such details, may be found in the Commissioner's report; and yet it has to be stated that, a few mornings after the issue of this plain-spoken document, he received a letter informing him that "the Government was pleased to dispense with his services." It is more gratifying to record that the present Government has rewarded his honesty by appointing him to a diplomatic post of an important character.

The "land question" is being continually dragged into the discussion of Indian affairs. The fact, however, is that, *as land*, the Indian

recognizes no proprietary right in the soil. He merely values it as a hunting-ground, the fishing tribes caring nothing for it whatever—so long as their salmon-streams are left undisturbed. It is merely from seeing the whites so anxious to acquire it that the natives have been led to set any value upon the soil whatever. The Indian can rarely be induced to follow agricultural pursuits. The tillage of the soil he has been bred to look upon as degrading, and the work of women. He is too indolent and has too little prevision to patiently tend flocks, and herds, and crops. He will work laboriously at a lodge, in hunting, in paddling, and at any other occupation, but then he must have a time of indolence. Even as an agricultural labourer he will work under surveillance steadily enough for a while, (if in that part of the country he has no tillage himself, and has not learned therefore to despise such work,) but no sooner has he earned enough to gratify some temporary whim, than he will break off and announce that he "wants a long sleep." Again, he has no heart to settle to agriculture on the reservations. No sooner are things getting into order, than the white settlements crowd around him, and his land and "improvements" begin to be valued and coveted by his neighbours. Excuses for displacing him are soon found, and again he is removed elsewhere. The transaction is rather profitable to the Government; for while the settlers pay to the authorities one dollar and a quarter per acre, the average prices paid to the Indians have been but from half a cent to three-fourths of a cent. Only a few years ago the whole of the Indian tribes, with the exception of those of New York (who are nearly all civilized) and a few about the Lakes, were removed beyond the Mississippi: and now, again, there is a talk of "locating" the whole Indian population of the United States somewhere near the Rocky Mountains—regardless of the fact that the tribes are different in character, and imbued with traditional hatred of each other. This removal is causing the Indians to lose all faith in the Government. Treaties are made only to be broken; and at last, in terror of another removal, in blind ignorance of the numbers and power of the whites, they seek to stop the spread of immigration by desolating the frontier, and in their desperation sparing no one. The Indian has thus little chance of learning the advantages of civilization. No sooner is a white population, from whom he might—amid much evil no doubt—learn many of the arts of civilization, gathering in his vicinity, than he is hurried off elsewhere to found a new home for himself. In his room come white men, who plough up his pleasant places, destroy his sacred graves, and toss about his father's bones, or label them as "ethnological specimens" in museums. Not a few Indian wars have thus arisen. The attempt to remove the Seminoles from their own country of Florida, cost the United States upwards of 50,000,000 dollars of treasure, beside blood and prestige beyond estimate. When the warlike Comanches attempted agriculture, they were driven away by the "Texan Rangers;" and I have in my mind's eye, at the present moment, an honest Indian of my acquaintance,

who, urged by some friendly whites, abandoned his savage ways, cultivated a little farm, and soon became prosperous. His property, however, excited the cupidity of some scoundrels, who drove him off and took possession of it without the slightest recompence to him. The Governor of the State was applied to; but it was on the eve of an election. The Indian had no vote. The newspapers, who should have defended the poor fellow, only laughed at the whole affair. He didn't advertise in or subscribe to their journals, while his enemies did; and so the poor man, disheartened, went away back to savagedom again. I was once travelling in a wild and little-explored part of the western portion of America, when our party came upon an Indian village. We were at once informed civilly but firmly that we could go no further. Our naturalist was even hindered from picking up specimens. "It is always the way," the old chief said, "with you white people. First come men like you, who are kind and give us presents,* and gather flowers and stones; then come others who look through things,†—one party of them from the cold side‡ of the sky, and another party from the warm side.§ 'This is my country,' one says, and 'this is mine,' another says; but the poor Indian has none at all. After a while come men with ploughs and axes, and build houses, and soldiers force us away. No, no; go back again." The poor old man doubtless referred to the British and American Northern Boundary Commission, and in his quaint way exactly described the operations of that body. Did space permit, this question of "the Father's hunting-grounds" and "going to the setting sun," as romance-writers have delighted to style it, could be illustrated almost *ad infinitum*. It would require a volume to narrate the sad story of the frontiersman's aggressions on the Indians, and even then only a portion could be told. An Indian looks upon an outrage upon one of his race by a white man as a *wrong done to his whole tribe* by the entire nation to which this white man belongs, and accordingly revenges the injury done to the tribe by indiscriminate revenge on the whites as a body. Thus the "Rogue River war," which for long desolated Oregon, originated, the present writer has reason to know, in a shameful assault upon an Indian woman by a soldier who met her on the trail near Fort Lane. On the woman threatening to inform the commanding officer, the brutal rascal shot her and her mother who was with her, and left their bodies on the path, with the infant she was carrying crying by her side. Just then some Indians came in sight. The soldier escaped; but, enraged beyond reason, the savages fell on the white settlements, and before evening the smoke of a dozen desolated hearths told the tale of vengeance. Then commenced a war of reprisals, cruel on both sides. The "Fight on Cow Creek," which, at the time, made much stir in the papers, was in reality only a cold-blooded butchery by some white wretches who inveigled some defenceless Indians into a log-hut, and then slaughtered them. Old Tecompse, one of the chiefs, anxious to stand aloof, took a party of his braves and withdrew to the

* Explorers and scientific travellers. † Surveyors. ‡ The North. § The South.

mountains, returning on the temporary cessation of hostilities. Again, when troubles broke out, he retired to live in peace among his own people; but a party of ruffians sought him in his retreat, and pretending friendship obtained hospitality. Straightway they shot their hosts down with revolvers. The old man escaped himself, and when I last saw him he complained bitterly of his treatment. "When I fought my people were killed; when I was at peace they were also killed. What am I to do?" The "digger Indians" in the California mountains—the weakest and least offensive of the aboriginal tribes of the American continent—have been, and are even yet shot down like rabbits. The Californian rancheros, or farmers, were regularly in the habit of hunting these poor wretches, in order to lead them into slavery. Even when the United States Government obtained possession of the country, things were not very much improved. The legislature passed what was called "The Apprenticeship Act," by which Indian children could be apprenticed to farmers until they attained a certain age. The end of this was that the severest cruelties were exercised, and the unfortunate "apprentices" became, in reality, slaves.

An Indian rarely or ever forgets or forgives an injury, nor can he make any allowance for accidents. A Frenchman of my acquaintance was out "fire-hunting" one night, and as he waved the pan of fire round to attract the deer, he saw what he took to be a pair of eyes peering at him through the branches. He instantly fired, but was horrified to find that he had shot an Indian well known to him. Much distressed, he put the body into his canoe, and paddled to the lodge of the dead man's brother, to whom he explained the accident. The Indian said nothing, but merely walked into his lodge, took his musket, and shot the Frenchman dead. With an Indian, the law of reprisal is a moral and legal canon. He demands blood for blood; and if the immediate offender cannot be got at, then he will wreak his vengeance on the family, or even tribe, to which he belongs. If a white man has killed an Indian, he will kill the first white man who falls into his power, and hence the endless vendettas of the frontier, often culminating in long-protracted wars. An Indian will have received an injury, fancied or real, and years may go by, and the whole affair seems to be forgotten, until something occurs to stir up all the savage venom of his nature. Indians have been known to go on long war-excursions, sometimes for thousands of miles, and to return home without a single trophy of their prowess,—perhaps with a loss of some of their number. It is then dangerous for a white man travelling on the prairies to meet them; for the opportunity of easily acquiring a scalp and of escaping the disgrace of returning empty-handed, is hard to forego. Hence many of the almost unaccountable murders on the prairies. I have not, of course, taken into account the effects of drunkenness—now almost universal among tribes near the frontier—in causing murders, because drunkenness is not peculiar to the Indians. I remember hearing an old Indian woman relating how whisky-selling whites were killed by the Indians. "When an Indian," the old squaw remarked, "gets drunk, he whips his wife.

Now, the wife hates the trader who has been the cause of it, and as the men are getting sober, she says to them, 'Why don't you kill that dog of a white man, and take his scalp and goods? Your father would have done so; but ah! he was a man. There are no men now;'" and so on. The sneers have frequently the desired effect. The Indian at first welcomes the white to his country. He has beads, and blankets, calico, knives, powder, and, perhaps—rum. But, after a while, the host finds he has entertained a viper; and then he tries, but tries in vain, to be rid of him. Old Kakalatza, a chief of Tsamena, used to say to me, "Had you white men no good land of your own that you came here? When first you came, we gave you land to build a house and grow potatoes, but now you are taking everything, and becoming our masters. Who made you our masters? You erect mills on the streams, so that the salmon come up no longer. Your axes, cutting down big trees, ring so through the woods that the deer flee to the mountains. But you have cattle, and care nothing for deer and salmon. You take our women for wives, and then send them back disgraced to their tribe when they get old. And yet, if we come into your towns, and take a glass of whisky to keep our hearts up, you put us into the strong-house. What do you white men want?"

Even the soldiers who are sent to protect or to punish the Indians, as may be, recruited as they are from the rough frontier class, are not a whit better disposed towards them than are the other whites. I have before me a report of Agent J. B. Hoffman, of the Ponca Reservation, in which he states that a party of soldiers came to an Indian camp, were hospitably received, and then grossly insulted the squaws, threatening them with revolvers. The Indians, becoming alarmed, fled, when the soldiers fired on them, cut up the lodges, and destroyed everything they could lay their hands on. They then pursued the fugitives, shot a woman with a child on her back, "putting two balls through the child's thigh, one of which passed through the mother's side." They also, among other murders, shot three unoffending and defenceless women and a little girl. The agent concludes by saying that, though three months had elapsed since he had represented the matter to the commanding officer, nothing had been done, and the Indians were in such a state of temper that he could not be responsible for their good behaviour.*

Again, I turn up the minutes of a court-martial on one "Captain John T. Hill, U.S.A.," commanding a troop of United States dragoons, who was tried for barbarously murdering an Indian child. He was found guilty of manslaughter only, and sentenced to be dismissed the service, and imprisoned in Fort Alcatraz *one month!* To the credit of the general commanding the department, he animadverted most severely on the sentence, and refused to approve of it—adding, "There have been many atrocities committed in this land, by both the white and red man, with, and many times without, provocation to justify or palliate them; but it is believed, this is the only occasion where a person

* *Commissioner's Report*, 1862, p. 265.

holding the honourable position of captain in the military service of the United States has been a party to the cold and deliberate killing of a child ; and among the files of military justice at Washington, where the proceedings of this case are soon to find their place, it will, it is believed, stand alone as the most atrocious act on record committed by an officer ; an atrocity of which he was convicted, and for which, to the reproach of the military service, he was not punished."

These are the comments of Major General M'Dowell. But, of all the military outrages upon the Indians I ever heard of, the achievements of one "Colonel Chevington," of Colorado Territory, surpass all. There need be no delicacy about publishing his name and deeds, for he was notorious enough for a season, and the records of his exploits I take from an officially published document.* When the last "Indian war" was in force in Colorado, a large number of friendly Cheyennes, by permission of the general commanding, were allowed, in order to be out of harm's way, to camp at a place called Sand Creek. There, in fancied security, they remained until the arrival of the gallant colonel, who fell upon them with the utmost barbarity. Men, women, and children were indiscriminately massacred. In a few minutes all the Indians were flying over the plain in terror and confusion. A few, who endeavoured to conceal themselves under the bank of the creek, were shot down in cold blood, offering but a feeble resistance. From the sucking babe to the old warrior all who were overtaken were deliberately murdered. "No attempt was made to restrain the savage cruelty of the soldiers ; the officers standing by and witnessing these acts without one word of reproof, if they did not incite their commission. For more than two hours the work of murder and barbarity was continued, until more than one hundred dead bodies, three-fourths of them women and children, lay on the plain as evidences of the fiendish malignity and cruelty of the officers who had so sedulously and carefully plotted the massacre, and of the soldiers who had so faithfully acted out the spirit of their officers." This is the final conclusion of the committee, of which Senator Wade was chairman. Whether Chevington committed this atrocity actuated by a desire for political preferment by pandering to the depraved passions of an excited population, or to avoid being sent where there was really work to be done, I know not. At all events, he was perfectly aware of the pacific character of his victims, and that within three or four days' march were hostile Indians against whom his forces could have been usefully directed. Everything concurred to prove this to be one of the most unprovoked massacres on record ; and when we remember that the scene of it, five years ago, is now the centre of the present Indian war, we can imagine that it is duly bearing fruit. Colonel Chevington was not a blaspheming frontiersman, but a Methodist lay-preacher, and when he got into trouble a long petition in his favour was presented to Congress from his brother clergymen and others ! It is this sympathy with such cruelties that compels us to abandon all hope

* *Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War.*—Washington, 1865.

of a lasting good feeling springing up between the two races. The moment the Mississippi is crossed, the semi-sentimental and too often maudlin sympathy, which is on this side of its banks, as in Europe, felt for the dying Indian race, is exchanged for the most determined, obstinate, and too often unreasonable animosity. "We know the critters. You can't come the Fenimore Cooper business over us," are the cries you hear on every side. An "Indian sympathizer" is the greatest term of reproach that one "frontier bar" can level at another. If an Indian steals anything, or commits any fault, instead of treating it just as if a white had been the culprit, the settler looks upon the crime as committed by the whole Indian race, and forthwith raises an outcry of "Indian depredation. More troops wanted. A general wiping out and wholesale blood-letting required"—and the Government, no way backward to oblige valuable voters, usually listens to their petition, and sends troops who, rather than labour under the reproach of doing nothing, will do *something*, anything, just or unjust, involving chastisement of the Indians. A frontiersman has always learned to look upon an Indian as treacherous, and generally acts on this idea by taking the initiative in attacking him. I know it is hard to forget old deeds of blood, but it is equally hard for the Indian to do so; and though I do not for a moment defend any of the horrible revenges to which he resorts, yet I must say that, in every case which I have examined, the whites, and not the Indians, were the aggressors. General Pope, of the United States army, also came to an exactly similar conclusion as the result of his long and impartial inquiry. The true facts of the case are rarely ascertained. The white man tells his story, and the newspapers circulate it; but the Indian has to be content with such stray scraps of justice as now and then accidentally fall to his share.

But has he no rights? Oh, yes, theoretically; but I never yet heard of a white man being hanged—(I might almost say, punished)—for the murder of an Indian, though I know of dozens of such murders, and know many Indians who were executed on the mere suspicion of a like crime having been committed by them. If a native is killed, there are usually no white witnesses of the crime forthcoming, and Indian evidence in such a case is not received in a court of law. He has no rights as a citizen. The law prohibits whisky being sold to him under heavy penalties, yet he is being daily debauched by it, and it is next to impossible to get any jury to convict the seller. In Oregon, even, to such an extent has the prejudice been carried, that though half-breeds, or persons of mixed Indian blood, if otherwise educated, are not thought to be socially inferior to the whites, yet a law has been passed declaring marriages null and void between a white and a person of more than one-half Indian blood, and the solemnization of such marriages illegal. The object, no doubt, was to render illegitimate a large number of respectable and well-educated persons scattered through the country, the children of fur-traders and others who in earlier times were in the habit of contracting such marriages. In Idaho the legislature offered a premium for Indian scalps indiscriminately, and in Minnesota blood-

hounds were bought by the State government to hunt down the aborigines without respect to tribe or sex. Can we wonder, then, at the reprisals on the part of the Indians, or at the continued bloodshed which prevails on the frontier, coupled with deeds so horrible as scarcely to bear recording?

The Indians rarely kill children, but invariably carry the women into captivity, and subject them to a fate worse than death. I do not wonder at those women who have been captured rarely caring to return again to civilization. Among the Apaches and Comanches are numbers of Mexican women who refuse to return. A most pitiful case came to my knowledge a few years ago. Some Red River hunters found at Bute Isle, on the other side of the Côteau du Missouri, a number of Sioux * lodges. The Indians had living among them a beautiful American girl of sixteen who had been at school in St. Pauls when the Sioux war broke out. She begged the hunters to purchase her; but an old Sioux, who treated her as his wife, demanded as her price a puncheon of rum, a chest of tea, two horses, and some powder and shot. It was in vain that the hunters promised to give this price upon the delivery of the woman at Fort Edmonton. They had not the price demanded, and so were compelled to leave her to her fate. The poor girl cried piteously as they moved off, the old Sioux watching her angrily. She seemed to be tolerably well used, though it is stated that the Indian squaws are very jealous of their white rivals, and ready to heap every possible indignity and cruelty upon them.

The causes of the present frontier war are a combination of all the incitements mentioned—mistrust of the Government and its agents, jealousy of the encroachments of the whites, through the Pacific Railroad, on the native hunting-grounds; unprovoked outrages by the frontier settlers, and no doubt also love of plunder. The Indians on the frontier are generally a miserable set, reduced by whisky and vice to a most abject condition, chewing tobacco, and speaking English with a most immoral vocabulary. They have copied every vice of the worst class of whites with whom they mix, and have gained in cunning and knowledge thereby. It has been said that there are white men among them who are in reality their leaders; I do not believe it. There are no doubt scoundrels on the frontier bad enough even for that, but the Indians are too jealous of white men ever to follow them as leaders. Outlaws from justice frequently seek shelter among the Indians, but still they hold among them but an inferior position, and only act as spies and traders in gunpowder. It was quite common, especially during the early days of the Mormon faith, for white ruffians to attire and paint themselves as Indians, in order that they might perform the behests of the "destroying angel" more safely, or for the more prosaic purposes of robbery and horse-stealing. These men the Indians, however, look upon with contempt; and though, no doubt, these renegades, with all the malignity of the class to which they belong, instigate the Indians, yet they are by no means chiefs or leaders.†

* Pronounced *Soo*.

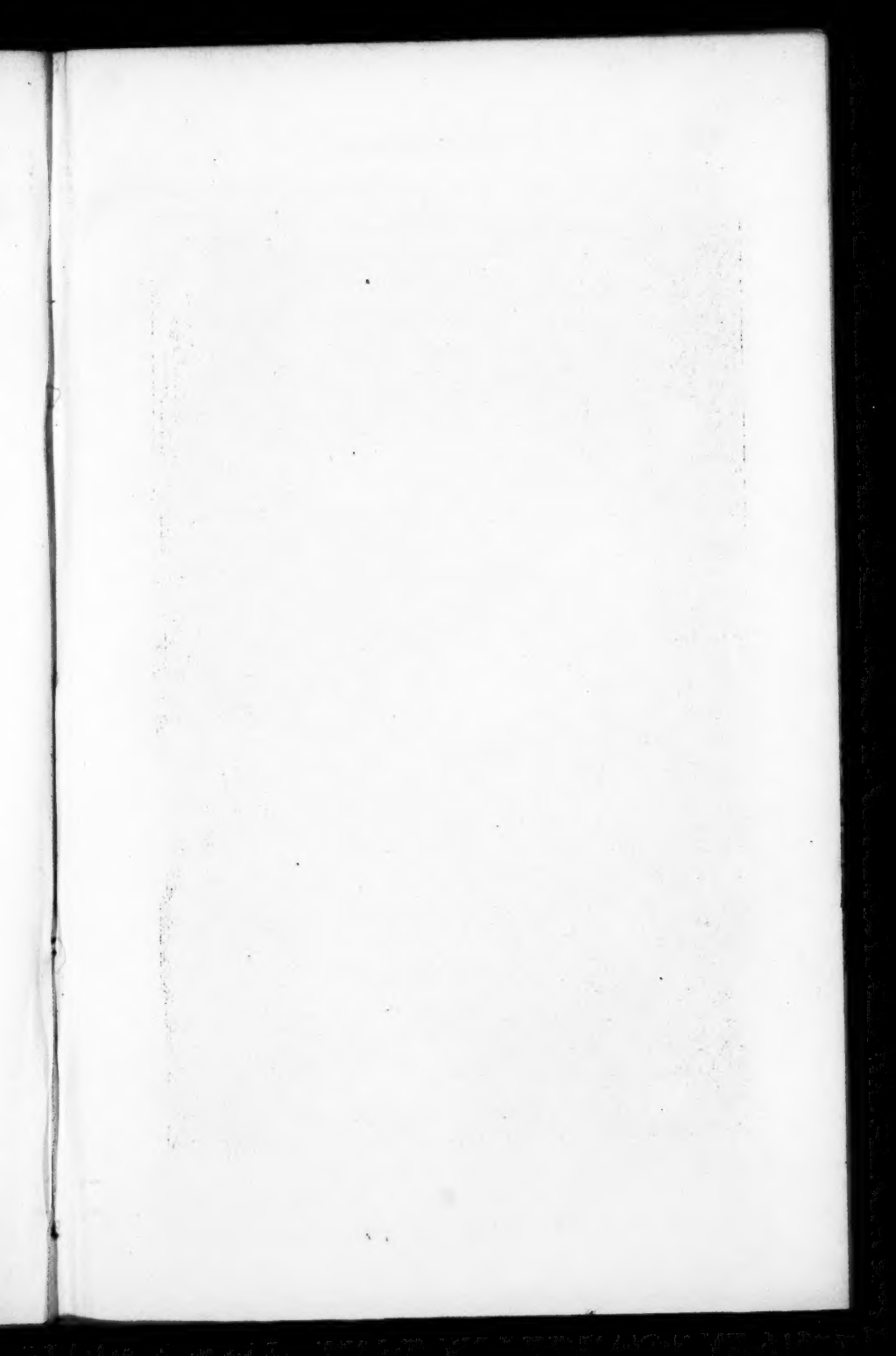
† I speak of the Indian tribes on the Western frontier near the Missouri. I am, however, aware that the Apaches have several Mexican leaders among them; and a

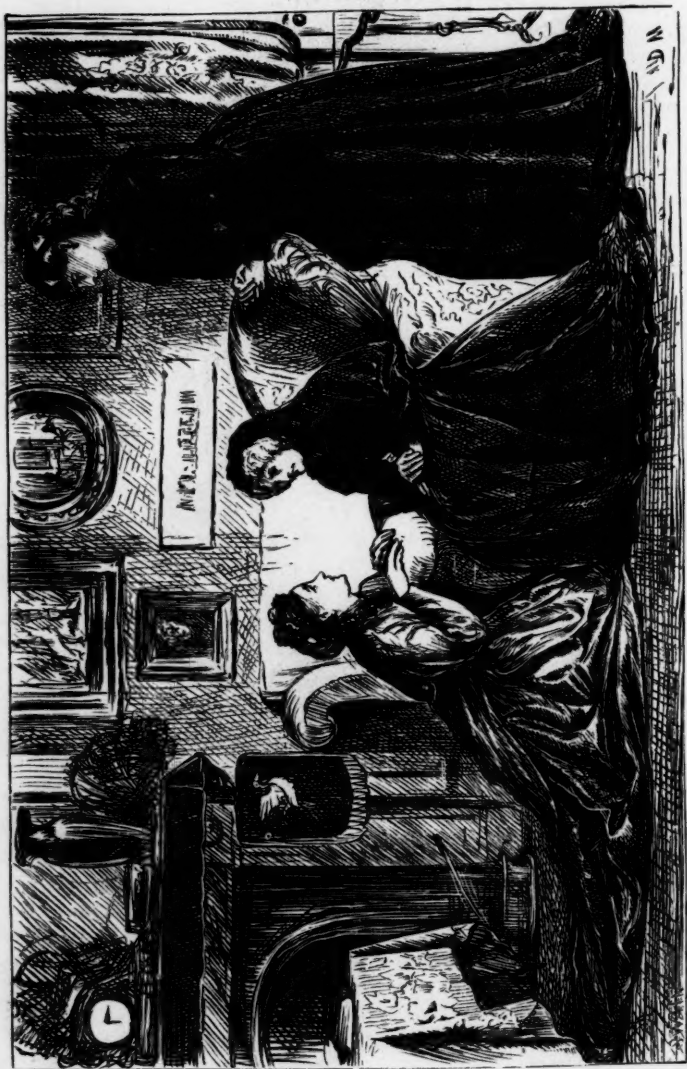
I have no hope—and it is with regret that I say so—of the eventual civilization of the remnant of the Indian races. Advocates of the contrary view point to the Shawnees, Choctaws, or Cherokees, who are all now civilized tribes. The chief of the Cherokees is an accomplished gentleman, and is the possessor of a good library. He is a reader of Thackeray and Dickens, and has his own private opinion about Tupper and Longfellow. The vast majority of this tribe, however, are of a mixed race. Many of them are almost pure white, and, considering the number of years they have mingled among the whites, the wonder is that they are not more civilized. The Senecas are many of them physicians and lawyers in New York, and Iroquois of little mixed blood have held commissions in her Majesty's service; but these are very exceptional instances. I quite agree with the moralist who said that, before Indians could even attain to the moderate degree of civilization indicated, they must go through "a state of general cussedness." The next generation, if the children are taken early enough, may be better; but, in the present view of the matter, I must state my belief that Mr. Horace Greeley was not very far wrong when he said that the best way to civilize the Indians was to take the young ones, "and knock the old ones on the head." It is not an unmixedly humane view; but it is practical. Even then the Indian nature may be expected to crop out occasionally. "Hole-in-the-Day," for instance, was a Sioux chief, who became so civilized that he kept a fine house in St. Pauls, drove a trotting horse and a buggy, entertained company, and, on the whole, was so popular a man that the legislature of Minnesota created him a citizen of the state. At "caucuses" he was great, and on election-day used to get very drunk, and vote the "straight Republican ticket." His name stands yet on the register as "H. Day, Esq." Yet, when the Sioux massacres broke out, there was no more ruthless scoundrel than the same H. Day, Esq. There is at present a price on his head, and I hope it may be claimed.

In conclusion, I may state that, though it is rather difficult to get at a correct census, there is good reason to believe that the tribes now existing in the States do not number much more than 800,000. Yet, when America was discovered, there were probably more than 15,000,000 of aborigines. War, whisky, small-pox, and other diseases, as well as that indescribable "something," which no savage can stand before, has reduced them to the present handful,—and every year their number grows smaller and smaller.

A GOVERNMENT AGENT.

Mexican boy, who was long a prisoner among them, informed a friend of the author's that they usually preserved the children of Mexicans to breed up as chiefs. The Mexicans, however, are only a mixture of the Indian, Negro, and Spaniard, and can scarcely be called white. The present President Juarez is a pure-blooded Indian.





"I WILL NOT TAKE YOUR MONEY. IT IS YOUR MONEY."

Mrs. Merriweather's Fortune.

CHAPTER I.



HERE are two houses in my neighbourhood which illustrate so curiously two phases of life, that everybody on the Green, as well as myself, has been led into the habit of classing them together. The first reason of this of course is, that they stand together; the second, that they are as unlike in every way as it is possible to conceive. They are about the same size, with the same aspect, the same green circle of garden surrounding them; and yet as dissimilar as if they had been brought out of two different worlds. They are not on the Green, though they are undeniably a part of Dinglefield, but stand on the Mercot Road, a broad country road with a verdant border of turf and fine trees shadowing over the hedgerows. The Merrieweas live in the one, and in the other are Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella. The house of the two ladies is as perfect in all its arrangements as if it were a palace: a silent, soft, fragrant, dainty place, surrounded by lawns like velvet; full of flowers in perfect bloom, the finest kinds, succeeding each other as the seasons change. Even in autumn, when the winds are blowing, you never see a fallen leaf about, or the least symptom of untidiness. They have enough servants for everything that is wanted, and the servants are as perfect as the flowers—noiseless maids and soft-voiced men. Everything goes like machinery, with an infallible regularity; but like machinery oiled and deadened, which emits no creak nor groan. This is one of the things upon which Mrs. Spencer specially prides herself. The two ladies of the house are not related; they are united only by that closest bond of friendship which often, in despite of all popular fallacies, binds two women. Mrs. Spencer is very well off; Lady Isabella not so rich. They never make any great demonstration of their attachment for each other, but are as sisters in their house. Yet, perhaps, not precisely as sisters; rather—if the reader will not laugh—like husband and wife.

And just across two green luxuriant hedges, over a lawn which is not

like velvet, you come to the Merridews'. It is possible, if you passed it on a summer day, that, notwithstanding the amazing superiority of the other, you would pause longer, and be more amused with a glance into the enclosure of the latter house. The lawn is not the least like velvet; probably it has not been mown for three weeks at least, and the daisies are irrepressible. But there, tumbled down in the midst of it, are a bunch of little children in pinafores—"all the little ones," as Janet Merridew, the eldest daughter, expresses herself, with a certain soft exasperation. I would rather not undertake to number them or record their names, but there they are, a knot of rosy, round-limbed, bright-eyed, living things, some dark and some fair, with an amazing impartiality; but all chattering as best they can in nursery language, with rings of baby laughter, and baby quarrels, and musings of infinite solemnity. Once tumbled out here, where no harm can come to them, nobody takes any notice of the little ones. Nurse, sitting by serenely under a tree, works all the morning through, and there is so much going on indoors to occupy the rest.

Mr. and Mrs. Merridew, I need not add, had a large family—so large that their house overflowed, and when the big boys were at home from school, was scarcely habitable. Janet, indeed, did not hesitate to express her sentiments very plainly on the subject. She was just sixteen, and a good child, but full of the restless longing for something, she did not know what, and visionary discontent with her surroundings, which is not uncommon at her age. She had a way of paying me visits, especially during the holidays, and speaking more frankly on domestic subjects than was at all expedient. She would come in, in summer, with a tap on the glass which always startled me, through the open window, and sink down on a sofa and utter a long sigh of relief. "Oh, Mrs. Musgrave!" she would say, "what a good thing you never had any children:" taking off, as she spoke, the large hat which it was one of her grievances to be compelled to wear.

"Is that because you have too many at home?" I said.

"Oh, yes, far too many; fancy, ten! Why should poor papa be burdened with ten of us, and so little money to keep us all on? And then a house gets so untidy with so many about. Mamma does all she can, and I do all I can; but how is it possible to keep it in order? When I look across the hedges to Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella's, and see everything so nice and so neat, I could die of envy. And you are always so shady, and so cool, and so pleasant here."

"It is easy to be neat and nice when there is nobody to put things out of order," said I; "but when you are as old as I am, Janet, you will get to think that one may buy one's neatness too dear."

"Oh, I delight in it!" cried the girl. "I should like to have everything nice, like you; all the books and papers just where one wants them, and paper-knives on every table, and ink in the ink-bottles, and no dust anywhere. You are not so dreadfully particular as Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella. I think I should like to see some litter on the carpet or on the lawn now and then for a change. But oh, if you could only see our house! And

then our things are so shabby: the drawing-room carpet is all faded with the sun, and mamma will never have the blinds properly pulled down. And Selina, the housemaid, has so much to do. When I scold her, mamma always stops me, and bids me recollect we can't be as nice as you other people, were we to try ever so much. There is so much to do in our house. And then those dreadful big boys!"

"My dear," said I, "ring the bell, and we will have some tea; and you can tell Jane to bring you some of that strawberry jam you are so fond of—and forget the boys——"

"As if one could," said Janet, "when they are all over the place—into one's very room, if one did not mind; their boots always either dusty or muddy, and oh, the noise they make! Mamma won't make them dress in the evenings, as I am sure she should. How are they ever to learn to behave like Christians, Mrs. Musgrave, if they are not obliged to dress and come into the drawing-room at night?"

"I daresay they would run out again and spoil their evening clothes, my dear," I said.

"That is just what mamma says," cried Janet; "but isn't it dreadful to have always to consider everything like that? Poor mamma, too,—often I am quite angry, and then I think—perhaps she would like a house like Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella's as well as I should, if we had money enough. I suppose in a nice big house with heaps of maids and heaps of money, and everything kept tidy for you, one would not mind even the big boys."

"I think under those circumstances most people would be glad to have them," said I.

"I don't understand how anybody can like boys," said Janet, with reflective yet contemptuous emphasis. "A baby-boy is different. When they are just the age of little Harry, I adore them; but those great long-legged creatures, in their big boots! And yet, when they're nicely dressed in their evening things," she went on, suddenly changing her tone, "and with a flower in their coats—Jack has actually got an evening-coat, Mrs. Musgrave, he is so tall for his age,—they look quite nice; they look such gentlemen," Janet concluded, with a little sisterly enthusiasm. "Oh, how dreadful it is to be so poor!"

"I am sure you are very fond of them all the same," said I, "and would break your heart if anything should happen to them."

"Oh, well, of course, now they are there one would not wish anything to happen," said Janet. "What did you say I was to tell Jane, Mrs. Musgrave, about the tea? There now! Selina has never the time to be as nice as that,—and Richards, you know, our man—Don't you think, really, it would be better to have a nice clean parlour-maid than a man that looks like a cobbler? Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella are always going on about servants,—that you should send them away directly when they do anything wrong. But, you know, it makes a great difference having a separate servant for everything. Mamma

always says, 'They are good to the children, Janet,' or, 'They are so useful and don't mind what they do.' We put up with Selina because, though she's not a good housemaid, she is quite willing to help in the nursery; and we put up with nurse because she gets through so much sewing; and even the cook—— Oh, dear, dear! it is so disagreeable. I wish I was—anybody but myself."

Just at this moment my maid ushered in Mrs. Merridew, hastily attired in a hat she wore in the garden, and a light shawl wrapped round her. There was an anxious look in her face, which indeed was not very unusual there. She was a little flushed, either by walking in the sunshine or by something on her mind.

"You here, Janet," she said, when she had shaken hands with me, "when you promised me to practise an hour after luncheon? Go, my dear, and do it now."

"It is so hot. I never can play in the middle of the day; and oh, mamma, please it is so pleasant here," pleaded Janet, nestling herself close into the corner of the sofa.

"Let her stay till we have had some tea," I said. "I know she likes my strawberry jam."

Mrs. Merridew consented, but with a sigh; and then it was that I saw clearly she must have something on her mind. She did not smile, as usual, with the indulgent mother's smile, half disapproving, yet unwilling to thwart the child. On the contrary, there was a little constraint in her air as she sat down, and Janet's enjoyment of the jam vexed her, and brought a little wrinkle to her brow. "One would think you had not eaten anything all day," she said, with a vexed tone, and evidently was impatient of her daughter's presence, and wished her away.

"Nothing so nice as this," said Janet, with the frank satisfaction of her age; and she went on eating her bread and jam quite composedly, until Mrs. Merridew's patience was exhausted.

"I cannot have you stay any longer," she said, at length. "Go and practise now, while there is no one in the house——"

"Oh, mamma!" said Janet, beginning to expostulate; but was stopped short by a look in her mother's eye. Then she gathered herself up reluctantly, and left the paradise of my little tea-table with the jam. She went out pouting, trailing her great hat after her; and had to be stopped as she stepped into the blazing sunshine, and commanded to put it on. "It is only a step," said the provoking girl, pouting more and more. And poor Mrs. Merridew looked so worried, and heated, and uncomfortable, as she went out and said a few energetic words to her naughty child. Poor soul! Ten different wills to manage and keep in subjection to her own, besides all the other cares she had upon her shoulders. And that big girl who should have been a help to her, standing pouting and disobedient between the piano she did not care for, and the jam she loved.—Sometimes such a little altercation gives one a glimpse into an entire life.

"She is such a child," Mrs. Merridew said, coming in with an apologetic, anxious smile on her face. She had been fretted and vexed, and yet she would not show it to lessen my opinion of her girl. Then she sank down wearily into that corner of the sofa from which Janet had been so unwillingly expelled. "The truth is, I wanted to speak to you," she said, "and could not when she was here. Poor Janet! I am afraid I was cross, but I could not help it. Something has occurred to-day which has put me out."

"I hope it is something I can help you in," I said.

"That is why I have come: you are always so kind; but it is a strange thing I am going to ask you this time," she said, with a wistful glance at me. "I want to go to town for a day on business of my own; and I want it to be supposed that it is business of yours."

The fact was, it did startle me for the moment—and then I reflected like lightning, so quick was the process (I say this that nobody may think my first feeling hard), what kind of woman she was, and how impossible that she should want to do anything that one need be ashamed of. "That is very simple," I said.

Then she rose hastily and came up to me and gave me a sudden kiss, though she was not a demonstrative woman. "You are always so understanding," she said, with the tears in her eyes; and thus I was committed to stand by her, whatever her difficulty might be.

"But you shan't do it in the dark," she went on; "I am going to tell you all about it. I don't want Mr. Merridew to know, and in our house it is quite impossible to keep anything secret. He is on circuit now; but he would hear of 'the day mamma went to town' before he had been five minutes in the house. And so I want you to go with me, you dear soul, and to let me say I went with you."

"That is quite simple," I said again; but I did feel that I should like to know what the object of the expedition was.

"It is a long story," she said, "and I must go back and tell you ever so much about myself before you will understand. I have had the most dreadful temptation put before me to-day. Oh, such a temptation! resisting it is like tearing one's heart in two; and yet I know I ought to resist. Think of our large family, and poor Charles's many disappointments, and then, dear Mrs. Musgrave, read that."

It was a letter written on a large square sheet of thin paper which she thrust into my hand: one of those letters one knows a mile off, and recognizes as lawyers' letters, painful or pleasant, as the case may be; but more painful than pleasant generally. I read it, and you may judge of my astonishment to find that it ran thus:—

"DEAR MADAM,—We have the pleasure to inform you that our late client, Mr. John Babington, deceased on the 10th of May last, has appointed you by his will his residuary legatee. After all his special bequests are paid, including an annuity of a hundred a year to his mother, with remainder to

Miss Babington, his only surviving sister, there will remain a sum of about 10,000*l.*, at present excellently invested on landed security, and bearing interest at four-and-a-half per cent. By Mr. Babington's desire, precautions have been taken to bind it strictly to your separate use, so that you may dispose of it by will or otherwise, according to your pleasure, for which purpose we have accepted the office of your trustees, and will be happy to enter fully into the subject, and put you in possession of the legacy, as soon as you can favour us with a private interview.

"We are, Madam, your obedient servants,

"FOGEY, FEATHERHEAD & DOWN."

"A temptation!" I cried; "but, my dear, it is a fortune; and it is delightful: it will make you quite comfortable. Why, it will be nearly five hundred a year."

I feel always safe in the way of calculating interest when it is anything approaching five per cent.; five per cent. is so easily counted, and of course four and a half cannot be much different: it took away my breath.

But Mrs. Merridew shook her head. "It looks so at the first glance," she said; "but when you hear my story you will think differently." And then she made a little uncomfortable pause. "I don't know whether you ever guessed it," she added, looking down, and doubling a new hem upon her handkerchief, "but I was not Charles's equal when we married: perhaps you may have heard ——?"

Of course I had heard: but the expression of her countenance was such that I put on a look of great amazement, and pretended to be much astonished, which I could see was a comfort to her mind.

"I am glad of that," she said, "for you know—I could not speak so plainly to you if I did not feel that, though you are so quiet now, you must have seen a great deal of the world—you know what a man is. He may be capable of marrying you, if he loves you, whatever your condition is—but afterwards he does not like people to know. I don't mean I was his inferior in education, or anything of that sort," she added, looking up at me with a sudden uneasy blush.

"You need not tell me that," I said; and then another uneasiness took possession of her, lest I should think less highly than was right of her husband.

"Poor Charles!" she said; "it is scarcely fair to judge him as he is now. We have had so many cares and disappointments, and he has had to deny himself so many things—and you may say, Here is his wife, whom he has been so good to, plotting to take away from him what might give him a little ease. But oh, dear Mrs. Musgrave, you must hear before you judge!"

"I do not judge," I said; "I am sure you must have some very good reason; tell me what it is."

Then she paused, and gave a long sigh. She must have been about forty, I think, a comely, simple woman, not in any way a heroine of

romance ; and yet she was as interesting to me as if she had been only half the age, and deep in some pretty crisis of romantic distress. I don't object to the love-stories either : but middle age has its romances too.

"When I was a girl," said Mrs. Merridew, "I went to the Babingtons' as Ellen's governess. She was about fifteen and I was not more than twenty, and I believe people thought me pretty. You will laugh at me, but I declare I have always been so busy all my life, that I have never had any time to think whether it was true : but one thing I know, that I was a very good governess. I often wish," she added, pausing, with a half comic look amid her trouble, "that I could find as good a governess as I was, for the girls. There was one brother, John, and one other sister, Matilda ; and Mr. Merridew was one of the visitors at the house, and was supposed to be paying *her* attention. I never could see it, for my part, and Charles declares he never had any such idea ; but *they* thought so, I know. It is quite a long story. John had just come home from the University, and was pretending to read for the bar, and was always about the house ; and the end was that he fell in love with me——"

"Of course," said I.

"I don't know that it was of course. I was so very shy, and dreaded the sound of my own voice ; but he used to come after us everywhere by way of talking to Ellen, and so got to know me. Poor John ! he was the nicest, faithful fellow—the sort of man one would trust anything to, and believe in, and respect, and be fond of—but not love. Of course Charles was there too. It went on for about a year, such a curious, confused, pleasant, painful—— I cannot describe it to you—but you know what I mean. The Babingtons had always been kind to me ; of course they were angry when they found out about John, but then when they knew I would not marry him, they were kinder than ever, and said I had behaved so very well about it. I was a very lonely poor girl ; my mother was dead, and I had nowhere to go ; and instead of sending me away, Mrs. Babington sent *him* away—her own son, which was very good of her, you know. To be sure I was a good governess, and they never suspected Charles of coming for me, nor did I. Suddenly, all at once, without the least warning, he found me by myself one day, and told me. I was a little shocked, thinking of Matilda Babington ; but then he declared he had meant nothing. And so—— When the Babingtons heard of it, they were all furious ; even Ellen, my pupil, turned against me. They sent me away as if I had done something wicked. It was very, very hard upon me ; but yet I scarcely wonder, now I think of it. That was why we married so early and so imprudently. Mrs. Musgrave, I daresay you have often wondered why it was ?"

I had to put on such looks of wonder and satisfied curiosity as I could ; for the truth was, I had known the outlines of the story for years, just as every one knows the outlines of every one else's story ; especially such parts of it as people might like to be concealed. I cannot understand how anybody, at least in society, or on the verge of society, can for a moment hope

to have any secrets. Charles Merridew was a cousin of Mr. Justice Merridew, and very well connected, and of course it was known that he married a governess; which was one reason why people were so shy of them at first when they came to the Green.

"I begin to perceive now why this letter should be a temptation to you," I said; "you think Mr. Merridew would not like——"

"Oh, it is not that," she said. "Poor Charles! I don't think he would mind. The world is so hard, and one makes so little head against it. No, it is because of Mrs. Babington. I heard she lost all her money some years ago, and was dependent on her son. And what can she do on a hundred a year? A hundred a year! Only think of it, for an old lady always accustomed to have her own way. It is horribly unjust, you know, to take it from her, his mother, who was always so good to him; and to give it to me, whom he has not seen for nearly twenty years, and who gave him a sore heart when he did know me. I could not take advantage of it. It is a great temptation, but it would be a great sin. And that is why," she added, with a sudden flush on her face, looking at me, "I should rather—manage it myself—under cover of you,—and—not let Charles know."

She looked at me, and held me with her eye, demanding of me that I should understand her, and yet defying me to think any the worse of Charles. She was afraid of her husband,—afraid that he would clutch at the money without any consideration of the wrong,—afraid to trust him with the decision. She would have me understand her without words, and yet she would not have me blame Mr. Merridew. She insisted on the one and defied me to the other: an inconsistent, unreasonable woman! But I did my best to look as if I saw, and yet did not see.

"Then you want to see the lawyers?" I said.

"I want to see Mrs. Babington," was her answer. "I must go to them and explain. They are proud people, and probably would resist—or they may be otherwise provided for. If that was the case I should not hesitate to take it. Oh, Mrs. Musgrave, when I look at all the children, and Janet there murmuring and grumbling, don't you think it wrings my heart to put away this chance of comfort? And poor Charles working himself out. But it could not bring a blessing. It would bring a curse; I cannot take the bread out of the mouth of the old woman who was good to me, even to put it into that of my own child."

And here two tears fell out of Mrs. Merridew's eyes. At her age people do not weep abundantly. She gave a little start as they fell, and brushed them off her dress, with, I don't doubt, a sensation of shame. She to cry like a baby, who had so much to do! She left me shortly after, with an engagement to meet at the station for the twelve-o'clock train next day. I was going to town on business, and had asked her to go with me—this was what was to be said to all the world. I explained myself elaborately that very evening to Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella, when I met them taking their walk after dinner.

"Mrs. Merridew is so kind as to go with me," I said; "she knows so much more about business than I do." And I made up my mind that I would go to the Bank and leave my book to be made up, that it might not be quite untrue.

"Fancy Mrs. Musgrave having any business!" said Lady Isabella. "Why don't you write to some man, and make him do it, instead of all the trouble of going to town?"

"But Mrs. Merridew is going with me, my dear," I said; and nobody doubted that the barrister's wife, with so much experience as she had, and so many things to do, would be an efficient help to me in my little affairs.

CHAPTER II.

THE house we went to was a house in St. John's Wood. Everybody knows the kind of place. A garden wall, with lilacs and laburnums, all out of blossom by this time, and beginning to look brown and dusty, waving over it; inside, a little bright suburban garden, full of scarlet geraniums, divided by a white line of pavement, dazzlingly clean, from the door in the wall to the door of the house; and a stand full of more scarlet geraniums in the little square hall. Mrs. Merridew became very much agitated as we approached. It was all that I could do to keep her up when we had rung the bell at the door. I think she would have turned and gone back even then had it been possible, but, fortunately, we were admitted without delay.

We were shown into a pretty shady drawing-room, full of old furniture, which looked like the remnants of something greater, and at which she gazed with eyes of almost wild recognition, unconsciously pressing my arm, which she still held. Everything surrounding her woke afresh the tumult of recollections. She was not able to speak when the maid asked our names, and I was about to give them simply, and had already named my own, when she pressed my arm closer to her, and interposed all at once,—

"Say two ladies from the country anxious to speak with her about business. She might not—know—our names."

"Is it business about the house, ma'am?" said the maid, with some eagerness.

"Yes, yes; it is about the house," said Mrs. Merridew, hastily. And then the door closed, and we sat waiting, listening to the soft subdued sounds in the quiet house, and the rustle of the leaves in the garden. "She must be going to let it," my companion said, hoarsely; and then rose from the chair on which she had placed herself, and began to move about the room with agitation, looking at everything, touching the things with her hands, with now and then a stifled exclamation. "There is where we used to sit, Ellen and I," she said, standing by a sofa, before

which a small table was placed, "when there was company in the evenings. And there Matilda—oh, what ghosts there are about! Matilda is married, thank heaven! but if Ellen comes, I shall never be able to face her. Oh, Mrs. Musgrave, if you would but speak for me!—"

At this moment the door was opened. Mrs. Merridew shrank back instinctively, and sat down, resting her hand on the table she had just pointed out to me. The new-comer was a tall full figure, in deep mourning, a handsome woman of five-and-thirty, or thereabouts, with bright hair, which looked all the brighter from comparison with the black depths of her dress, and a colourless clear complexion. All the colour about her was in her hair. Though she had no appearance of unhealthiness, her very lips were pale, and she came in with a noiseless quiet dignity, and the air of one who felt she had pain to encounter, yet felt able to bear it.

"Pardon me for keeping you waiting," she said; and then, with a somewhat startled glance, "I understood you wanted to see—the house."

My companion was trembling violently; and I cleared my throat, and tried to clear up my ideas (which was less easy) to say something in reply. But before I had stammered out half-a-dozen words Mrs. Merridew rose, and made one or two unsteady steps towards the stranger.

"Ellen," she cried, "don't you know me?" and stopped there, standing in the centre of the room, holding out appealing hands.

Miss Babington's face changed in the strangest way. I could see that she recognized her in a moment, and then that she pretended to herself not to recognize her. There was the first startled vivid indignant glance, and then a voluntary mist came over her eyes. She gazed at the agitated woman with an obstinately blank gaze, and then turned to me, with a little bow.

"Your friend has the advantage of me," she said; "but you were saying something. I should be glad, if that was what you wanted, to show you over the house."

It would be hard to imagine a more difficult position than that in which I found myself; seated between two people who were thus strangely connected with each other by bonds of mutual injury, and appealed to for something meaningless and tranquillizing, to make the intercourse possible. I did the best I could on the spur of the moment.

"It is not so much the house," I said, "though, if you wish to let it, I have a friend who is looking for a house; but I think there was some other business Mrs. Merridew had; something to say—"

"Mrs. Merridew!" said Miss Babington, suffering the light once more to come into her eyes; and then she gave her an indignant look. "I think this might have been spared us at least."

"Ellen," said Mrs. Merridew, speaking very low and humbly—"Ellen, I have never done anything to you to make you so hard against me. If I injured your sister, it was unwittingly. She is better off than I am now. You were once fond of me, as I was of you. Why should you have

turned so completely against me? I have come in desperation to ask a hearing from you, and from your mother, Ellen. God knows I mean nothing but good. And oh, what have I ever done?—what harm?"

Miss Babington had seated herself, still preserving her air of dignity, but without an invitation by look or gesture to her visitor to be seated; and in the silent room, all so dainty and so sweet with flowers, with the old furniture in it, which reminded her of the past, the culprit of twenty years ago stood pleading between one of those whom she was supposed to have wronged and myself, a most ignorant and uneasy spectator. Twenty years ago! In the meantime youth had passed, and the hard burdens of middle age had come doubled and manifold upon her shoulders. Had she done nothing in the meantime that would tell more heavily against her than that girlish inadvertence of the past? Yet here she stood—not knowing, I believe, for the moment, whether she was the young governess in her first trouble, or the mother of all those children, acquainted with troubles so much more bitter—among the ghosts of the past.

"I would much rather not discuss the question," said Miss Babington, still seated, and struggling hard to preserve her calm. "All the grief and vexation we have owed to you in this house cannot be summed up in a moment. The only policy, I think, is to be silent. Your very presence here is an offence to us. What else could it be?"

"I should never have come," said Mrs. Merridew, moved by a natural prick of resentment, "but for what I have just heard—I should never have returned to ask for pardon where I had done no wrong—had it not been for this—this, that I feel to be unjust. Your poor brother John——"

"Stop!" cried the other, her reserve failing. "Stop, oh! stop, you cruel woman! He was nothing to you but a toy to be played with—but he was my brother, my only brother; and you have made him an undutiful son in his very grave."

The tears were in her eyes, her colourless face had flushed, her soft voice was raised; and Mrs. Merridew, still standing, listened to her with looks as agitated—when all at once the door was again opened softly. The aspect of affairs changed in a moment. To my utter amazement, Mrs. Merridew, who was standing with her face to the door, made a quick, imperative, familiar gesture to her antagonist, and looked towards an easy-chair which stood near the open window. Miss Babington rose quickly to her feet, and composed herself into a sudden appearance of calm.

"Mamma," she said, going forward to meet the old lady, who came slowly in, "here are some ladies come upon business. This is—Mrs. Merridew." She said the name very low, as Mrs. Babington made her way to her chair, and Mrs. Merridew sank trembling into her seat, unable, I think, to bear up longer. The old lady seated herself before she spoke. She was a little old woman, with a pretty softly-coloured old face, and had the air of having been petted and cared for all her life. The sudden

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change of her daughter's manner ; the accumulation of every kind of convenience and prettiness, as I now remarked, round that chair ; the careful way in which it had been placed out of the sun and the draught, yet in the air and in sight of the garden, told a whole history of themselves. And now Mrs. Merridew's passionate sense that the alienation of the son's fortune from the mother was a thing impossible, was made clear to me at once.

"Whom did you say, Ellen?" said the old lady, when she was comfortably settled in her chair. "Mrs. — ? I never catch names. I hope you have explained to the ladies that I am rather infirm, and can't stand. What did you say was your friend's name, my dear?"

Her friend's name! Ellen Babington's face lightened all over as with a pale light of indignation.

"I said—Mrs. Merridew," she repeated, with a little emphasis on the name. Then there was a pause ; and the culprit who was at the bar trembled visibly, and hid her face in her hands.

"Mrs. Merridew!— Do you mean—— ? Turn me round, Ellen, and let me look at her," said the old lady, with a curious catching of her breath.

It was a change which could not be done in a moment. While the daughter turned the mother's chair, poor Mrs. Merridew must have gone through the torture of an age ; her hands trembled in which she had hidden herself. But as the chair creaked and turned slowly round, and all was silent again, she raised her white face, and uncovered herself, as it were, to meet the inquisitor's eye. It might have been a different woman, so changed was she : her eyes withdrawn into caves, the lines of her mouth drawn down, two hollows clearly marked in her cheeks, and every particle of her usual colour gone. She looked up appalled and overcome, confronting, but not meeting, the keen critical look which old Mrs. Babington fixed upon her ; and then there was again a pause ; and the leaves fluttered outside, and the white curtains within, and a gay child's voice, passing in the road without, suddenly fell among us like a bird.

"Ah!" said the old lady, "that creature! Do you mean to tell me, Ellen, that she has had the assurance to come here? Now look at her and tell me what a man's sense is worth. That woman's face turned my poor boy's head, and drove Charles Merridew out of his wits. Only look at her : is there anything there to turn anybody's head now? She has lost her figure too ; but to be sure that is not so wonderful, for she is forty if she is a day. But there are you, my dear, as straight as a rush, and your sister Matilda as well. So that is Janet Singleton, our governess : I wonder what Charles thinks of his bargain now? I never saw a woman so gone off. Oh, Ellen, Ellen, why didn't she come and show herself, such a figure as she is, before my poor dear boy was taken from us? My poor boy! And to think he should have gone to his grave in a delusion about such a creature! Ellen, I would rather now that you sent her away."

"Oh, mamma, don't speak like this," cried Ellen, red with shame and distress; "what is about her figure? if that were all!—but she is going away."

"Yes, yes, send her away," said the old lady. "You liked her once, but I don't suppose even you can think there could be any intercourse now. My son left all his money to her," she added, turning to me—"past his mother and his sister. You will admit that was a strange thing to do. I don't know who the other lady is, Ellen, but I conclude she is a friend of yours. He left everything past us, everything but some poor pittance. Perhaps you may know some one who wants a house in this neighbourhood? It is a very nice little house, and much better furnished than most. I should be very glad to let it, now that I can't afford to occupy it myself, by the year."

"Mamma, the other lady is with Mrs. Merridew," said Ellen; "I do not know her——" and she cast a glance at me, almost appealing to my pity. I rose up, not knowing what to do.

"Perhaps, my dear," I said, I confess with timidity, "we had better go away."

"Unless you will stay to luncheon," said the old lady. "But I forgot—I don't want to look at that woman any more, Ellen. She has done us enough of harm to satisfy any one. Turn me round again to my usual place, and send her away."

Mrs. Merridew had risen to her feet, too. She had regained her senses after the first frightful shock. She was still ghastly pale, but she was herself. She went up firmly and swiftly to the old lady, put Ellen aside by a movement which she was unconscious of in her agitation, and replaced the chair in its former place with the air of one to whom such an office was habitual. "You used to say I always did it best," she said. "Oh, is it possible you can have forgotten everything! Did not I give him up when you asked me, and do you think I will take his money now? Oh, never, never! It ought to be yours, and it shall be. Oh, take it back, and forgive me, and say, 'God bless you' once again."

"Eh, what was that you said? Ellen, what does she say?" said the old woman. "I have always heard the Merridews were very poor. Poor John's fortune will be a godsend to them. Go away! I suppose you mean to mock me after all the rest you have done. I don't understand what you say."

Yet she looked up with a certain eagerness on her pretty old face—a certain sharp look of greed and longing came into the blue eyes, which retained their colour as pure as that of youth. Her daughter towered above her, pale with emotion, but still indignant, yielding not a jot.

"Mamma, pay no attention," she said; "Mrs. Merridew may pity us, but what is that? surely we can take back nothing from her hands."

"Pity! I don't see how Janet Merridew can pity *me*. But I should

like," Mrs. Babington went on, with a little tremble of eagerness, "to know at least what she means."

"This is what I mean," said Mrs. Merridew, sinking on her knees by the old lady's chair: "that I will not take your money. It is your money. We are poor, as you say; but we can struggle on as we have done for twenty years; and poor John's money is yours, and not mine. It is not mine. I will not take it. It must have been some mistake. If he had known what he was doing he never would have left it to any one but you."

"So I think myself," said the old lady, musing; and then was silent, taking no notice of any one—looking into the air.

"Mamma," said Ellen, behind her chair, "I can work for you, and Matilda will help us. It cannot be. It may be kind of—her—but it cannot, cannot be. Are we to take charity; to live on charity? Mamma, she has no right to disturb you——"

"She is not disturbing me, my dear," said the old lady; "on the contrary. Whatever I might think of her, she used to be a girl of sense. And Matilda always carried things with a very high hand, and I never was fond of her husband. But I am very fond of my house," she added, after a pause; "it is such a nice house, Ellen. I think I should die if we were to leave it. I shall die very soon, most likely, and be a burden on nobody; but still, Ellen, if she meant it, you know——"

"Mamma, what does it matter what she means? you never can think of accepting charity. It will break my heart."

"That is all very well to say," said Mrs. Babington. "But I have lived a great deal longer than you have done, my dear, and I know that hearts are not broken so easily. It would break my heart to leave my nice house. Janet, come here, and look me in the face. I don't think you were true to us in the old times. Matilda did carry things with a very high hand. I told her so at the time, and I have often told her so since; but I don't think you were true to us, all the same."

"I did not know—I did not mean——" faltered Mrs. Merridew, leaning her head on the arm of the old lady's chair.

It was clear to me that the story had two sides, and that my friend was perhaps not so innocent as she had made herself out to be. But there was something very pitiful in the comparison between the passion of anxiety in her half-hidden face, and the calm of the old woman who was thus deciding on her fate.

"My dear, I am afraid you knew," said Mrs. Babington. "You accepted my poor boy, and then, when I spoke to you, you gave him up, and took Charles Merridew instead. If I had not interfered, perhaps it would have been better; though, to be sure, I don't know what we should have done with a heap of children. And as for poor John's money, you know you have no more real right to it, no more than that other lady, who never saw him in her life."

"She has the best possible right to it, mamma—he left it to her," said Ellen, anxiously, over her shoulder. "Oh, why did you come here

to vex us, when we were not interfering with you? I beg of you not to trouble my mother any more, but go away."

Then there was a moment of hesitation. Mrs. Merridew rose slowly from her knees. She turned round to me, not looking me in the face. She said, in a hoarse voice, "Let us go," and made a step towards the door. She was shaking as if she had had a fever; but she was glad. Was that possible? She had delivered her conscience—and now might not she go and keep the money which would make her children happy? But she could not look me in the face. She moved as slowly as a funeral. And yet she would have flown, if she could, to get safely away.

"Janet, my dear," said the old lady, "come back, and let us end our talk."

Mrs. Merridew stopped short, with a start, as if a shot had arrested her. This time she looked me full in the face. Her momentary hope was over, and now she felt for the first time the poignancy of the sacrifice which it had been her own will to make.

"Come back, Janet," said Mrs. Babington. "As you say, it is not your money. Nothing could make it your money. You were always right-feeling when you were not aggravated. I am much obliged to you, my dear. Come and sit down here, and tell me all about yourself. Now poor John is dead," she went on, falling suddenly into soft weeping, like a child, "we ought to be friends. To think he should die before me, and I should be heir to my own boy—isn't it sad? And such a fine young fellow as he was! You remember when he came back from the University? What a nice colour he had! And always so straight and slim, like a rush. All my children have a good carriage. You have lost your figure, Janet; and you used to have a nice little figure. When a girl is so round and plump, she is apt to get stout as she gets older. Look at Ellen, how nice she is. But then, to be sure, children make a difference. Sit down by me here, and tell me how many you have. And, Ellen, send word to the house-agent, and tell him we don't want now to let the house; and tell Parker to get luncheon ready a little earlier. You must want something, if you have come from the country. Where are you living now? and how is Charles Merridew? Dear, dear, to think I should not have seen either of you for nearly twenty years!"

"But, mamma, surely, surely," cried Ellen Babington, "you don't think things can be settled like this?"

"Don't speak nonsense, Ellen; everything is settled," said the old lady. "You know I always had the greatest confidence in Janet's good sense. Now, my dear, hold your tongue. A girl like you has no right to meddle. I always manage my own business. Go and look after luncheon—that is your affair."

I do not remember ever to have seen a more curious group in my life. There was the old lady in the centre, quite calm, and sweet, and pleasant. A tear was still lingering on her eyelash; but it represented nothing more than a child's transitory grief, and underneath there was nothing but

smiles, and satisfaction, and content. She looked so pretty, so pleased, so glad to find that her comforts were not to be impaired, and yet took it all so lightly, as a matter of course, as completely unconscious of the struggle going on in the mind of her benefactress as if she had been a creature from a different world. As for Mrs. Merridew, she stood speechless, choked by feelings that were too bitter and conflicting for words. I am sure that all the advantages this money could have procured for her children were surging up before her as she stood and listened. She held her hands helplessly half stretched out, as if something had been taken out of them. Her eyes were blank with thinking, seeing nothing that we saw, but a whole world of the invisible. Her breast heaved with a breath half drawn, which seemed suspended half way, as if dismay and disappointment hindered its completion. It was all over then—her sacrifice made and accepted, and no more about it; and herself sent back to the monotonous struggle of life. On the other side of the pretty old lady stood Ellen Babington, pale and miserable, struggling with shame and pride, casting sudden glances at Mrs. Merridew, and then appealing looks at me, who had nothing to do with it.

"Tell her, oh, tell her it can't be!" she cried at last, coming to me. "Tell her the lawyers will not permit it. It cannot be."

And Mrs. Merridew, too, gave me one pitiful look—not repenting, but yet— Then she went forward, and laid her hand upon the old lady's hand, which was like ivory, with all the veins delicately carved upon it.

"Say, God bless us, at least. Say, 'God bless you and your children,' once before I go."

"To be sure," said the old lady, cheerfully. "God bless you, my dear, and all the children. Matilda has no children, you know. I should like to see them, if you think it would not be too much for me. But you are not going, Janet, when it is the first time we have met for nearly twenty years?"

"I must go," said Mrs. Merridew.

She could not trust herself to speak, I could see. She put down her face and kissed the ivory hand, and then she turned and went past me to the door, without another word. I think she had forgotten my very existence. When she had reached the door she turned round suddenly, and fixed her eyes upon Ellen. She was going away, having given them back their living, without so much acknowledgment as if she had brought a nosegay. There was in her look a mute remonstrance and appeal and protest. Ellen Babington trembled all over; her lips quivered as if with words which pride or pain would not permit her to say; but she held, with both hands immovable, to the back of her mother's chair, who, for her part, was kissing her hand to the departing visitor. "Good-by; come and see us soon," the old lady was saying cheerfully. And Ellen gazed, and trembled, and said nothing. Thus this strangest of visits came to an end,

She had forgotten me, as I thought ; but when I came to her side and put my arm within her reach, she clutched at it and tottered so that it was all I could do to support her. I was very thankful to get her into the cab, for I thought she would have fainted on the way. But yet she roused herself when I told the man to drive back to the station.

"We must go to the lawyers first," she said ; and then we turned and drove through the busy London streets, towards the City. The clerks looked nearly baked in the office when we reached it, and the crowd crowded on, indiscriminate and monotonous. One feels one has no right to go to such a place and take any of the air away, of which they have so little. And to think of the sweet air blowing over our lawns and lanes, and all the unoccupied silent shady places we had left behind us ! Such vain thoughts were not in Mrs. Merridew's head. She was turning over and over instead a very different kind of vision. She was counting up all she had sacrificed, and how little she had got by it ; and yet was going to complete the sacrifice, unmoved even by her thoughts.

I confess I was surprised at the tone she took with the lawyer. She said "Mr. Merridew and myself" with a composure which made me, who knew Mr. Merridew had no hand in it, absolutely speechless. The lawyer remonstrated as he was in duty bound, and spoke about his client's will ; but Mrs. Merridew made very little account of the will. She quoted her husband with a confidence so assured that even I, though I knew better, began to be persuaded that she had communicated with him. And thus the business was finally settled. She had recovered herself by the time we got into the cab again. It is true that her face was worn and livid with the exertions of the day, but still, pale and weary as she was, she was herself.

"But, my dear," I said, "you quoted Mr. Merridew, as if he knew all about it ; and what if he should not approve ?"

"You must not think I have no confidence in my husband," she said, quickly ; "far from that. Perhaps he would not see as I do now. He would think of our own wants first. But if it comes to his ears afterwards, Charles is not the man to disown his wife's actions. Oh, no, no ; we have gone through a great deal together, and he would no more bring shame upon me, as if I acted when I had no right to act,—than—I would bring shame upon him ; and I think that is as much as could be said."

And then we made our way back to the station ; but she said nothing more till we got into the railway-carriage, which was not quite so noisy as our cab.

"It would have been such a thing for us," she said then, half to herself. "Poor Charles ! Oh, if I could but have said to him, 'Don't be so anxious ; here is so much a year for the children.' And Jack should have gone to the university. And there would have been Will's premium at once," (*i.e.* to Mr. Willoughby, the engineer.) "The only thing that I am glad of is that they don't know. And then Janet ; she breaks my heart when she talks. It is so bad for her, knowing the Fortises and all

those girls who have everything that heart can desire. I never had that to worry me when I was young. I was only the governess. Janet's talk will be the worst of all. I could have made the house so nice too, and everything. Well!—but then I never should have had a moment's peace."

"You don't regret?" I said.

"No," said Mrs. Merridew, with a long sigh. And then, "Do you think I have been a traitor to the children?" she cried suddenly, "taking away their money from them in the dark? Would Charles think me a traitor, as *they* do? Is it always to be my part?—always to be my part?"

"No, no," I said, soothing her as best I could; but I was very glad to find my pony-carriage at the station, and to drive her home to my house and give her some tea, and strengthen her for her duties. Thus poor John Babington's fortune was disposed of, and no one was the wiser, except, indeed, the old lady and her daughter, who were not likely to talk much on the subject. And Mrs. Merridew walked calmly across to her house in the dusk as if this strange episode of agitation and passion had been nothing more solid than a dream.

CHAPTER III.

We did not meet again for some days after this, and next time I saw her, which was on Sunday at church with her children, it seemed impossible to me to believe in the reality of the strange scene we had so recently passed through together. The calm curtain of ordinary decorums and ordinary friendliness had risen for a moment from Mrs. Merridew's unexcited existence, revealing a woman distracted by a primitive sense of justice, rending her own soul, as it were, in sunder, and doing, in spite of herself and all her best instincts, what she felt was right. That she should have any existence separate from her children had never occurred to anybody before. Yet, for one day, I had seen her resist and ignore the claims of her children, and act like an individual being. When I saw her again she was once more the mother and nothing more, casting her eyes over her little flock, cognizant, one could see, of the perfection or imperfection of every fold and line in their dresses, keeping her attention upon each, from little Matty, who was restless and could not be kept quiet, up to Janet who sat demure, and already caught the eye of visitors as one of the prettiest girls of Dinglefield. Mrs. Merridew remarked all with a vigilant mother's eye, and as I gazed across at her in her pew, it was all but impossible for me to believe that this was the same woman who had clung so convulsively to my arm, whose face had been so worn and hollowed out with suffering. How could it be the same woman? She who had suffered poor John Babington to love her—and then had cast him off, and married her friend's lover instead; who had established so firm an empire over a man's heart, that, after

twenty years, he had remembered her still with such intensity of feeling. How Janet would have opened her big eyes had it been suggested to her that her mother could have any power over men's hearts; or, indeed, could be occupied with anything more touching or important than her children's frocks or her butcher's bills! I fear I did not pay much attention to the service that morning. I could not but gaze at them, and wonder whether, for instance, Mr. Merridew himself, who had come back from circuit, and was seated respectably with his family in church, yawning discreetly over Mr. Damerel's sermon, remembered anything at all, for his part, of Matilda Babington or her brother. Probably he preferred to ignore the subject altogether—or, perhaps, would laugh with a sense of gratified vanity that there had been "a row," when the transference of his affections was discovered. And there she sat by his side, who had—had she betrayed his confidence? was she untrue to him in being this time true to her friends? The question bewildered me so that my mind went groping about it and about it. Once, I fear, she had been false to those whose bread she eat, and chosen love instead of friendship. Now was she false to the nearest of ties, the closest of all relationships, sitting calmly there beside him with a secret in her mind of which he knew nothing? "Falsely true!"—was that what the woman was who looked to the outside world a mere pattern of all domestic virtues, without any special interest about her, a wife devoted to her husband's interest, a mother rapt up, as people say, in her children? I could not make up my mind what to think.

"I hope you got through your business comfortably," Mrs. Spencer said to me as we walked home from church.

"With Mrs. Merridew's assistance," said Lady Isabella, who was rather satirical. And the Merridews heard their own name, and stopped to join in the conversation.

"What is that about my wife?" he said. "Did Mrs. Musgrave have Mrs. Merridew's assistance about something? I hope it was only shopping. When you have business you should consult me. She is a goose, and knows nothing about it."

"I don't think she is a goose," said I.

"No, perhaps not in her own way," said the serene husband, laughing; "but every woman is a goose about business—I beg your pardon, ladies, but I assure you I mean it as a compliment. I hate a woman of business. Shopping is quite a different matter," he added, and laughed. Good heavens! if he had only known what a fool he looked, beside the silent woman, who gave me a little warning glance and coloured a little, and turned away her head to speak to little Matty, who was clinging to her skirts. A perfect mother! thinking more (you would have said) of Matty's little frills and Janet's bonnet-strings than of anything else in life.

And that was all about it. The summer went on and turned to autumn and to winter and to spring again, with that serene progression of nature which nothing obstructs; and the children grew, and the

Merridews were as poor as ever, managing *à peu près* to make both ends meet, but always just a little short somewhere, with their servants chosen on the same principle of supplementing each other's imperfect service as that Janet had announced to me. For one thing, they kept their servants a long time, which I have noticed is characteristic of households not very rich nor very "particular." When you allow such pleas to tell in favour of an imperfect housemaid as that she is good to the children, or does not mind helping the cook, there is no reason why Mary, if she does not marry in the meantime, should not stay with you a hundred years. And the Merridews' servants accordingly stayed, and looked very friendly at you when you went to call, and did their work not very well, with much supervision and exasperation (respectively) on the part of the mother and daughter. But the family was no poorer, though it was no richer. The only evidence of our expedition to town which I could note was, that it had produced a new pucker on Mrs. Merridew's brow. She had looked sufficiently anxious by times before, but the new pucker had something more than anxiety in it. There was a sense of something better that might have been; a sense of something lost,—a suspicion of bitterness. How all this could be expressed by one line on a smooth white forehead I cannot explain; but to me it was so.

Now and then, too, a chance allusion would be made which recalled what had happened still more plainly. For instance, I chanced to be calling one afternoon, when Mr. Merridew came home earlier than usual from town. We were sitting over our five-o'clock tea, with a few of the children scrambling about the floor and Janet working in the corner. He took up the ordinary position of a man who has just come home, with his back to the fire, and regarded us with that benevolent contempt which men generally think it right to exhibit for women over their tea; and everything was so ordinary and pleasant, that I for one was taken entirely by surprise, and nearly let fall the cup in my hand when he spoke.

"I don't know whether you saw John Babington's death in *The Times* three or four months ago, Janet," he said, "did you? Why did you never mention it? It is odd that I should not have heard. I met Ellen to-day coming out of the Amyotts', where I lunched, in such prodigious mourning that I was quite startled. All the world might have been dead to look at her. And do you know she gave me a look as if she would have spoken. All that is so long past that it's ridiculous keeping up malice. I wish you would call next time you are in town to ask for the old lady. Poor John's death must have been a sad loss to them. I hear there was some fear that he had left his property away from his mother and sister. But it turned out a false report."

I did not dare to look at Mrs. Merridew to see how she bore it; but her voice replied quite calmly without any break, as if the conversation was on the most ordinary subject,—

"Where did you manage to get so much news?"

"Oh, from the Amyotts," he said, "who knew all about it."

Matilda, you know, poor girl," (with that half laugh of odious masculine vanity which I knew in my heart he would be guilty of,) "married a cousin of Amyott's, and is getting on very well, they say. But think over my suggestion, Janet. I think at this distance of time it would be graceful on your part to go and call."

"I cannot think they would like to see me, now," she said in a low voice. Then I ventured to look at her. She was seated in an angular, rigid way, with her shoulders and elbows squared to her work, and the corners of her mouth pursed up, which would have given to any cursory observer the same impression it did to her husband.

"How hard you women are!" he said. "Trust you for never forgiving or forgetting. Poor old lady, I should have thought anybody would have pitied her. But, however, it is none of my business. As for Ellen, she is a very handsome woman, though she is not so young as she once was. I should not wonder if she were to make a good marriage even now. Is it possible, Janet, after being so fond of her—or pretending to be, how can I tell?—that you would not like to say a kind word to Ellen now?"

"She would not think it kind from me," said Mrs. Merridew, still rigid, never raising her eyes from her work.

"I think she would, but at all events you might try," he said. All her answer was to shake her head, and he went away to his dressing-room shrugging his shoulders and nodding his head in bewildered comments to himself on what he considered the hard-heartedness of woman. As for me, I kept looking at her with sympathetic eyes, thinking that at least she would give herself the comfort of a confidential glance. But she did not. It seemed that she was determined to ignore the whole matter, even to me.

"I wish papa would take as much interest in us poor girls at home as he does in people that don't belong to him," said Janet. "Mamma, I never can piece this to make it long enough. It may do for Marian" (who was her next sister), "but it will never do for me."

"You are so easily discouraged," said Mrs. Merridew. "Let me look at it. You girls are always making difficulties. Under the flounce, your piecing, as you call it, will never be seen. Those flounces," she added, with a little laugh, which I knew was hysterical, "are blessings to poor folks."

"I am sure I don't think there is anything to laugh at," said poor Janet, almost crying: "when you think of Nelly Fortis and all the other girls, with their nice dresses all new and fresh from the dressmaker's, and no trouble; while I have only mamma's old gown, that she wore when she was twenty, to turn, and patch, and piece,—and not long enough after all!"

"Then you should not grow so," said her mother, "and you ought to be thankful that the old fashion has come in again, and my old gown can be of use." But as she spoke she turned round and gave me a look. The tears were in her eyes, and that pucker, oh, so deeply marked, in her

forehead. I felt she would have sobbed had she dared. And then before my eyes, as, I am sure, before hers, there glided a vision of Ellen Babington in her profound mourning, rustling past Mr. Merridew on the stairs, with heaps of costly crape, no doubt, and that rich black silk with which people console themselves in their first mourning. How could they take it all without a word? The after-pang that comes almost inevitably at the back of a sacrifice, was tearing Mrs. Merridew's heart. I felt it go through my own, and so I knew. She had done it nobly, but she could not forget that she had done it. Does one ever forget?

And then as I went home I fell into a maze again. Had she a right to do it? To sit at table with that unsuspecting man, and put her arm in his, and be at his side continually, and all the time be false to him. Falsely true! I could not get the words out of my mind.

CHAPTER IV.

I do not now remember how long it was till I saw in *The Times* the intimation of old Mrs. Babington's death. I think it must have been about two years: for Janet was eighteen, and less discontented with things in general, besides being a great deal more contented than either her friends or his desired, with the civilities of young Bischam from the Priory, who was always coming over to see his aunt, and always throwing himself in the girl's way. He had nothing except his commission and a hundred and fifty a year which his father allowed him, and she had nothing at all; and, naturally, they took to each other. It is this that makes me recollect what year it was. We had never referred to the matter in our frequent talks, Mrs. Merridew and I. But after the intimation in *The Times*, she herself broke the silence. She came to me the very next day. "Did you see it in the papers?" she asked, plunging without preface into the heart of the subject, and I could not pretend not to understand.

"Yes," I said, "I saw it;" and then stopped short, not knowing what to say.

She had been wearing herself in these two years, as all the previous years in which I had known her had not worn her. The pucker was more developed on her forehead; she was less patient and more easily fretted. She had grown thin, and something of a sharp tone had come into her soft motherly voice. By times she would be almost querulous; and nobody but myself knew in the least whence the drop of gall came that had so suddenly shown itself in her nature. She had fretted under her secret, and over her sacrifice,—the sacrifice which had never been taken any notice of, but had been calmly accepted as a right. Now she came to me half wild, with the look of a creature driven to bay.

"It was for her I did it," she said; "she had always been so petted and cared for all her life. She did not know how to deny herself; I did it for her, not for Ellen. Oh, Mrs. Musgrave, I cannot tell you how fond I

was of that girl! And you saw how she looked at me. Never one word, never even a glance of response : and I suppose now——”

“My dear,” I said; “you cannot tell yet; let us wait and see; now that her mother is gone her heart may be softened. Do not take any steps just yet.”

“Steps!” she cried. “What steps can I take now? I have thrown altogether away from me what might have been of such use to the children. I have been false to my own children. Poor John meant it to be of use to us——”

And then she turned away, wrought to such a point that nothing but tears could relieve her. When she had cried she was better: and went home to all her little monotonous cares again, to think and think, and mingle that drop of gall more and more in the family cup. Mr. Merridew was again absent on circuit at this time, which was at once a relief and a trouble to his wife. And everybody remarked the change upon her.

“She is going to have a bad illness,” Mrs. Spencer said. “Poor thing, I don’t wonder, with all those children, and inferior servants, and so much to do. I have seen it coming on for a long time. A serious illness is a dangerous thing at her age. All her strength has been drained out of her; and whether she will be able to resist——”

“Don’t be so funereal,” said Lady Isabella; “she has something on her mind.”

“I think it is her health,” said Mrs. Spencer; and we all shook our heads over her altered looks.

I had a further fright, too, some days after, when Janet came to me, looking very pale. She crept in with an air of secrecy which was very strange to the girl. She looked scared, and her hair was pushed up wildly from her forehead, and her light summer dress all dusty and dragging, which was unlike Janet, for she had begun by this time to be tidy, and feel herself a woman. She came in by the window as usual, but closed it after her, though it was very hot. “May I come and speak to you?” she said in a whisper, creeping quite close to my side.

“Of course, my dear; but why do you shut the window?” said I; “we shall be suffocated if you shut out the air.”

“It is because it is a secret,” she said. “Mrs. Musgrave, tell me, is there anything wrong with mamma?”

“Wrong?” I said, turning upon her in dismay,

“I can’t help it,” cried Janet, bursting into tears. “I don’t believe mamma ever did anything wrong. I can’t believe it: but there has been a woman questioning me so, I don’t know what to think.”

“A woman questioning you?”

“Listen,” said Janet, hastily. “This is how it was: I was walking down to the Dingle across the fields—oh! Mrs. Musgrave dear, don’t say anything; it was only poor Willie Bischam, who wanted to say good-by to me—and all at once I saw a tall lady in mourning looking at us as we

passed. She came up to us just at the stile at Goodman's farm, and I thought she wanted to ask the way; but instead of that, she stopped me and looked at me. 'I heard you called Janet,' she said; 'I had once a friend who was called Janet, and it is not a common name. Do you live here? is your mother living? and well? and how many children are there? I should like to know if you belong to my old friend.'

"And what did you say?"

"What could I say, Mrs. Musgrave? She did not look cross or disagreeable, and she was a lady. I said who I was, and that mamma was not quite well, and that there were ten of us; and then she began to question me about mamma. Did she go out a great deal; and was she tall or short; and had she pretty eyes 'like mine,' she said; and was her name Janet like mine; and then, when I had answered her as well as I could, she said, 'I was not to say a word to mamma; perhaps it is not the Janet I once knew,' she said; 'don't say anything to her;' and then she went away. I was so frightened, I ran home directly all the way. I knew I might tell you, Mrs. Musgrave; it is like something in a book, is it not, when people are trying to find out—oh, you don't think I can have done any harm to mamma?"

Janet was so much agitated that it was all I could do to quiet her down. "And I never said good-by to poor Willie, after all," she said, with more tears when she had rallied a little. I thought it better she should not tell her mother, though one is very reluctant to say so to a girl; for Willie Bischam was a secret too. But he was going away, poor fellow, and probably nothing would ever come of it. I made a little compromise with my own sense of right.

"Forget it, Janet, and say nothing about it; perhaps it was some one else after all; and if you will promise not to meet Mr. Bischam again——"

"He goes to-night," said Janet, with a rueful look; and thus it was evident that on that point there was nothing more to be said.

This was in the middle of the week, and on Saturday Mr. Merridew was expected home. His wife was ill, though she never had been ill before in her life; she had headaches, which were things unknown to her; she was out of temper, and irritable, and wretched. I think she had made certain that Ellen would write, and make some proposal to her; and as the days went on one by one, and no letter came—— Besides it was just the moment when they had decided against sending Jack to Oxford. To pay Willie's premium and do that at the same time was impossible. Mrs. Merridew had struggled long, but at last she was obliged to give in; and Jack was going to his father's office with a heavy heart, poor boy; and his mother was half wild. All might have been so different; and she had sacrificed her boys' interests, and her girls' interests, and her own happiness, all for the selfish comfort of Ellen Babington, who took no notice of her. I began to think she would have a brain-fever if this went on.

She was not at church on Sunday morning, and I went with the

children, as soon as service was over, to ask for her. She was lying on the sofa when I went in, and Mr. Merridew, who had arrived late on Saturday, was in his dressing-gown, walking about the room. He was tired and irritable with his journey, and his work, and perennial cares. And she, with her sacrifice, and her secret, and perennial cares, was like tinder, ready in a moment to catch fire. I know nothing more disagreeable than to go in upon married people when they are in this state of mind, which can neither be ignored, nor concealed.

"I don't understand you, Janet," he was saying, as I entered; "women are vindictive, I know; but at least you may be sorry, as I am, that the poor old lady has died without a word of kindness passing between us: after all, we might be to blame. One changes one's opinions as one gets on in life. With our own children growing up round us, I don't feel quite so sure that we were not to blame."

"I have not been to blame," she said, with an emphasis which sounded sullen, and which only I could understand.

"Oh no, of course; you never are," he said, with masculine disdain. "Catch a woman acknowledging herself to be in fault! The sun may go wrong in his course sooner than she. Mrs. Musgrave, pray don't go away; you have seen my wife in an unreasonable mood before."

"I am in no unreasonable mood," she cried. "Mrs. Musgrave, stay. You know—oh, how am I to go on bearing this, and never answer a word?"

"My dear, don't deceive yourself," he said, with a man's provoking calm; "you answer a great many words. I don't call you at all a meek sufferer. Fortunately the children are out of the way. Confound it, Janet, what do you mean by talking of what you have to bear? I have not been such a harsh husband to you as all that; and when all I asked was that you should make the most innocent advances to a poor old woman who was once very kind to us both——"

"Charles!" said Mrs. Merridew, rising suddenly from her sofa, "I can't bear it any longer. You think me hard, and vindictive, and I don't know what. You, who ought to know me. Look here! I got that letter, you will see by the date, more than two years ago; you were absent, and I went and saw her: there—there! now I have confessed it; Mrs. Musgrave knows—— I have had a secret from you for two years."

It was not a moment for me to interfere. She sat, holding herself hysterically rigid, and upright on the sofa. Whether she had intended to betray herself or not, I cannot tell. She had taken the letter out of her writing-desk, which stood close by; but I don't know whether she had resolved on this step, or whether it was the impulse of the moment. Now that she had done it a dreadful calm of expectation took possession of her. She was afraid. He might turn upon her furious. He might upbraid her with despoiling her family, deceiving himself, being false, as she had been before. Such a thing was possible. Two souls may live side by side for years, and be as one, and yet have no notion how each will act in any sudden or unusual emergency. He was her husband, and they had no

interest, scarcely any thought, that one did not share with the other ; and yet she sat gazing at him rigid with terror, not knowing what he might do or say.

He read the letter without a word ; then he tossed it upon the table ; then he walked all the length of the room, up and down, with his hands thrust very deeply into his pockets ; then he took up the letter again. He had a struggle with himself. If he was angry, if he was touched, I cannot tell. His first emotions, whatever they were, he gulped down without a word. Of all sounds to strike into the silence of such a moment, the first thing we heard in our intense listening was the abrupt ring of a short excited laugh.

"How did you venture to take any steps in it without consulting me ?" he said.

"I thought—I thought——" she stammered under her breath.

"You thought I might have been tempted by the money," he said, taking another walk through the room, while she sat erect in her terror, afraid of him. It was some time before he spoke again. No doubt he was vexed by her want of trust, and wounded by the long silence. But I have no clue to the thoughts that were passing through his mind. At last he came to a sudden pause before her. "And perhaps you were right, Janet," he said, drawing a long breath. "I am glad now to have been free of the temptation. It was wrong not to tell me—and yet I think you did well."

Mrs. Merridew gave a little choked cry, and then she fell back on the sofa,—fell into my arms. I had felt she might do it, so strange was her look, and had placed myself there on purpose. But she had not fainted, as I expected. She lay silent for a moment, with her eyes closed, and then she burst into tears.

I had no right to be there ; but they both detained me, both the husband and wife, and I could not get away until she had recovered herself, and it was evident that what had been a tragical barrier between them was now become a matter of business, to be discussed as affecting them both.

"It was quite right the old lady should have it," Mr. Merridew said, as he went with me to the door, "quite right. Janet did only what was right ; but now I must take it into my own hands."

"And annul what she has done ?" I asked.

"We must consult over that," he said. "Ellen Babington, who has been so ungrateful to my wife, is quite a different person from her mother. But I will do nothing against Mrs. Merridew's will."

And so I left them to consult over their own affairs. I had been thrust into it against my own will ; but still it was entirely their affair, and no business of mine.

Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella called to me from their lawn as I went out to ask how Mrs. Merridew was, and shook their heads over her.

"She should have the doctor," said Mrs. Spencer.

"But the doctor would not pay her bills for her," said Lady Isabella.

And I had to answer meekly, as if I knew nothing about it, "I don't think it is her bills."

This conversation detained me some time from my own house; and when I reached my cottage, my maid stood by the gate, looking out for me, shading her eyes with her hands. It was to tell me there was a lady waiting for me in the drawing-room: "A tall lady in mourning." And in a moment my heart smote me for some hard thoughts, and I knew who my visitor was.

I found her seated by my table, very pale, but quite self-possessed. She rose when I went in, and began to explain.

"You don't know me," she said. "I have no right to come to you; but once you came to—us—with Mrs. Merridew. Perhaps you remember me now? I am Ellen Babington. I want to speak to you about—my brother's will. You may have heard that I have just lost——"

"Yes," I said. "I am very sorry. If there is anything I can do——"

"You can do all that I want from any one," she said. "Janet will never believe that I wanted to keep the money—now. I have seen all her children to-day at church; and I think, if she had been there, I should perhaps have been able—but never mind. Tell her I should like—if she would give her daughter Janet something out of the money—from me. She is a little like what her mother was. I am sure you are kind to them. I don't even know your name——"

"Mrs. Musgrave," I said; and she gave a little bow. She was very composed, very well-bred, terribly sad; with the look of a woman who had no more to do in the world, and who yet was, heaven help her! in the middle of her life, full of vigour, and capability, and strength.

"Will you tell Janet, please, that it is all settled?" she said. "I mean, not the girl Janet, but her mother. Tell her I have settled everything. I believe she will hear from the lawyers to-morrow; but I could not let it come only from the lawyers. I cannot forgive her, even now. She thinks it is Matilda she has wronged; but it is me she has wronged, taking my brother from me, my only brother, after all these years. But never mind. I kissed the little child instead to-day—the quite little one, with the gold hair. I suppose she is the youngest. Tell her I came on purpose to see them before I went away."

"But why send this message through me?" I said; "come and see *her*. I will take you; it is close by. And the sight of you will do her more good—more good than the money. Come, and let her explain."

I thought she hesitated for a moment, but her only answer was a shake of her head.

"What could she explain?" she cried, with strange impetuosity. "He and I had been together all our lives, and yet all the while he cared nothing for his sister and everything for her. Do you think I can ever forgive her? but I never forgot her. I don't think I ever loved any one so well in my life."

"Oh, come and tell her so," said I.

Again she shook her head. "I loved her as well as I loved him; and yet I hate her," she said. "But tell her I spoke to her Janet, and I kissed her baby; and that I have arranged everything with the lawyers about poor John's will. I am sure you are a good woman. Will you shake hands with me for the children's sake before I go?"

Her voice went to my heart. I had only seen her once in my life before, but I could not help it. I went up to her and took her two hands, and kissed her; and then she, the stranger, broke down, and put her head on my shoulder and wept. It was only for a moment, but it bound us as if for our lives.

"Where are you going?" I asked, when she went away.

"I am going abroad with some friends," she said hurriedly.

"But you will come to us, my dear, when you come back?"

"Most likely I shall never come back," she said hastily; and then went away alone out of my door, alone across the green, with her veil over her face, and her black dress repulsing the sunshine. One's sympathies move and change about like the winds. I had been so sorry for Mrs. Merridew an hour ago; but it was not her I was most sorry for now.

And this was how it all ended. I was always glad that Mrs. Merridew had told her husband before the letter came next morning. And they got the money; and John went to the university, and Janet had new dresses and new pleasures, and a ring, of which she was intensely proud, according to Ellen's desire. I daresay Ellen's intention was that something much more important should have been given to the child in her name; but then Ellen Babington, being an unmarried woman, did not know how much a large family costs, nor what urgent occasion there is for every farthing, even with an addition so great as five hundred a year.

I am afraid it did not make Mrs. Merridew much happier just at first. She wrote letters wildly, far and near, to everybody who could be supposed to know anything about Ellen; and wanted to have her to live with them, and to share the money with her, and I don't know how many other wild fancies. But all that could be found out was that Ellen had gone abroad. And by degrees the signs of this strange tempest began to disappear—smoothed out and filled up as Nature smooths all traces of combat. The scars heal, new verdure covers the sudden precipice—the old gets assimilated with the new. By degrees an air of superior comfort stole over the house, which was very consolatory. Selina, the housemaid, married, and Richards retired to the inevitable greengrocery. And with a new man and new maids, and so much less difficulty about the bills, it is astonishing how the puckers died away from Mrs. Merridew's forehead—first one line went, and then another, and she grew younger in spite of herself. And with everything thus conspiring in her favour, and habit calmly settling to confirm all, is it wonderful if by-and-by she forgot that any wonderful accident had ever happened, and that all had not come in the most natural way, and with the most pleasant consequences in the world?

The other day I saw in a chance copy of *Galignani*, which came to me in a parcel from Paris, the marriage of Ellen Babington to a Frenchman there; but that is all we have ever heard of her. Whether it is a good marriage or a bad one I don't know; but I hope, at least, it is better for her than being all alone, as she was when she left my house that day in June, having made her sacrifice in her turn. If things had but taken their natural course, how much unnecessary suffering would have been spared: Mrs. Merridew is, perhaps, happier now than she would have been without that five hundred a year—but of course they spend more; and I don't know that they are to call richer on the whole; but for two years she was wretched, sacrificing and grudging the sacrifice, and making herself very unhappy. And though I don't believe Ellen Babington cared for the money, her heart will never be healed of that pang of bitterness which her brother's desertion gave her. His companion for twenty years! and to think his best thoughts should have been given all that time to a woman who had only slighted him, and refused his love. Mrs. Merridew does not see the sting of this herself—she thinks it natural. And so I daresay would half the world beside.

Forsaken.

Would God that I were dead and no more known,
Forgotten underneath the deep cold main,
Freed from the thrill of joy and sting of pain;
There I should be with silence all alone,
To weep no more for any sweet day flown!
I should not see the shining summer wane,
Nor feel the blasting winter come again,
Nor hear the autumn winds grow strong and moan;
But time, like sea-mist screening the far deep,
Should make each hated and lov'd object dim,
And I should gaze on both with hazy sight.
God granting this, I should no longer weep,
But wearied, rest beneath the clear green light,
And surely lose in sleep all thoughts of him!

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Another Japanese Sermon.*

[Translated by ALGERNON BERTRAM MITFORD, Secretary to H.M.'s Legation in Japan.]

MÔSHI has said, "There is the third finger. If a man's third or nameless finger be bent so that he cannot straighten it, although his bent finger may cause him no pain, still if he hears of some one who can cure it he will think nothing of undertaking a long journey from *Shin* to *So*† to consult him upon this deformed finger; for he knows it to be hateful to have a finger unlike those of other men: but he cares not a jot if his heart be different to that of other men; and this is how men disregard the true order of things."

Now this is the next chapter to the one about Benevolence being the true heart of man, which I expounded to you the other night. True learning has no other aim than that of reclaiming lost souls, and in connection with this Môshi has thus again declared in a parable the all-importance of the human heart.

The nameless finger is that which is next to the little finger. The thumb is called the parent finger, the first finger is called the index, the long finger is called the middle finger, but the third finger has no name. It is true that it is sometimes called the finger for applying rouge, but that is only a name given it by ladies and not in general use. So having no name it is called the nameless finger. And how comes it to have no name? Why because it is of all the fingers the least useful. When we catch at or grasp things we do so by the strength of the thumb and little finger; if a man scratches his head he does it with the forefinger; if he wishes to test the heat of the wine‡ in the kettle he uses the little finger: thus, although each finger has its uses and duties, the nameless finger alone is of no use; it is not in our way if we have it, and we do not miss it if we lose it; of the whole body it is the meanest member. If it be crooked so that we cannot straighten it, it neither hurts nor itches; as Môshi says in the text, it causes no pain: even if we were without we should be none the worse off. Hence, what though it should be bent? it would be better, since it causes no pain, to leave it as it is. Yet if a person having such a crooked finger hears of a clever doctor who can set it straight, no matter at how great a distance he may be, he will be off to consult this doctor. And pray why? Because he feels ashamed of having a finger a little different from the rest of the world, and so he wants to be cured, and will think nothing of travelling from *Shin* to *So*, a great distance of a thousand miles, for the purpose. To be sure men are very susceptible and keenly alive to a sense of shame, and in this

* The Sermons of Kiu Ô, vol. i.

† Ancient divisions of China.

‡ Wine is almost always drunk hot.

they are quite right. The feeling of shame at what is wrong is the commencement of virtue. The perception of shame is inborn in men; but there are two ways of perceiving shame. There are some men who are sensible of shame for what regards their bodies, but who are ignorant of shame for what concerns their hearts, and a terrible mistake they make. There is nothing which can be compared in importance to the heart. The heart is said to be the lord of the body, which it rules as a master rules his house. Shall the lord, who is the heart, be ailing and his sickness be neglected, while the servants, who are the members, only be cared for? If the knee be lacerated apply tinder to stop the bleeding; if the moxa should suppurate spread a plaster; if a cold be caught prepare medicine and garlic and gruel and ginger-wine. For a trifle you will doctor and care for your bodies, and yet for your hearts you will take no care. Although you are born of mankind, if your hearts resemble those of devils, of foxes, of snakes, or of crows, rather than the hearts of men, you take no heed, caring for your bodies alone. Whence can you have fallen into such a mistake? It is a folly of old standing, too, for it was to that that Mōshi pointed when he said that to be cognizant of a deformed finger, and ignore the deformities of the soul, was to disregard the true order of things. This is what it is, not to distinguish between that which is important and that which is unimportant, to pick up a trifle and pass by something of value. The instinct of man prompts him to prefer the great to the small, the important to the unimportant.

If a man is invited out to a feast by his relations or acquaintances, when the guests are assembled, and the principal part of the feast has disappeared, he looks all round him, with the eyeballs starting out of his head, and glares at his neighbours, and comparing the little titbits of roast fowl or fish put before them, sees that they are about half an inch bigger than those set before him; then, blowing out his belly with rage, he thinks, "What on earth can the host be about? Mr. Sarubē is a guest, but so am I: what does the fellow mean by helping me so meanly? There must be some malice or ill-will here." And so his mind is prejudiced against the host. Just be so good as to reflect upon this. Does a man show his spite by grudging a bit of roast fowl or meat? And yet in such trifles as these do men show how they try to obtain what is great, and show their dislike of what is small. How can men be conscious of shame for a deformed finger, and count it as no misfortune that their hearts are crooked? That is how they abandon the substance for the shadow.

Mōshi severely censures the disregard of the true order of things. What mistaken and bewildered creatures men are. What says the old song? "Hidden far among the mountains, the tree which seems to be rotten, if its core be yet alive, may be made to bear flowers." What signifies it if the hand or the foot be deformed? The heart is the important thing. If the heart be away, what though your skin be fair, your nose aquiline, your hair beautiful? all these strike the eye alone, and are utterly useless. It is as if you were to put horse-dung into a gold lacquer luncheon-box. This is what is called a fair outside, deceptive in appearance.

There's the scullery-maid been washing out the pots, and the scullion, Chokichi, comes up and says to her, "You've got a lot of charcoal smut sticking to your nose," and points out to her the ugly spot. The scullery-maid is delighted to be told of this, and answers, "Really, whereabouts is it?" Then she twists a towel round her finger, and bending her head until mouth and forehead are almost on a level, she squints at her nose and twiddles away with her fingers, as if she were the famous Gotô at work carving the ornaments of a sword-handle. "I say, Master Chokichi, is it off yet?" "Not a bit of it; you've smeared it all over your cheeks now!" "Oh, dear! oh, dear! where can it be?" and so she uses the water-basin as a looking-glass, and washes her face clean. Then she says to herself, "What a dear boy Chokichi is!" and thinks it necessary, out of gratitude, to give him relishes with his supper by the ladleful, and thanks him over and over again. But if this same Chokichi were to come up to her and say, "Now, really, how lazy you are. I wish you could manage to be rather less of a shrew;" what do you think the scullery-maid would answer then? Reflect for a moment. "Drat the boy's impudence! If I were of a bad heart or a crooked disposition, should I be here helping him? You go and be hung! You see if I take the trouble to wash your dirty bedclothes for you any more!" And she gets to be a perfect devil, less only the horns. There are other people besides the poor scullery-maid who are in the same way. "Excuse me, Mr. Gundabei, but the embroidered crest on your dress of ceremony seems to be a little on one side." Mr. Gundabei proceeds to adjust his dress with great precision. "Thank you, sir, I am ten million times obliged to you for your care. If ever there should be any matter in which I can be of service to you, I beg that you will do me the favour of letting me know," and with a beaming face he expresses his gratitude. Now for the other side of the picture. "Really, Mr. Gundabei, you are very foolish; you don't seem to understand at all. I beg you to be of a frank and honest heart. It really makes one quite sad to see a man's heart warped in this way." What is his answer? He turns his sword in his girdle ready to draw, and plays the devil's tattoo upon the hilt; it looks as if it must end in a fight soon.

In fact, if you help a man in anything which has to do with a fault of the body, he takes it very kindly and sets about mending matters. If any one helps another to rectify a fault of the heart, he has to deal with a man in the dark, who flies in a rage and does not care to amend. How out of tune all this is! And yet there are men who are bewildered up to this point. Nor is this a special and extraordinary failing. This mistaken perception of the great and the small, of colour and of substance, is common to us all, to you and to me.

Please give me your attention. The form strikes the eye, but the heart strikes not the eye: therefore that the heart should be distorted and turned away causes no pain. This all results from the want of sound judgment, and that is why we cannot afford to be careless.

The master of a certain house calls his servant, Chokichi, who sits

dozing in the kitchen : " Here, Chokichi ! the guests are all gone, come and clear away the wine and fish in the back-room." Chokichi rubs his eyes, and with a sulky answer goes into the back-room, and looking about him, sees all the nice things paraded on the trays and in the bowls. It's wonderful how his drowsiness passes away ; no need for any one to hurry him now ; his eyes glare with greed as he says : " Hullo ! here's a lot of tempting things. There's only just one help of that omelette left in the tray,—what a hungry lot of guests ! What's this ? It looks like fish rissoles ; " and with this he picks out one and crams his mouth full, when on one side a mess of young cuttlefish in a Chinese porcelain bowl catches his eye.* There the little beauties sit in a circle like Buddhist priests in religious meditation. " Oh dear, how nice ! " and just as he is dipping his finger and thumb in, he hears his master's footstep, and knowing that he is doing wrong, he crams his prize into the pocket of his sleeve, and stoops down to take away the wine-kettle and cups, and as he does this, out tumble the cuttlefish from his sleeve. The master sees it. " What's that ? " Chokichi, pretending not to know what has happened, beats the mats and keeps on saying, " Come again the day before yesterday ! come again the day before yesterday ! " † But it's no use his trying to persuade his master that the little cuttlefish are spiders, for they are not the least like them. It's no use hiding things ; they are sure to come to light : and so it is with the heart, its purposes will out. If the heart is enraged the dark veins stand out on the forehead ; if the heart is grieved tears rise to the eyes ; if the heart is joyous dimples appear in the cheeks ; if the heart is merry the face smiles : thus it is that the face reflects the emotions of the heart. It is not because the eyes are filled with tears that the heart is sad ; nor because the veins stand out on the forehead that the heart is enraged. It is the heart which leads the way in everything. All the important sensations of the heart are apparent in the outward appearance. In the great learning of Kôshi ‡ it is written, " The truth of what is within is written upon the surface." How then is the heart a thing which can be hidden ? To answer when reproved, to hum tunes when scolded, shows a diseased heart ; and if this disease is not quickly taken in hand it will become chronic, and the remedy become difficult ; perhaps the disease may be so virulent that even Giba (a famous Indian physician) and Henjaku (a famous Chinese physician) in consultation could not effect a cure. So before the disease has gained strength, I invite you to the study of the moral essays entitled, *Shin-gaku* (the learning of the heart). If you once arrive at the possession of your heart as it was originally by nature, what an admirable thing that will be ! In that case your conscience will point out to you even the slightest wrong bias or selfishness.

* Curiosities, such as porcelain or enamels from China, are highly esteemed by the Japanese. A great quantity of the porcelain of Japan is stamped with counterfeit Chinese marks of the Ming dynasty.

† An incantation used to invite spiders, which are considered unlucky by the superstitious, to come again at the Greek Kalends.

‡ Confucius.

While upon this subject I may tell you a story which was related to me by a friend of mine. It is a story which the master of a certain money-changer's shop used to be very fond of telling. An important part of a money-changer's business is to distinguish between good and bad gold and silver. In the different establishments the way of teaching the apprentices this art varies; however, the plan adopted by the money-changer was as follows:—At first he would show them no bad silver, but daily put before them good money only. When they had become thoroughly familiar with the sight of good money, if he stealthily put a base coin among the good he found that they would detect it immediately; they saw it as plain as you see things when you throw light on a mirror. This faculty of detecting base money at a glance was the result of having learnt thoroughly to understand good money. Having once been taught in this way, the apprentices would not make a mistake about a piece of base coin during their whole lives, as I have heard. I can't vouch for the truth of this, but it is very certain that the principle applied to moral instruction is an excellent one: it is a most safe mode of study. However, I was further told, that if, after having thus learnt to distinguish good money, a man followed some other trade for six months or a year, and gave up handling money, he would become just like any other inexperienced person—unable to distinguish the good from the base.

Please reflect upon this attentively. If you once render yourself familiar with the nature of the uncorrupted heart, from that time forth you will be immediately conscious of the slightest inclination towards bias or selfishness. And why? Because the natural heart is illumined. When a man has once learnt that which is perfect, he will never consent to accept that which is imperfect; but if, after having acquired this knowledge, he again keeps his natural heart at a distance, and gradually forgets to recognize that which is perfect, he finds himself in the dark again, and that he can no longer distinguish base money from good. I beg you to take care. If a man falls into bad habits he is no longer able to perceive the difference between the good impulses of his natural heart and the evil impulses of his corrupt heart. With this benighted heart as a starting-point he can carry out none of his intentions, and he has to lift his shoulders sighing and sighing again. A creature much to be pitied, indeed. Then he loses all self-reliance, so that, although it would be better for him to hold his tongue and say nothing about it, if he is in the slightest trouble or distress he goes and confesses the crookedness of his heart to every man he meets. What a wretched state for a man to be in! For this reason I beg you to learn thoroughly the silver of the heart in order that you may make no mistake about the base coin. I pray that you and I during our whole lives may never leave the path of true principles.

I have an amusing story to tell you in connection with this, if you will be so good as to listen.

Once upon a time, when the autumn nights were beginning to grow chilly, five or six tradesmen in easy circumstances assembled together to have a chat, and having got ready their picnic-box and wine-flask, went

off to a temple on the hills, where a friendly priest lived, that they might listen to the stags calling. With this intention, they went to call upon the priest, and borrowed the guests' apartments* of the monastery; and as they were waiting to hear the deer call, some of the party began to compose poetry,—one would write a verse of Chinese poetry, and another would write a verse of seventeen syllables. And as they were passing the wine-cup the hour of sunset came; but not a deer had uttered a call. Eight o'clock came, and ten o'clock came,—still not a sound from the deer. "What can this mean?" said one. "The deer surely ought to be calling." But, in spite of their waiting, the deer would not call. At last, the friends got sleepy, and bored with writing songs and verses, began to yawn, and gave up twaddling about the woes and troubles of life; and as they were all silent, one of them, a man of fifty years of age, stopping the circulation of the wine-cup, said, "Well, certainly, gentlemen, thanks to you, we have spent the evening in very pleasant conversation. However, although I am enjoying myself mightily in this way, my people at home must be getting anxious, and so I begin to think that we ought to leave off drinking." "Why so?" said the others. "Well, I'll tell you. You know that my only son is twenty-two years of age this year; and a troublesome fellow he is too. When I'm at home, he lends a hand sulkily enough in the shop; but as soon as he no longer sees the shadow of me, he hoists sail and is off to some bad haunt. Although our relations and connections are always preaching to him, not a word has any more effect than wind blowing into a horse's ear. When I think that I shall have to leave my property to such a fellow as that, it makes my heart grow small indeed. Although, thanks to those whom I have succeeded, I want for nothing, still, when I think of my son, I shed tears of blood night and day." And as he said this with a sigh, a man of some forty-five or forty-six years said, "No, no. Although you make so much of your misfortunes, your son is but a little extravagant after all. There is no such great cause for grief there. I've got a very different story to tell. Of late years, my shopmen, for one reason or another, have been running me into debt, thinking nothing of a debt of fifty or seventy ounces, and so the ledgers get all wrong. Just think of that. Here have I been keeping these fellows ever since they were little children, unable to blow their own noses, and now, as soon as they begin to be a little useful in the shop, they begin running up debts, and are no good whatever to their master. You see you only have to spend your money upon your own son." Then another gentleman said, "Well, I think that to spend money upon your shop-people is no such great hardship after all. Now, I've been in something like trouble lately. I can't get a penny out of my customers. One man owes me fifteen ounces; another owes me twenty-

* The temples in China and Japan all have guests' apartments, which may be secured for a trifle, either for a long or short period. It is a mistake to suppose that there is any desecration of a sacred shrine in using it as a hostelry. It is the custom of the country.

five ounces. Really, that is enough to make a man feel as if his heart was worn away." When he had finished speaking, an old gentleman, who was sitting opposite playing with his fan, said, "Certainly, gentlemen, your grievances are not without cause. Still, to be perpetually asked for a little money by one's relations or friends, and to have a lot of hangers-on dependent on one, as I have, is a worse case still." But before the old gentleman had half finished speaking, his neighbour called out, "No, no! All you gentlemen are in luxury compared to me. Please listen to what I have to suffer. My wife and my mother can't hit it off anyhow; all day long they're like a couple of cows butting at one another with their horns. The house is as unendurable as if it were full of smoke. I often think it would be better to send my wife back to her village; but then I've got two little children. If I interfere and take my wife's part, my mother gets low-spirited. If I scold my wife, she says that I treat her so brutally because she's not of the same flesh and blood; and then she hates me. The trouble and anxiety is beyond description. I'm like a post stuck up between them." And so they all twaddled away in chorus about their own troubles. At last, one of the gentlemen, recollecting himself, said, "Well, gentlemen, certainly the deer ought to be calling; but we've been so engrossed with our conversation, that we don't know whether we have missed hearing them or not." With this, he pulled aside the sliding door of the verandah and looked out, and lo and behold! a great big stag was standing perfectly silent in front of the garden. "Hullo!" said the man to the deer. "What's this? Since you've been there all this time, why did you not call?" Then the stag answered with an innocent face, "Oh! I came here to listen to the lamentations of you gentlemen." Isn't that a funny story?

Old and young, men and women, rich and poor, never cease grumbling from morning till night. All this is the result of a diseased heart. In short, for the sake of a very trifling inclination or selfish pursuit, they will do any wrong in trying to effect that which is impossible. This is want of judgment, and this brings all sorts of trouble upon the world. If once you gain possession of a perfect heart, knowing that which is impossible to be impossible, and recognizing that that which is difficult is difficult, you will not attempt to spare yourself trouble unduly. What says the *Chin-Yo* (the second Book of Confucius)? "The wise man, whether his lot be cast amongst rich or poor, amongst barbarians, or in sorrow, understands his position by his own instinct." If men do not understand this, they think that the causes of pain and pleasure are in the body. Putting the heart on one side, they earnestly strive after the comforts of the body and launch into extravagance, the end of which is miserly parsimony. Instead of pleasure they meet with grief of the heart, and pass their lives in weeping and wailing. In one way or another every thing in this world depends upon the heart. I implore every one of you to take heed that tears fall not to your lot.

The Lions of Catalonia—Tarragona.

BARCELONA, then, is a commercial and manufacturing town ; moderately prosperous ; backward in civilization and badly governed ; socially, dull ; with a charming climate and situation ; with a tinge of mediæval romance colouring its recollections ; and a faint halo of classical interest hanging over all. If this last revolution should turn out to be a real change, and not one more of those sterile military *pronunciamentos* which have so often fascinated Spain only to cheat her, Barcelona may yet recover her old Mediterranean distinction. Her ancient rival Genoa is reviving ; the soft Naples is improving ; Brindisi, which would have been forgotten but for Horace's *Iter*, is looking up ; Marseilles is great and active, and is preparing to be greater than ever by the aid of the Suez Canal. Barcelona, meanwhile, though she has gained ground during the last twenty-five years, has been stationary, if not retrogressive, during the last five ; and a tone of despondency is observed among her best citizens. She depends now mainly on two things—her protected manufactures, and her market in the Antilles. The chief speculative passion of a Catalan is Protectionism ; his chief political fear the loss of Cuba. His strong provincial feeling gives intensity to both, and his very republicanism is half of it a dread of Madrid,—Madrid, where Andalusian and foreign free-traders get an occasional hearing, and where whispers are every now and then afloat of pending commercial treaties with Great Britain. The Catalan respects the solvency of Britain, and knows her power ; grumbles to be obliged to buy her coals ; and has a mortal terror of her Manchester goods. He has never liked the Spanish Bourbons, and he welcomed the revolution of September last with all his heart. But no sooner did Figuerola, the Finance Minister, begin dabbling in free-trade,—no sooner did he reduce the differential duties on foreign flags,—than the Catalan sulked. Hence the little aid given by Barcelona to Figuerola's loans ; and hence the republicanism of the middle and working classes took a "Federal" colour very soon. Of the many public demonstrations which have taken place in the capital of Catalonia during the last twelve months, none has equalled in size, earnestness, or respectability, the Protectionist demonstration of Palm Sunday. It is not that the Catalan manufacturer denies all good to the free-trade doctrine in the abstract. He only says that in the weak and impoverished condition of Spain she is not able to bear the rough collision of free-trade rivalry. And he declines to have his own mills,—representing, I believe, a plant worth about eight millions sterling, and absorbing 156,000 bales of cotton a year,—shut up in the cause of economical science.

This may be a prudent calculation, and it may only be a cowardly fear. But, in any case, Protection *alone* cannot secure progress; and the Catalans must consider what more they mean to do besides agitating for it. And the first thing must be to avail themselves of the criticism of those who, like the travellers for whom I write, come to see the lions of their province. Now, why not—along with this Protectionist and Republican agitation—make some serious solid efforts towards administrative and educational reform? For instance, I take a stroll with my traveller along the *Muralla del Mar*, where I parted from him at the close of my last paper. The port is before us, and a string of critical questions occurs to me at once. The Romans made a *cloaca* here, down which a horseman can ride: why is your sewerage so bad that my friend, Captain Y. Doodle of the U. S. ship *Potomac*, dared not fill his bath in the morning? Why is the dredging-machine set going only by fits and starts, after long intervals of inaction? Why allow a pilot to take H.M.S. *Philomel* in among the colliers, that he might charge a second mooring-fee for conducting her into a proper berth? Why not overhaul the quarantine regulations? At present, for fear of yellow fever from New Orleans, vessels are put in quarantine from Philadelphia; all America being one to the Spanish Health Office, from Canada to the Gulf. But is it not true that a "tip" is found to mitigate the severity of the regulations of the *Sanidad*? Then why are the arrangements for discharging cargoes so bad that there is a loss in landing grain and a facility for stealing coal? Why is your law so tardy, and its judges sometimes of such a type, that a foreigner would rather be cheated than seek justice at your hands? Facts like these (and they seem to me of far more interest than the sentimental twaddle one sees in books about Spain) explain in great part the stagnation of Barcelona. Foreigners find expense and inconvenience prevailing, seasoned with a little roguery, and thus commerce is frightened away. A high tariff is in force, and the charges are levied by custom-house officers, many of whom are notoriously corrupt, and whose appointments are in all cases party jobs.

But, in order to reform the government of Spain (and nobody has an idea how bad it is,—how utterly below the level of France or England, till he has lived in the country), it is necessary to reform the whole education, intellectual and moral, of Spaniards. It is as difficult to collect accurate statistics here, as in Morocco; but I believe I am correct in saying that seventy-five per cent. of the population of Spain can neither read nor write. It is quite common to find respectable old ladies of property who cannot sign their names; and who, if they come to a consulate to have their signatures attested, proceed to make their mark. So, again, it is an exception in Spain, if the governor of a province, or other official, can speak French, much less English. The higher education of the Northern countries is unknown, and if a Spaniard has anything like literature, you may be sure that he has lived long abroad. I have already described the kind of place Barcelona's museum is. Her public library

is under the same roof, but is almost useless for the purposes of such an institution in modern times, by being essentially theological. It was formed out of the ruins of the libraries of religious houses destroyed in local riots and in war. Thus, in 1835, the Barcelonese rabble rose. There had been a bull-fight, and they began by dragging a bull that had displeased them along the streets, and for days together carried through the monasteries of the city fire and knife. Murder and destruction raged unchecked, ancient buildings fell never to rise again, and the streets were strewn with the folios of fathers and classics. Out of little accidents of this kind Spanish libraries are formed—libraries where there are duplicates of Thomas Aquinas, but no copy of Locke, or Montesquieu; and where, if you find an odd volume of Bacon, huge gaps exist in it made by the scissors of an Inquisitor. Undoubtedly such a library has a value of its own, and no reading man will look without respect on the Complutensian Polyglot, or a Benedictine edition of St. Augustine. But this kind of thing is not what is wanted to fit young Spaniards for rational politics, or economical science. And, besides, it would be a mistake to suppose that the class who ought to study the learning of such libraries are to be found there. The chances are that the first priest you meet,—in black gown and huge hammer-shaped hat,—a greasy, hot-looking man, often unshaved and unwashed,—knows nothing even of theology, but the smattering he picked up as a boy in his *seminario*. Of all modern knowledge he is naturally destitute. But then he has not ancient knowledge either. Greek he no more reads than he reads Sanscrit, and even his Latin is barely enough to carry him through the services of the day. The laity have even less classical instruction; and our political and literary lions rarely read anything but modern French. If you want even a Spanish author of the good age of their literature, you have to send to Madrid for him; and Spanish translations of inferior French novels are more read than the old Spanish masterpieces. How can a constitution alone cure a state of things like this,—affecting the whole politics and society of the country, and the conditions of all the professions? The Spanish politician is an intriguer and spouter; the Spanish soldier a barrack conspirator; the Spanish doctor a village quack, and so forth. The lottery, the bull-fight, the gambling-table, flourish unaffected by revolutions; and the men of revolution are in character and conduct of the same type as the men of despotism.

It may be gathered from what has been said, that our lions are more of a picturesque than of an intellectual character, especially in Barcelona, which is essentially a trading place, and has let its ancient monuments go so much to ruin. One institution, indeed, is highly commended,—the Record Office, Register House, or *Archivo General de la Corona de Aragon*. Arragon fell to the Counts of Barcelona—(Frankish lords established by the Carlovingian kings after they had driven the Moors out of this north-eastern corner of Spain)—in the twelfth century. And as Barcelona was a principal residence of the Kings of Arragon after this, it naturally became the seat of the archives.

But this establishment is not the kind of lion of which my readers will expect a detailed account. And I should not wonder if, after a week or two at the *Fonda de las Cuatro Naciones* on the Rambla, he begins to feel a trifle bored. Under these circumstances, the city being exhausted, he will find little to amuse him in its environs. He may drive to the villages of Gracia and Sarria, which are spread along the base of the hills, where the Catalans have their *torres*, or country-houses, and retire during the summer heats. They are picturesque villages of steep streets and frescoed houses. The *torres* derive their name from queer little towers painted in light colours, on the tops of which people fly their pigeons. Most of these houses have arcades on one side, and gardens, over the walls of which you see vine-leaves hanging and oranges gleaming, and many a blood-red blossom of dazzling hue. Here, shrouded from the heat by venetian-blinds, curtains, and shutters, the Catalan sits in his shirt-sleeves, and muses (chiefly about money) over cigarettes. The road which connects Gracia with Sarria commands a wide and witching view of the city and sea. But a very few miles from Barcelona the roads become bad and the villages barbarous. The tourist driving in the country for pleasure is stared at as an odd fellow who might be much better employed, and the wretched hostelry—a mockery on the face of this favoured land—yield nothing to tempt him to refreshment or rest.

Apropos of rest, let the visitor to Barcelona see the cemetery, for the cemeteries of Spain are characteristic, and this is a large one. It lies near the sea, to the eastward of the town, and is a well-kept place of its kind. But the kind is a truly dismal one, without the comely nature of an English Highgate or the studied sentiment of a French Père la Chaise. The dead are laid above ground, in oblong blocks of building, with rows of niches six stories high. As by the law of Spain the dead body must leave the house within twenty-four hours, it is common for it to pass a night in a room adjoining the cemetery offices; and in case of error, a bell-rope, communicating with a bell hard by, is placed in the quiet hand of the person in the coffin. Spanish coffins are of a light violet colour, and are not nailed down like ours, but closed with hasps, like fiddle-cases. There is a chapel in the cemetery, in which you see a little wax figure of a man with flames round him,—to typify a soul in purgatory, and to encourage the faithful to put a small contribution for its assistance into a plate placed there for the purpose. The fire of purgatory, says Erasmus,—whose sayings constantly occur to one in Spain,—has been very useful to monkish kitchens.

Between the cemetery and the sea is the little enclosed burying-ground permitted to heretics by the scanty hospitality of Spain, which grudges the foreigner bread when living and earth when dead. There the Briton may reckon on two or three feet of sand, at all events. The last funeral I attended was marked by a characteristic local incident,—the gravedigger had neglected the important detail of digging the grave. Let

me dismiss this gloomy subject by adding that there is a high rate of mortality among children in Barcelona, a curious sign of which is the number of shops with children's coffins in the windows—*ataudes de corona*—coffins with garlands, of gay appearance. The Spaniard, though with little reverence or sentiment in these matters, loves funeral pomp; and you may sometimes see a poor little youngster's white and garlanded *ataud* going to the *ultima morada*—the last resting-place—drawn by eight horses. The destitute, meanwhile, are laid naked in pits, within a stone's-throw of the pompous monuments of rich Cubans, before which the guide pauses admiringly, and tells you the thousands of dollars they cost.

Well, the traveller who has followed my affectionate suggestion so far, may boast that he knows something of his Barcelona. Nay, perhaps he is already clamouring for fresh lions, as the Spanish mob shout for fresh horses (*caballos*!) at the bull-fights, when two or three wretched screws are kicking in death-agonies on the sand, and the bestial sport flags for want of more screws to gore. My invitation to him, accordingly, is to accompany me to the great classical lion of the province—the ancient city of Tarragona. Before the classical pretensions of *arce potens Tarraco* Barcelona must bow its head. Her mediæval distinction is undoubted. She sent ships and galleys to the Crusades; Charles V. received Columbus, on his return from America, in her. Don John of Austria sailed from her harbour to Genoa on his way to the battle of Lepanto. Cervantes passed through her, young, as he went to Italy, and called her "the flower of the beautiful cities of the world." But when we go back beyond these most honourable recollections, to the days of the Romans, we find *Barcino* only a respectable colony of very moderate illustration. She is not mentioned by Polybius, Livy, Appian, or Strabo,—all writers of much importance for the history of Spain. She is mentioned by Pliny, and the sentence is her classical character. "*In ora autem colonia Barcino, cognomine Faventia,*" are the words of the good old philosopher, in tracing the Mediterranean coast-line of Spain from west to east (*Nat. Hist.* lib. 3, c. 4.) But then he also mentions *Betulo* (Badalona); *Illuro* (Mataro); *Blanda* (Blanes); *Emporia* (Castellon de Ampurias): all Catalan towns of inferior importance in modern times; and mentions them as seats of "Roman citizens." It would seem doubtful, then, whether *Barcino* possessed all the rights of Roman citizenship; and Pomponius Mela, himself a Spaniard, expressly enumerates it in a list of "little towns" (*De Situ Orbis*, 2, 6.) On the other hand, Tarragona's importance may be established from historians, geographers, poets, and, not least, from inscriptions. In the last century, during the temporary revival of Spain under Charles III. (the one respectable Spanish Bourbon), a certain Don Josepho Finestres, a professor in the college of Cervera, published an excellent compilation* on the Roman

* *Sylloge Inscriptionum Romanarum quæ in Principatio Catalaninæ vel extant, &c.* Cervera, 1762.

inscriptions extant, or known to have existed, in Catalonia. This worthy old Spanish scholar collected and illustrated such inscriptions to the number of 345. Now, out of that number, 241 belong to Tarragona, 42 to Barcelona, and the rest to the rest of the province.

From Barcelona to Tarragona there are about a hundred and twenty miles of railway to traverse, and it is a journey of five hours. The first railway opened in Spain was opened in Catalonia, between the capital and the town of Mataro mentioned above. Next to holding shares in a Spanish line, I dislike travelling by one. The engines (like the shareholders) have had a great deal taken out of them, the trains are always behind time, the stoppages tedious, and the arrangements for refreshments, &c. (especially for &c.) all but porcine. On the other hand, their leisurely character adds to their security; accidents are rare, in spite of the easy-going neglect of crossings; and I hope that this will continue to be the case, now that the companies are getting rid of their English engine-drivers, who, after instructing the natives, are experiencing Spain's well-known ingratitude. On leaving Barcelona for Tarragona, we have old Monjuich to the left, with its memories of Charles Mordaunt Lord Peterborough, who captured it in the war of the Spanish succession, with a rapidity characteristic of him "whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines." The quotation carries one's thoughts home, and pleasantly connects Barcelona with Twickenham and the dear old Thames. But the associations are not kept up, for our route runs through a hilly country of red, well-cultivated fields, dotted with vine-stumps, which will by-and-by throw a flush of green over them. The trees that attract attention are nut-trees, olives, and carobs, or locust-bean-trees, which are more plentiful further west, and the produce of which is exported to England and elsewhere as food for cattle.

The peasant hereabouts hangs up a portion of his ripe grapes—after giving them a coating for protection—to dry from his roof; thus providing for winter use the exact *pensilis uva* of Horace. A fact of the kind makes one seize the meaning of the Venusian more vividly than any commentary, and relish, as one can relish only by imagination at home, Martial's mention of "a jar of Laletanian must." Laletania proper ends at the Llobregat, which we reach at the station of Molino del Rey. The red hue of that river recalls his classical name of *Rubricatum*, and testifies to the permanent character of the scenery. He rises on a spur of the Pyrenees beyond Berga, and descends in a south-western line of many curves, passing through a region of old red sandstone, and winding past the foot of the famous monastic mountain of Monserrat, our Catalonian Athos. Monserrat is a lion of Catalonia demanding special treatment. Here I will only say that it is seen to the right on the horizon during a considerable part of our present journey; and that even from this,—not the best point of view,—its group of sharp peaks in ragged lines, isolated from the country around, but individualized against the sky, give to Monserrat a strange original

character among mountains, and seem to mark it out as a scene for equally strange history. The traveller will not fail to notice it specially from Martorel, where he will also see, spanning the Llobregat, a bridge, of which the central arch across the river is Moorish, and the triumphal arch at the end Roman. The Moors were early expelled from this part of Spain, and have left little to be remembered by but their unforgettable name; though I have been informed from good quarters that their blood may still be traced along the course of the Ebro.

The blue sea opening up on our left is a sign that we are nearing the city of our quest. The line runs by the shore; passes the very spot where the amphitheatre stood, and brings us to the foot of the ancient walled city, which stands high over the Mediterranean, in a position truly noble. A barbarous vehicle called a *tartana* receives us at the seedy station, and carries us, with many a jolt, from the lower to the upper town. There we find a Rambla running to the northward and eastward, and containing at least one good inn, to which I recommend my wandering compatriots. It is called the *Fonda de Europa*, and is kept, like most of the decent hotels in this part of the world, by Italians. Here, for some five shillings a day, you have your bedroom and two meals, well moistened with the black wine of the land. (Tarragona is the chief wine and fruit-producing district* of Catalonia, and sends to England about 220,000*l.* worth of these articles every year). Here, too, you are handily situated for visiting the curiosities of this capital of Hispania Tarraconensis,—the key by which Rome opened Spain, and without the possession of which she could not have conquered, kept, or civilized it.

But when I talk of the "curiosities" of an ancient Spanish city, however classical or illustrious, I must not delude the reader into anticipating an orderly conservation of what is curious. I must not lead him to expect regular excavations, museums like the Bourbon Museum at Naples, and so forth. If Pompeii had been in Spain, it would have slumbered under lava and ashes to this day. If Tarragona were worked like Pompeii, the discoveries would probably astonish Europe. Our classical lion in Catalonia belongs to the class of forlorn and neglected old lions; but for that very reason there is a homeliness,—an absence of the bustle, the twaddle, the cant, the conventionalism of sight-seeing—a pensiveness of sentiment—about him, all of which have their own quiet charm! No cicerone lays hold of you as you emerge from your inn upon the north-eastern end of the Rambla, to find a magnificent view of sea and coast lying below, with "This way to the *Castillo de Pilatos*, sir, where the Emperor Augustus passed two winters during the campaign against the Cantabri!" No polite but pertinacious gentleman waylays you on the staircase with "A walk round the old walls, sir, part supposed to be Cyclopean, and long anterior to the Roman period!" No urchin cries in curious English, "*Booss* just go start for *Aqueducto*,

* The famous "Barcelona nuts" are from that region, but derived their name from being shipped by Barcelonese houses.

señor!" as another age may hear him do. Classical associations, above all things, demand tranquillity, and of tranquillity you are secure at Tarragona. So, reaching the rampart-walk in a minute or two, we look round us undisturbed. We have come south and west from Barcelona, about half-way to the mouth of the Ebro, and the eye falls on the sea to the right, in the direction from which came the fleet of Publius Cornelius Scipio—thirty long vessels, with eight thousand men, and a swarm of transports,—bringing Publius to join his gallant brother here, in B.C. 219. The brother, Cneius, had landed in Catalonia (at *Castellon de Ampurias*) earlier in the summer, and had successfully begun that eight-years' fighting in Spain which prevented Hasdrubal from reinforcing Hannibal in Italy, and gained for the two brothers their imperishable title of the "two thunderbolts of war." The classical history of Tarragona, in the literary sense, begins with these two Scipios; and hence Pliny says that Tarraco was their work, as Carthage was that of the Carthaginians. They made it their head-quarters and winter-quarters during the war; and pieces of Roman wall twenty feet thick remain to typify the solid foundations on which Rome built her government. Carthage began her Spanish work in the west, Rome in the east; but from the east Rome conquered, first, the Carthaginians, and then all the various races from the Pyrenees to the western ocean. And, to this day, in spite of Moor and Goth, Spain's sonorous Latin form of speech exists to testify to the completeness of Roman occupation and the intensity of Roman influence.

When we turn, however, from this coast-view, and passing the *Castillo de Pilatos* (of which presently), pursue our way along the walls, we find traces of a handiwork earlier than that of the men who followed the standard of the Scipios. There exist in the city's massive stone girdle vast lumps of wall and vast portals, suggesting a remoter date. They are composed of huge stones of irregular shape and enormous weight, in colour of a bluish grey, and fitting in their place by the help only of smaller stones. My friend Don Buenaventura Hernandez Sanahuja, Tarragona's estimable antiquary, and the keeper of her museum, attributes these parts of the city's wall to the Pelasgi: a theory at least more reasonable than that which makes Tubal, the grandson of Noah, the city's founder, and which is a favourite one with the Spanish clergy. But, in England, "Pelasgian" is a word the vagueness of which becomes daily more recognized. And when we remember that the only part of Spain even conjecturally found in the Bible itself is Tartessus (Tarshish)—in the other end of it from that under review; that Homer knows nothing of Spain, and Herodotus only this same Tartessus very faintly; I hesitate to accept the name of any race as builders of these mighty fragments. There were Iberian indigenæ, Greek colonists, and Phœnician traders in the country and on the coast long enough before the Romans came to Cossetania, of which Tarraco was the capital. But to the traveller, and to the man of letters who wants to have what he actually knows from

books to be lighted up for him by travel,—the pre-historic is a weariness. There is, indeed, a dim pleasure to be got out of Cyclopean remains, but it is *too* dim. On the other hand, if we retrace our steps to where we were just now, we are back among the names of our youth ; we are, in a certain way, dealing with modern persons. Publius Cornelius Scipio was the father of Scipio Africanus, whose conduct to the beautiful captive has supplied modern Europe with a commonplace. And both he and his brother were of that best Roman type,—just, and reasonable, as well as warlike and sagacious,—(“*ἐς πάντα ἀγαθοὶ γινόμενοι*,”—*Appian* 6, 17)—which has won for their race the respect of the Christian world. They taught the Spaniard that if a Roman was to be feared he might also be honoured ; and though it took two centuries to subdue the whole Peninsula, Rome never lost the Tarraco which is so peculiarly associated with their name. It was, as Strabo says, the metropolis of great part of Spain, and the winter-quarters of the governor ; and Mela describes it as the richest maritime city on that coast.

If we ask where the Roman governor lived, the answer is ready,—and I feel no hesitation in accepting it—at the sombre, black and brown old pile just above the end of the Rambla, already referred to as the *Castillo de Pilatos*. Pilate's name sticks to more than one old building in southern Europe, and the foolish legend is valuable as showing their antiquity, and their effect on the vulgar imagination. With regard to that at Tarragona, neither time nor the fire of invaders, neither Goth nor Moor, nor Frenchman, have destroyed undoubted evidences of its Roman construction ; and though now a prison,—and a prison for Spaniards,—there is a poetry about its gloom which keeps all vulgarity away. The site is precisely what we should desire the site to be : lofty and assured, looking down on coast and sea, and the line of the old pretorian road which led to the Pyrenees and Gaul. On the inner side it was in easy communication with the forum and the temples ; and in the confusion caused by the building of a modern town over an ancient one, the fact may still be made manifest that the master of this old place in its great days could see the shows of the amphitheatre from one side, and those of the circus from the other, without quitting it.

Here, then, in our *Castillo de Pilatos*, a few minutes' walk from our hotel, did the Emperor Augustus live during the two winters which he passed in Tarragona. Suetonius tells us that he entered there on his eighth and ninth consulships,—B.C. 26 and 25 respectively (*Suet. Oct.* 26.) He had come to Spain to put down the Cantabri, the modern Biscayans, but his health failed him, and he withdrew to the sunny shore and the mild sea-breezes. Horace was already famous, and a favourite. Some of his writings can be proved to be earlier, and were, no doubt, among the amusements of the Emperor in this provincial retreat. The poet's frequent allusions to the “Cantaber” betray an interest in the campaign ; and when Augustus returned to the capital, he welcomed him in the well-known *Herculis ritu*. But these are not the only genial recollections that

occur to one in thinking of the stay of Augustus at Tarragona. The Emperor had a turn for *bon-mots*, and Tarragona suggested one of the best of them, which has been preserved by Quintilian. The Tarraconenses were so delighted with the imperial residence that they dedicated a temple *Drvo Augusto*, in which he was worshipped as a god. By-and-by it occurred to local flatterers that a miracle would give additional sanctity to the place, and they reported to the Emperor that a palm-tree had sprung up on his altar. "It shows," said he, "how often you light up!" This was really neat. But the miracle survived the epigram; and coins of Tarragona bearing the altar and palm are still cherished amongst our lions.

The Temple of Augustus, I need scarcely say, though restored by a later Emperor, has vanished from its place; but fragments of it exist in different quarters. On the walls of the charming cloisters of the cathedral, for instance, some portions of its frieze are shown,—imbedded among the relics of other faiths and races equally dead. To reach the cathedral you ascend by a winding street from the Rambla, and find a market going on at the foot of the steps leading up to the great door. Tarragona is the seat of our archbishopric, which presides over the bishoprics of Barcelona, Lerida, Gerona, Tortosa, Urgel, and Vich. I believe that from the technical and architectural point of view it is of unusual and distinctive interest. I know that there is a noble simplicity in the effect which its interior produces, and that this is varied, rather than lowered, by the fine old Flemish tapestry winding round the pillars. But, above all, the cathedral of Tarragona is strong in the range of its historical suggestiveness. Here, on this spot, in successive temples,—each, however, leaving something to the other,—the Phœnician has worshipped Bel, and the Roman Jupiter, and the Moor Allah, and the Christian Christ. In the cloisters (which are much superior to those of the cathedral of Barcelona spoken of in my last paper,) this blending of different historical colours into one pattern—a quite unique one in its way,—detains the visitor long, and recalls him often. For, while the central garden keeps the sense of life and the charm of nature awake, and the carved roof and column-heads make the mediæval sentiment predominant, as it ought to be, there are, on wall after wall,—coming with hints of strangeness which yet the *whole* place subdues—odd reminders that mediæval Catholicism, and even Christianity itself, are not the sole rulers of the world. The fragments of Pagan frieze, with bull's-head and garlands, say a word for a Rome older than the Pope; and Latin inscriptions of that day have found their way in, as if to remind the Church from whom she got her language. Then comes a work of delicate fretting quite distinct,—a relic of the Moor; or some old lines in Gothic letter (part of the spoil of a tomb)—perhaps in memory of the omnipresent Norman, who has left his mark in Catalonia as in so many regions from the hills of Scotland to the plains of Smyrna. And how you are brought back to modern life, and quicker if not deeper feeling, by such words

as this, in a fine, clear, official-looking hand in black paint—"6 COMPANY." We used these cloisters as a hospital during the Peninsular war, and *we*, too, have our word to say as well as the Roman and the Moor. And a very good inscription to be remembered by it is; and quite in the manner of the old Duke himself; brief, and to the point, suggesting order and business.

Tarragona is a museum in itself, and therefore has less need of a museum than other places. Where grapes grow wild there is no need of hot-houses, and it may seem equally superfluous to set apart a room for inscriptions in a city where you find them sticking in the walls of private houses. At Tarragona, if you enter a gentleman's dwelling, you may possibly see on the side of his hall a stone recording the sorrow of another gentleman whose wife died hereabouts in the time of the Antonines. You are requested to "stop, traveller," and be moralized too, in Latin, when you are on the way to take refreshments, with the thermometer at 88° in the shade. In one alley I was shown, lying in the mud, the column of a Roman temple; in another, a figure of the goddess Juno (an *idolito*, or little idol, my Spanish companion called it,) over the door. Perhaps the old lady inside really believes in Juno yet, though she may have given over invoking her in her character of Lucina.

Tarragona, however, *has* a museum, formed, in great part, under difficulties, and most lovingly looked after—still under great difficulties—by my friend Don Buenaventura Hernandez Sanahuja. The situation is good enough, in an open *plaza* in the upper part of the town. Unluckily, the other day, a storm of rain drove in the roof of one of the rooms, and injured, among other things, a youthful Bacchus—not the god one associates with water. 'Twas a characteristic mishap. It is not too much to say that Spaniards generally care as little about antiquities, and their safe preservation, as the Choctaws or Iroquois. As for the Spanish clergy, they are distinctly hostile to the study of the subject. Whether they dread some Romans coming back to life and asking them to construe, or not, I do not know: such a fear would be natural enough! But I do know that they oppose the study of classical antiquity with positive hostility. In a city like Tarragona, for instance, only the support of the *dilettanti* of Madrid—Madrid being influenced by foreigners—enables the exceptional zeal of the keeper of the museum to maintain its feeble existence. Accordingly, what is preserved has been obtained rather by good fortune, improved by that gentleman's activity, than otherwise. Systematic excavations there are none, though by digging anywhere you may come upon relics of the ancient world, with very moderate trouble.

There is, however, this interest about the collection in our Tarragona museum—it is racy of the soil. What you find there are not objects of beauty brought away from their native place, and detached from local association, but the personal belongings of the old Tarraconenses who

lived and died all round us. Those blocks were from the frieze of one of the city's temples. That mill ground bread in the same town where it is now looked at as a curiosity. Yon sarcophagus received somebody whose feet had often wandered through these hilly streets. And so with the various articles in the cases—lamps, bronzes, jars, altars of many epochs: they are, so to speak, the fresh fruit, rather than the dried fruit of antiquity. They belong to the scene, and are in harmony with the ever classical sky and sea. In the room devoted to inscriptions, one, discovered only a few years ago, strikes me as very happy. It is inscribed on a marble slab, the base of a statue no longer existing, but which evidently belonged to some baths, and runs as follows:—

SI NITIDUS VIVAS,
ECCUM DOMUS EXORNATA EST.
SI SORDES, PATIOR,
SED PUDET HOSPITIUM.

The narrowness of the base has prevented its being written as a distich, but, of course, any translation ought to be in verse. Here is a rough one:—

If a cleanly man you be,
Behold a house adorned for thee,
If a dirty one, it still
Receives you, but against its will.

This, I think, a most felicitous illustration of the character of the bath among the ancients, with whom it was a matter of sentiment and luxury, not a mere washing. It was only degrading *not* to wash. Strange! Our Tarraco had a higher civilization, better laws, literature, arts, civic and social arrangements, under the Romans, than now. Nor did it think more meanly on higher subjects: for no superstitions could be more grovelling than those which actually prevail.

The classical interest of Tarragona does not lie all within the city; and there are delightful excursions to be made, which my reader must by no means omit. Some ten or twelve English miles on the road to Barcelona—which road takes the line of the old prætorian way, and was, in fact, *made* by the Romans—stands a magnificent arch, erected to the memory of Sergius Sura, the friend of Trajan and of the younger Pliny. Much nearer—on the same road, indeed, two or three miles from the city—is a less grand, but more touching monument,—the tomb which the Spaniards call the *Tower of the Scipios*. It stands just to the left of the way, with a few pines near, with abundant wild thyme and wild flowers growing about, and with the sea murmuring in its neighbourhood. The inscription is illegible; the stones are worn; the two mourning figures of soldiers, to which it owes its name, have been defaced. Nothing is left to the reddish-brown old monument but the sentiment of its object and its vast antiquity. That it was the burial-place of the family of some Roman soldier of rank may be proved from several circumstances; and the Scipios died far away,—the elder in the modern province of Murcia,

the younger in the modern province of Valencia.* Yet they would not grudge their name to the tomb of a Roman and a soldier, and the monument may now stand for that of the Roman race. The Catalan who drove me out to it on my first visit, looked at it wistfully, and asked if it was a work of the Moors!

The aqueduct, the last lion of the environs of Tarragona, lies on the other side of the city, and within easy reach. It is the second Roman aqueduct in importance in Spain,—the first being that of Segovia. Here, again, the solitude and desolation are powerful additions to the sentiment of antiquity. In a ravine between two hills, with no building in sight, with a few carob-trees dotted here and there, stretch two tiers of noble arches, near a hundred feet high in the central part, the upper tier having twenty-six arches, the lower eleven. The colour is a reddish-brown, like that of the tomb we have just left. The length is seven hundred feet. Stability, solidity, a massive ease, are the moral characteristics of the whole structure, which can perish only with the hills that it connects. Yet this is but one link in a broken chain,—a chain that brought water from far inland, and fed the sea-coast capital of Hispania Tarraconensis from the fountains of distant hills.

* Ford, p. 348, makes them *both* be killed in the former place, Lorqui,—a rare kind of slip for *him*.

On Toleration.

PART II.

It was in this wise that the father spoke to the daughter, who had once said that she "wished that she were a man:"—"You remember, darling, when you told me that you wished you were a man, and I replied that you would soon revoke the wish if you were tried? I did not then answer your 'Why;' but I will tell you now that you are better able to understand me. You say that when I come home from my daily official work in London, I sometimes 'look so cross.' I take a candle, perhaps, and go straight to my dressing-room, and when we are seated all together at the dinner-table I am silent and thoughtful; and then you think that I am cross, and you are all silent because I am. But I am only weary and worried. I have had, perhaps, not only much to do, but much to endure. You have all of you spent your day very differently; and, therefore, feel very differently at the close of it. If I am careworn, my cares are not selfish cares. You have, all of you, not only a place in them severally, but together you absorb them all. If, at times, my losses are heavy and prospects appear to be bad, is the anxiety which will not suffer me to wear a cheerful countenance anxiety for myself alone? There is so little selfishness in it, that sometimes, cowardly as it might have been, I have longed to strike my colours and to desist from this great battle of life. A very little suffices for a man of my years, who has outgrown the passions and ambitions of life, and longs for nothing more than rest. And if I am grave sometimes, when you would wish to see me cheerful, it is only because I love you much, and am thinking of your happiness. The ignorance which is bliss is denied to us men. I dare say you all of you often think that I am ungenerous, perhaps 'stingy.' You think that I have more money than I have got; that it is more easily earned and less speedily spent. You know nothing of such things as bad times and high prices, and necessary increase of expenditure, as you all grow older, without any corresponding increase of income; and you think that I am growing meaner every day, when I am only growing older, and thinking more than I did of what would become of you if I were taken away. You think, all of you, that I do not 'live up to my income.' But if I did live up to my income, which all comes from my professional exertions, what would there be for you, when I die? Do you think that, as a matter of mere selfishness, I should pinch and hoard? Does not Self say, 'Let us live right royally? The annual hundreds that go to the Insurance Offices had better be spent on carriages and horses, and women's dress, and autumnal visits to the German

baths. Your daughters, when you are dead, may go out as governesses, or canvass for admission to some Benevolent Society. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!' No language can be more intelligible than this language of the ogre Self. Do you wish me to be persuaded by it?

"This charge of the ways and means, dear, is no small matter, I assure you. It is enough to make any one grave. When we are travelling, for example, in the holidays, it is all holiday to you. It goes so easily, that you might almost think, if you thought at all about it, that some good fairy were administering to all our wants, and ordering and arranging everything for us. But you women never think anything about it so long as all goes well. The railway and steamboat tickets are taken and paid for; the hotel accommodation is provided and hotel bills are 'settled,' and you have nothing in the world to do but to enjoy yourself. All this is quite right, and quite as I would wish it to be. But if I look grave sometimes when you are all merry, or if I do not fall in very kindly with all your plans and projects, you should not think me a disagreeable travelling companion. I remember that when we were at Wiesbaden last year, you thought it very unkind that I would not go on for a week to Homburg. But I had to consider whether in that case I should have had money enough to carry us all home again, and whether, had I been justified in spending more money on amusement, I could have obtained in sufficient time the necessary remittances from London. It is well for you all that these financial cares will haunt the paternal traveller in foreign countries, or some day you might all find yourselves stranded very inconveniently on a strange coast. Women, who have never been thrown upon their own resources, who have never had to fight the battle of life for themselves, can hardly conceive how largely this money element enters into all the thoughts of the masculine manager when he is away from home. One cannot travel upon credit, you know, dear. Even in much smaller matters, men are continually brought face to face very painfully with the commonplace fact that there is a great difference between having money in one's bank and having it in one's pocket. I have known times, my darling, when some of you have thought me nothing better than an old curmudgeon, grudging even a small coin, when I had no thought of grudging you anything. Among the minor miseries of life, there is none greater than that of *change*. I see you don't quite know what I mean. It is money change, 'small change,' coin, currency, sovereigns, half-sovereigns, half-crowns, shillings, sixpences. In any dilemma of this kind, I have invariably found that no womanly member of the family can ever help me. Going out with the 'governor,' every one leaves her purse behind. And you have, I know, often thought me very stingy because I have not given a shilling here or a sixpence there, simply because I had no shillings or sixpences in my purse. These are very trifling matters, but human life is made up of trifles, and it is in respect of trivialities of this kind that we are most

prone to misjudge each other. And wishing, as you do, to be a man, I think it right to remind you that in the smaller, as in the greater affairs of life, we men have to think for you women, to provide our sixpences as well as our thousands of pounds; and that you ought to be tolerant to us, if we have not always got them ready.

"And when your brother Walter was coming home from Australia, how pleased you all were—how 'jolly' you all thought it. There was not, in the estimation of any of you, the least shadow to mar the prospect. Some of you then thought it unkind, almost unnatural, in me that I did not look upon his return with the same unqualified satisfaction. But was it less delight to me than to any of you to see the dear boy again? I could not help, however, seeing something else. I saw loss of money, loss of prospects, much injury to him, to you, to me, to the whole family. It threw him back years in the march of life—the pursuit of independence—and my old brains saw all this very clearly, whilst you only saw the dear fellow himself. I do not know how it would have been if I had called upon each of you to forego a moiety of your allowances, or to do without your annual 'outing,' that you might all contribute towards the expenses of Walter's visit to England. But, as it was, each had your full share of the pleasure, and to the lot of the governor fell all the cost.

"And there are other ways in which you misjudge us. You remember, too bitterly,"—here his voice faltered—"that wretched day when poor Lilian died. You came in to me at night, and found me writing—doing my accustomed work amidst books and papers—just—just, it must have seemed to you, as if nothing had happened. It was natural that you should think so, my darling. For you could not know what it cost me, nor why I did it. There are things in the world of great importance, perhaps to thousands and tens of thousands, which depend for their due and regular performance upon some humble instrument like myself. It was necessary that the work I was then doing should be done and delivered at a certain place before noon next morning. There was no one who could do it for me. However repugnant to my nature, it was necessary that I should do it, even though I should be thought hard and unfeeling for doing it at such a time. And this is another of the penalties of manhood.

"But of this I do not complain. The great and good God, even of His infinite mercy, sends these burdens and distractions to us men in the midst of our sorrow. The necessity of exertion is, doubtless, salutary to us. Even out of the very causes of our grief there proceeds much to be done. 'Men must work and women must weep;' and it is good for us to work, though we weep at our work hot tears from the heart. We must order and arrange everything even for the mournful accessories of death; and there are many amongst us, and not only those who are bread-finders by the sweat of their brow, who, in periods of great sorrow, are constrained to toil the more, because the earnings of toil must be greater to meet the larger demands of the season of tribulation. You think that we suffer less,

because we must be up and doing. It will never fall to your lot, my dear, to know what that conflict is. But you, who have not to work, when such great burdens are upon you, must think kindly of us who have, and not fancy that we do not sorrow bitterly, because we sorrow differently from you. Only the Father 'who seeth in secret' can tell how often in anguish of spirit we are compelled to cease from our work—how often, though the pen be in the hand, there is a mist of tears before the paper so that nothing can be traced. We men try to 'keep up' before you, darling; but you must not think us heartless because we do—because we try even to lead your thoughts sometimes away from the one great subject of your sorrows. It is the most painful part of our duties; but, perhaps, also the most essential. And even the gross necessity of eating and drinking at such times seems to be heartless in its fulfilment. But those who have work to do must be strong to do it. And, believe me, there are few amongst us who in times of great sorrow would not rather lay ourselves down and turn our faces to the wall and 'indulge the luxury of grief' and refuse to be comforted. Men do not complain that they cannot do this, but those who can do it must not wrong us by thinking that, therefore, we do not suffer. We only ask for a little Toleration. . . ."

And it seems to me that there is much in this that women may take to their hearts—especially when they are prone to think that men are stern and unfeeling: "heartless," perhaps, is the favourite word—simply because the outward expressions are so different. I knew a great statesman who, when sorely smitten by tidings of the death of his absent wife, cried in despair to those who would fain have stood aloof in silent sympathy and respect for his heavy sorrow, "Work; bring me work; you cannot bring me too much!" And, immersed in the affairs of a great empire, he strove to find in high intellectual efforts that opiate for the heart which men of lower natures might have sought—*elsewhere*. Every reader knows the meaning of that last word: and there are few, perhaps, among them who have not in remembrance some examples of men whom grief of this same best kind has driven to the "drowning in the cup," until reason has been drowned with the sorrow, and only the brute has remained. "Give strong drink unto him who is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." No man need be ashamed to confess that in seasons of trouble he has derived strength and endurance from wine—or from what, among poorer people, is the representative of wine. I have heard a resort to such stimulants, or sedatives, or whatever they may be, stigmatized, in general language, as degrading, and so it is, assuredly, in excess. But it is not the only one of God's good gifts to man that is sometimes abused. And I do not know any one more to be pitied than he who feels a craving for such help as this, and yet, from some constitutional peculiarity, cannot find the solace which he seeks without lowering himself as a reasonable being in the estimation of his fellows. It is a fact, in the knowledge of us all, that a certain quantity of "strong drink," which will freshen and

strengthen one man, and render him more fit to perform his appointed work, will wholly unhinge and incapacitate another. There may be seen sometimes a man of noble nature and glorious intellectual faculties, whom much trouble has driven thus to solace himself, and who has utterly degraded himself to the level of the beasts that perish—and that, too, by not drinking more than would have given other men strength to bear their crosses and to do their work with higher courage and clearer brains. One of the finest scholars whom I have known in a lifetime of more than half-a-century,—a man altogether of a refined mind and a most kindly heart,—utterly crushed by the long illness and subsequent death of a dearly-loved wife, lived for years in a chronic state of intoxication; and yet, my impression is, that he did not drink in the course of the day as much as many, perhaps most, men could have drunk without the least perceptible change. But he could not “carry his liquor discreetly;” and so he passed for a sot. Poor J. B.! I never compassionated any one so much. Of course he was condemned, and perhaps deservedly—for in respect of drink, whether you take a thimbleful or a bucketful, it is all the same: the right measure is just that which you know will do you good. If you feel that you are “putting an enemy into your mouth to steal away your brains,” you know that even the one glass, which gives to another only strength and cheerfulness and increased intelligence, and is as a tonic medicine to him, body and mind, is to you the vilest of poisons. But, even looking at it from the worst point of view, there should be infinite toleration in such cases for those who are driven by much anguish, whether of mind or of body, to stimulants or narcotics; and truly it behoves us to think sometimes—

That what to us seems vice may be but woe.

There are few who have not perused that touching passage in one of Coleridge's letters, in which he narrates briefly, but with a graphic force almost terrible in its earnestness, the evil influences which drove him to have recourse to opium. But I may still call it to remembrance. “My conscience,” he wrote to a friend, “indeed bears me witness that, from the time I quitted Cambridge, no human being was more indifferent to the pleasures of the table than myself, or less needed any stimulation to my spirits; and that by a most unhappy quackery, after having been almost bedrid for six months with swollen knees and other distressing symptoms of disordered digestive functions, and through that most pernicious form of ignorance, medical half-knowledge, I was seduced into the use of narcotics, not secretly, but (such was my ignorance) openly and exultingly, as one who had discovered, and was never weary of recommending, a grand panacea, and saw not the truth till my body had contracted a habit and a necessity; and that, even to the latest, my responsibility is for cowardice and defect of fortitude, not for the least craving after gratification or pleasurable sensation of any sort, but for yielding to pain, terror, and haunting bewilderment. But this I say to man only, who

knows only what has been yielded, not what has been resisted. Before God I have but one voice, 'Mercy! mercy! woe is me.'" And in these few words we see what is very often the whole inner history of the degrading practices which we are so prone to condemn with all the vituperative rhetoric at our command. There are very few, I believe, who drink immoderately for the sake of drinking. I mean by this that they derive no sensual pleasure from such potations,—that there is no activity of delight in this self-abandonment; but that the object sought is an escape from positive pain. An active misery of some sort, physical or mental, is to be stupified—deadened; and if the same result could be produced by periodical doses of assafetida, valerian, or any other nauseous medicine, with less injury to mind and body, many, perhaps most, would resort to it, instead of to alcoholic drinks. It is commonly some inscrutable physical derangement which lays the foundation of an evil habit of this kind, and we should not, therefore, condemn too remorselessly that which we are simply unable to understand, because we have not in like manner been tempted. To what an extent the physical, for which we cannot be responsible, underlies, in this and other human frailties, the moral, for which we are responsible, can never be known; nor shall we know, upon this side of eternity, how far it may be taken into account in the final reckoning.

But this has expanded into a digression; and I purposed to say something more about the feminine idea of the relation between man and woman, in respect of financial concerns. I do not know very precisely what are the provisions of the Married Women's Property Bill, but I have talked the matter over with women, at odd times, and I have gathered a notion of the view which is taken by some amiable casuists. It seems to be the idea that they are to have uncontrolled authority over their own money, and to leave their husbands to pay their debts. They say in effect to the bread-finder—"What is yours is mine—what's mine is my own." Indeed, the general feminine idea of what is called "an allowance" includes the assumption that the person granting it is to pay just the same for everything for which the said allowance is disbursed, as if no independent arrangement existed. I heard a charming story of husband and wife the other day, so illustrative of this that I am minded to repeat it. The wife had said laughingly to the husband—they were young people and sufficiently "well-to-do,"—that he spent much more pocket-money than she did, and that he was altogether an extravagant fellow: so in the evening, when he came home, he brought a purse-full of sovereigns, and taking what each had remaining from their last supplies, equalized the two little piles to a shilling, and said, "Now we'll start fair, darling, and see who is bankrupt first." At the end of a week, they agreed playfully to compare notes; and it was found that the wife had a few shillings more than the husband, upon which she was very jubilant and triumphant, and told her husband that she had

always known him to be an extravagant fellow. "But, my child," he said, deprecatingly, "remember that when we have gone out together, I have paid the expenses of *both* out of *my* money. There were the railway fares to —, and the flies and cabs, and the little dinner we had at Richmond, and the stalls at the Haymarket, and the Crystal Palace on Saturday—all have been paid for out of my money; and there is that pretty new bonnet on your head, in which you look so charming." Upon which she lifted up her hands and made a mouth at him—(it was a *very* pretty one)—and cried out, "Oh, I am ashamed of you! You, indeed, to talk of chivalry, and to think for a moment of taking a poor little woman out with you, and expecting her to pay her share of the expenses! What will the men of the period come to next?" Of course there was no appeal against this. He could only put his arms round her and kiss her, and confess that he *was* an "extravagant fellow."

There is one more point of view from which I would regard this great question of Toleration before I lay aside the pen. I have said that I would eschew politics and religion, and I shall not depart from my promise, though I may approach nearly the forbidden ground, if I say that amongst us there is a great want of *National* Toleration. As a nation, perhaps, we English are the most intolerant people in the world. We go about everywhere in a spirit of egotism, which clings to us like the poisoned robe of the centaur, and strikes the venom to one's very marrow. We visit foreign countries, and so far from doing at Rome what is done at Rome, we think that every Roman should do exactly like ourselves. Now I do not mean to say that we should accommodate ourselves too readily to foreign habits and usages. Of course there must be a limit to such adaptations. For example, an Englishman in New Zealand is not bound "to dine on cold man." But that is no reason why we should be very severe even on the New Zealander, who, having an instinct for flesh-eating, was originally driven, by want of mutton and beef, to dish up his countrymen as savoury food. We are wont to call all, who differ from us in their way of life, savages and barbarians, forgetting that the time was when we painted our bodies, and did other very preposterous things, which, although conventionally out of date, are not intrinsically any greater absurdities than some of those which we encourage and foster in the present day. And we do this, on a large scale, concerning affairs of Government and modes of administration, not less than, on a small scale, in respect of social habits and fashions and the vanities of life. I chanced not long ago, in the house of a friend, who holds an official appointment, to take up some blue-books relating to India, which I found less dreary reading than I expected, and from them I learnt that our "goody" Government had been lecturing, if not threatening, some of the neighbouring states, for the monstrous offence of bolstering up their revenues by means of Government monopolies. A great fervour of free-trade seemed to be upon our Government functionaries, who were eager,

as shown in the correspondence I was reading, to teach true principles of commercial policy to native potentates on the outskirts of civilization, as in Burmah and Ladakh, and to sweep away all such abominations as protective duties. With the characteristic intolerance of new proselytes, we were condemning with fiery zeal all who happened to be a few lessons behind ourselves. Indeed, it seemed to my limited comprehension of the matter that our want of toleration went even further than this, inasmuch as that we were censuring heathen Governments for doing that which we Christians had not only recently done, but which we actually then were and are now doing in a more lamentable and injurious manner. And I thought, perhaps, that an Indian *Punch* might not unfitly represent the Viceroy sitting on a well-padded chair, inscribed "Opium Revenue" and "Salt Revenue," and teaching, birch in hand, a class of native princes to decline the noun-substantive *monopoly*. One might have a wallet inscribed "Oil," another "Timber," a third "Shawl-wool," and the like, but none equal in bulk to the cushions of the chair on which the pedagogue sits to insist upon the duty of free-trade in all these articles of commerce. And on the walls of the school-room might hang an historical picture of good Mr. John Company building up our Anglo-Indian empire on a broad basis of monopoly.* Somehow or other we always do forget our own weaknesses and infirmities of past days, and are intolerant in the extreme towards the very errors which we have scarcely yet abandoned. I have often heard it said—and, indeed, having once held a military commission, I have some experience of the fact—that no military officer is so intolerant of the offences of the privates under him as the man who has himself risen from the ranks. And so it is both in personal and in national affairs. States and individuals are alike intolerant of a condition of things out of which they have only recently emerged.

And this brings me back to the point from which I started; and, therefore, warns me that it is time to conclude. This propensity to condemn others is commonly strongest in those who have a sense of their own infirmities. It is the inherent disposition to—

Compound for sins we are inclined to
By damning those we have no mind to.

But "if, instead of blaming men"—and here I quote another, the ever-tolerant editor of *Coleridge's Letters*,—"for what they are, and are made

* I observe, whilst writing this, that a Member of the House of Commons has given notice of his intention to bring before Parliament next session the subject of the large amount of revenue derived from the sale of opium by the Indian Government. But this is only another instance of want of Toleration. Governments, like individuals, "must live;" and we must not scan too nicely the manner in which revenue is raised. It is not very long since, in our own country, light and air were heavily taxed, under the name of "windows." Taxation in any shape is an evil, but it is an inevitable one, and we ought not to be over severe on others who put it into shapes different from our own.

to be, we occupied and interested ourselves with earnest inquiries into the causes of the evils we deplore, with a view to their removal, it cannot be doubted that this real labour of love, if carried on with and through the spirit of love, would in its very endeavour include much of the good sought to be obtained. To me, it seems that the greatest amount of benefit will result from the labours or the exertions of those who unite the good to others with that which is—has been made—pleasurable to themselves; from those who seek to make what is genial and joyous to themselves more genial and more joyous to others. This is a labour in which not merely some favourite crotchet, some abstract opinion, or even sincere and honest convictions, are engaged: it is one in which the best, the purest, the highest sympathies of our nature are enlisted in the service and in the promotion of those enjoyments and of those practical occupations from which our own well-being has resulted, or with which it has been associated." There can be no better teaching than this. To a certain extent we know what is, but we do not know why it is. We see the effect, but are blind to the cause. Only the sufferer himself can compute the daily, the hourly temptations and provocations which lead some men—and women—astray, whilst others are not assailed. I remember, some years ago, to have read in a novel, doubtless now forgotten, that a certain stiff, wizened old maid, who could scarcely have been even good-looking in her youth, exclaimed, when some reference to the subject was made in conversation,—“Oh! virtue is very easy,”—upon which a poor little woman (it was on board a Rhine boat) whose whole life had been one of temptation, hearing the remark, walked away, with her sweet, though careworn face, her charming petite rounded figure and elastic step, and heaving a deep sigh, said to herself, “Oh, but virtue is *not* easy!” And so it is; and so it ever will be!

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

